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LOAN IS
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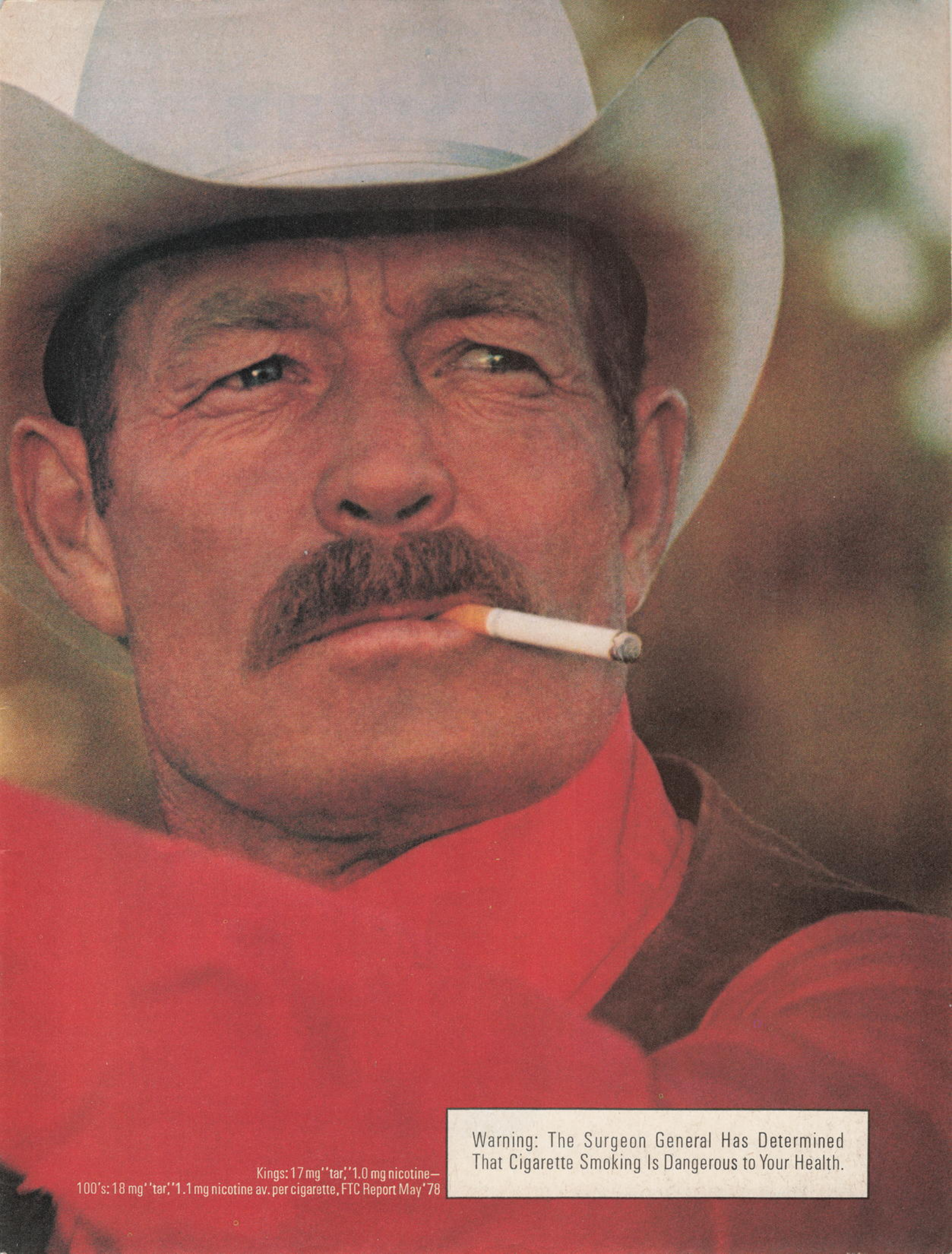
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Where quality drinks begin.

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COVER

Cover girl Jeana Tomasino is, in real life, a teetotaler. "The only thing I like to do with beer is wash my hair in it," she told us.

In reel life Jeana is a Chicago actress whose ferris wheel gets stuck in Playboy Productions' upcoming ABC movie *The Death of Ocean View Park*.
Photography by Phillip Dixon.



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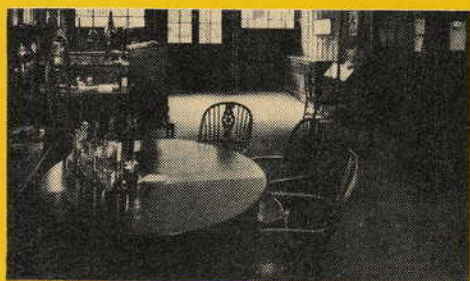
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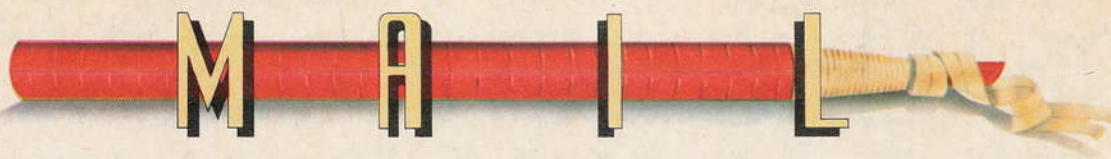
On many occasions, Berry Brothers & Rudd, Ltd. were asked to suggest a Scotch Whisky of equal merit. Unable to recommend one with wholehearted enthusiasm, they created Cutty Sark Scots Whisky. The first Scotch ever made by wine experts to please the most demanding of palates.

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BROWN NOSERS

The best thing about Clark Norton's spoof *Jerry Weds Linda* (July) is what it says about the state of the "mass media" in this country. It's a very funny piece. But after we stop laughing, perhaps we should start crying.

I've appreciated Norton's work for years and feel this is one of his most valuable contributions yet.

DAVID WEIR

Center for Investigative Reporting, Inc.
Oakland, California

The Clark Norton parody perfectly punctures the piously pompous puff pieces prevalent in plenty of periodicals. Norton's incisive wit exposes the shoddy journalistic formulas and cheap word tricks some publications rely on to get attention.

Of course, I needn't point that out to your astute staff.

D.E. Cox
Detroit, Michigan

Clark Norton's article was a nifty piece of futurism, transcending the label of "parody" given it. His humorous forecast of a possible Jerry Brown-Linda Ronstadt wedding illuminated the unmistakable trend of the media to give birth to political, as well as pop-cultural, creations. Thanks for another example of how an imaginative scenario can be an important guide to present social realities.

STEPHEN ANZALONE
Future Studies Program
University of Massachusetts
Amherst, Massachusetts

SEX ON WHEELS

You guys have been knocking us readers out for months with your splendid cover girls, but your July cover girl, Maren, beats them all. Thin, lithe, athletic women are my passion; so I hope to see more of them in your magazine.

JAMES MCFADDEN
Cleveland, Ohio

As a roller-skating fanatic, I was overjoyed to see that you devoted your July cover to the sport. Next to sex (for which Maren would make a very nice partner) roller-skating is the best form of exercise

I've found. I'm sure Maren would agree with me. Skating has obviously kept her body in tip-top shape.

ROBERT HUNT

Beverly Hills, California

Maren is a fox! It says that she's over six feet tall . . . Wow! I imagine those legs can wrap around a man twice and then some. Say, I have an idea. There's this new disco roller rink opening up in my neighborhood soon. Do you think maybe Maren and I could get together for a little hustle?

J. MURPHY

Downey, California



Maren replies: "Thanks for the invite, but I'm into country skating these days. You know, rolling in the hay."

EATING AT THE BLUE FOX

Having traveled south of the border extensively, I really enjoyed Michael Tennesen's *How Far Can You Go in Mexico* (July), especially his memories of the Blue Fox bar and strip joint in Tijuana. I can safely say the Blue Fox changed my life.

While living in San Diego, I accompanied several buddies to the Blue Fox one warm summer night. We had ringside seats, and the featured stripper that night had the greatest body I'd ever seen. Half shit-faced on Mexican beer and tequila, I stuck my head under the railing for a

better look at this knockout chick as she danced naked toward our table. She grabbed my head and rubbed my face in her snatch for about 30 seconds, while the rest of the customers roared their approval.

Since that baptism at the Blue Fox, I've become somewhat of a connoisseur of cunnilingus—without meaning to boast. I'll always be indebted to the Blue Fox for introducing me—albeit crudely—to one of the greatest pleasures known to man.

LANNY MIDDINGS
San Ramon, California

THE RUSSIANS AREN'T COMING

Just had to drop you a line to let you know how much I enjoyed *Sex in Russia* (July) by Anatoly Davydov. Americans actually know very little about the U.S.S.R. and its people. Now, with the SALT agreement on everyone's mind, it's interesting to get a firsthand, inside account of Russian habits, sexual or otherwise.

P.W.
Los Angeles, California

I loved *Sex in Russia*! That country sounds like the pits, and I really feel sorry for all those horny people. In fact, since I read your article, I can't keep my mind off of all those Russians. Imagine all that frustration. It's strange, but I get excited just thinking about it!

B.B.
North Hollywood, California

HOLD THE PICKLE . . .

When Johnny J. fucked the waitress on top of the pizza in your story, *Don't Mess with Johnny J.* (July), it reminded me of one of the sexiest experiences I've ever had.

A couple of years ago, while I was in college, I made a date with this little brunette coed for dinner. She was one of the few girls around who had her own apartment—an added plus.

I arrived promptly at eight. She had cooked some homemade Italian spaghetti, which she served with crusty garlic bread and red wine. We made polite conversation while she set the table, and then we sat down to eat. I took one bite and then made some comment like "Bet your cunt tastes as good as this." Well, she stared at me

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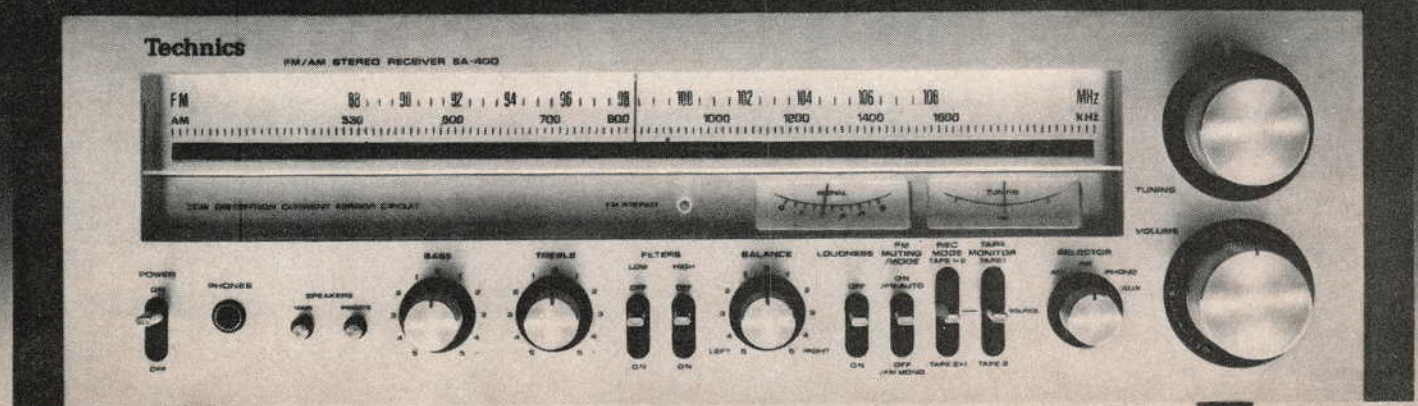
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13 mg. "tar", 0.9 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report MAY '78.

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incredulously for a moment, picked up my plate of spaghetti and dumped it right onto my lap. Right on my new \$40 white pants!

I was furious! I grabbed her arm, pulled her up out of her chair, pushed her onto the table and started tearing her clothes off. She fought me off for a while, trying to stuff bread into my mouth and pulling my hair. But after a few minutes, she relaxed and we fucked right there—right on top of the table with the spaghetti, garlic bread and red wine squishing underneath us.

After that night, we were inseparable for two whole years. Now, every time I eat spaghetti, I have fond memories of that incident. I only wish I could get another girl pissed off enough so I could relive that scene.

JOHN SCOTT
Atlantic City, New Jersey

At first glance, Johnny J. is a coarse, fag-hating bastard. But at second glance, he's the sympathetic Holden Caulfield of the Eighties.

I congratulate Greg Herriges for a job well done.

RUSSEL TURCO
Chicago, Illinois

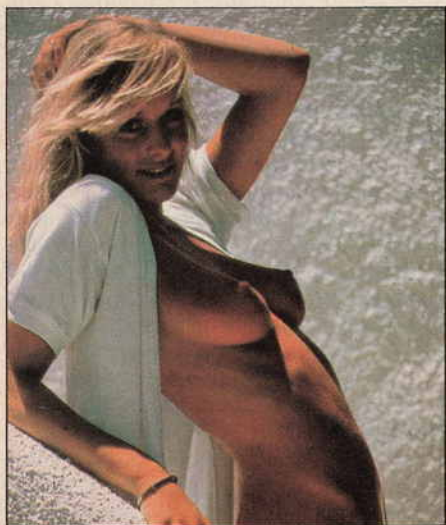
TOURIST ATTRACTION

I just had to write and implore you to keep those sexy, well-built, round-assed girls coming my way. I refer, of course, to your July center girl, *Tessa*.

M.D.
Paducah, Kentucky

Hey, where can I get a one-way ticket to *Tessa's* fantasy island? And which island is she living on? You mentioned the Bahamas, but there are a lot of little out islands down there. If there ever was a woman who could fulfill my wildest fantasies, it's *Tessa*. Please tell me where she is!

DONALD ALLEN
Cincinnati, Ohio



Even if we could, it's too late, Donald. Tessa's little island is booked up till the spring of 1984. Figures . . .

I was quite surprised to find *Tessa* as your centerfold. I hadn't read *OUI* in a while, but since you are now featuring such ravishing, sexy ladies as *Tessa*, you can believe I won't stop ever again. It's about time that an American magazine started picturing European women. For some reason, I find them a lot sexier than our own girls. Keep up the great work.

NAME WITHHELD BY REQUEST
Washington, D.C.

Tessa is as delightful and sensitive a woman ever to appear in the pages of your magazine. As an artist, I wish I could capture her tenderness on film. Who knows? Perhaps some day I will.

RANDY BUCKNOFF
New York, New York

CORN-FED ROCK

Jan Golab's July *Music* column, "Rock 'n' Roll: Playin' It in Peoria," hit a note close to our hearts. His evaluation of the current dilemma facing rock musicians was right on target.

Our group, Lust, has been practicing rock-'n'-roll guerrilla tactics for the past year and a half with varied degrees of success. Even our record contains two military-rock songs.

It seems, *OUI*, that we're on the same wavelength. Maybe together we can overcome the "rec execs" ban on rock.

STEVE DEDOW
Oshkosh, Wisconsin

All you closet rock 'n' rollers who've been hiding due to the lack of new scenery, try coming to the Midwest for the riff. Watching the midwestern rock scene develop over the years has shown me that this area certainly has its "balls to the walls."

After feeling the creativity and drive of those talented people who are willing to bust their axes in the heat of the club circuit, one learns that true rock is felt as well as heard. Take it from us modern rock-'n'-roll folks—we happen to be quite excited about being a part of this new development.

KATHY MADCHARO
CRYSTAL HANKINS
Omaha, Nebraska

Jan Golab's *Music* column on the Midwest rock scene was superb. As a transplanted Illinoisan, I sorely miss the many nights of getting high and getting into true rock 'n' roll that the clubs of the Chicago area supplied.

The article mentioned a group called the Boyzz from Illinois. For your information, they recorded an album that's been out since September 1978. Their album epitomizes the spirit of all midwestern whammy jammers, but for some reason (shoddy publicity, perhaps) it has never reached the musical plateau it deserves.

Thank goodness I'll be back home in

Illinois next year with all the crazies, loadies and rockers that know how to party.

KEVIN CARTER
Jacksonville, Florida

We at the Other Place thank you for the mention in your article. And what was said about us is all true: the music, the girls, everything. We will continue to have the best of rock . . . just as we hope you'll continue to have the best of all magazines.

THE GANG AT THE OTHER PLACE
Council Bluffs, Iowa

LESBIAN CONFLICT

The *Melissa and Randy* pictorial in your July issue was interesting, but why in the hell did you show a couple of chicks? C'mon! If you're going to print pictures of people fondling and kissing each other's bodies, why not make them a woman and a man?

CLINTON SUNDBERG
Studio City, California



Sorry, Clinton, but some of our readers feel that it's a bargain getting two for the price of one. Like this next reader, for example . . .

Melissa and Randy were beautiful! I'm sure I'm not alone when I say that watching two women get off on each other is a fantasy that all too rarely comes true. Women are so sensitive toward one another that their lovemaking has a dimension no man could ever achieve—aesthetically, at least. My compliments to *OUI* for recognizing that lesbianism does appeal to some of us men.

JOSÉ CORTIZ
Los Angeles, California

RITA B. GETS AROUND

What I like most about men's magazines are the columns where readers send in letters about their sexual experiences. But sometimes the letters are so outrageous that I figured that most of them are made up by the magazine staffers.

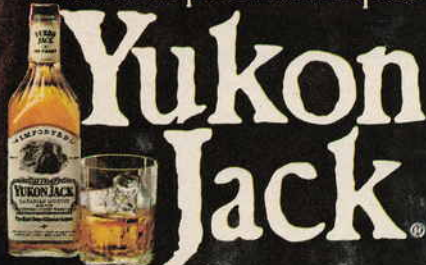
One letter in particular really turned me on. In your July *Sex Tapes*, you ran a letter from Rita B. of Pittsburgh, who likes to turn on her vibrating ben-wa eggs while driving to work. I've seen a lot of women

"I have clinched and closed with the naked North, I have learned to defy and defend. Shoulder to shoulder we have fought it out—yet the wild must win in the end." Robert Service



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who looked like they were masturbating while driving, but the idea of actually doing something like that was so outrageous to me, I just assumed that Rita B.'s letter was a fake.

But then I opened up my August *Playboy* and, lo and behold, in their sex column was a letter from an R.A., also of Pittsburgh, who—you guessed it—likes to turn on with her vibrating eggs on the way to work.

OUI, you've made a believer out of me. No longer will I assume your letters are made-up. And Rita B.—or A.—are you out there? How can I get a hold of you? You sound like one hell of a woman. On second thought, maybe I should stay away from you. You might just write and tell.

NAME WITHHELD BY REQUEST
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

STONED AGAIN

I was truly enlightened by David Harrison's *Celebrity Drug Quiz* (July). I was particularly amazed to find that Louise Lasser wrote *Hooked on a Feeling* and that B.J. Thomas is a transvestite.

David, my friends and I rated you in the "16-20 Led Zeppelin" league for writing this article. We hope you were just too stoned to get the answers right.

J.T.
West Hollywood, California

Too high? I didn't know Louise Lasser. Louise Lasser composed *Hooked on a Feeling*.

D. BEN-SHALOM
Phoenix, Arizona

Hey, are you *sure* Louise Lasser wrote *Hooked on a Feeling*?

JACKIE MILLER
New Orleans, Louisiana

Your *Celebrity Drug Quiz* was a splendid game, and I enjoyed playing it very much. But as I read through it, I noticed that the answers S:9 and T:16 are wrong. Or is it my imagination?

SHAWN WEINGART
Canoga Park, California

OK, OK, you caught us. But it wasn't David Harrison's fault. We're not sure who among our staff switched the answers, but the rest of us sure would like some of whatever he was smoking.

BOOGA, BOOGA!

Because I rarely watch the tube anymore, I had forgotten what an incredibly funny man David Steinberg is (*A Conversation with David Steinberg*, July). He was always the kind of guy who came out and said what everybody else just thought about: "President Nixon has a face that looks like a foot" and "Sadat has a mysterious and suspicious relationship with Barbara Walters." It was good to read about Steinberg again. Politically conscious co-

medians are so rare in these days of mindless slapstick.

G. ANDERSON
Detroit, Michigan

The best line in Steinberg's whole interview was that he preferred baby laxative to drugs these days. "It's easy to score baby laxative. It's finding some coke to cut it with that's really difficult." Right on, David! I'm going to remember that line when I next visit my dealer. Maybe it'll put him in good enough spirits to ease up on the mannite.

J. CARLSON
St. Louis, Missouri

GETTING STEPPED ON

Your July *Openers* had a full-page spread, "Bitches to Polish," on custom fetish boots. Just for your information, we ordered some custom-made boots and shoes from the Centurian Bazaar and waited almost one year for delivery. In our opinion, the items were of very poor quality and the "custom" fit is not worth mentioning.

Since we consider OUI to be a quality publication, we feel you owe your readers the courtesy of warning them about companies like Centurian. Being forewarned is being forearmed.

R. STOUT
Santa Ana, California

GUTTERBALL

I have known Ernie Schlegel for years, so it was with eager anticipation that I started to read his profile in OUI (*Ernie Schlegel*, June). Unfortunately, the author, E.J. Kahn III, managed to dim that anticipation by littering his article with inaccurate statements. It was Mr. Kahn's attitude, in particular, that was most bothersome. Strangely enough, Kahn cites 170 and 141 as Ernie's typical games and makes it sound accidental that Ernie "somehow" manages to "pull out of his slump" and finish in the money at 225. Perhaps Mr. Kahn "somehow" forgot that in 1978 Ernie's average was 211.97 and that he remains among the top 25 money winners of all time in professional bowling.

It is true that Ernie cultivates a zany, carnival-like image, and it is true that this image is sometimes contrary to the ideal bowler's image. However, it is to Ernie's credit that he manages to give the sport of bowling a little flair and still remain statistically among the greatest.

GERALD MARKEY
Minneapolis, Minnesota

SHOW US YOUR TOPOGRAPHY

Well, you wanted a map of No Name Creek and the town of No Name (January *Openers* and July *Mail*). I'm sending with this letter a copy of a U. S. Forest Service map of Colorado, on which you will find both the creek and the town. So, now do I

oui

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get my trip to Heartbreak Hotel, Pitts, New Jersey?

BOB GREENOUGH
Little Rock, Arkansas

Whoa, Bob. Your town looked suspiciously like it was penciled onto the map. What do you think we are, a bunch of amateurs? So you found the creek—but until you supply concrete evidence for the town of No Name, your trip to Heartbreak Hotel is still on hold.

HER ROYA HIGHNESS

If there's only one thing we Americans should thank Iran for, it's giving us a chance to meet *Roya* (July). I agree with her rebellion against Khomeini. What man would want to hide that pretty face under a veil?

JOHN HARRINGTON
Fort Worth, Texas

Roya was simply inspiring! What particularly caught my eye was when she stated that being pretty doesn't help her at all. I can believe that. Her beautiful face and body are enough to distract any man.

JOHNNY R. FRANCIS
Chicago, Illinois

Roya reminded me of an Iranian girl I used to date, who was the most incredible lover I've ever had. Her vaginal muscles were so tight that when she contracted, I was trapped inside her. An exquisite

feeling!

My girl used to tell me that she exercised her vaginal muscles every day, which is how she developed such good control. I'm wondering if that is standard practice among Middle Easterners. Do you think *Roya* could tell me?

J. SOUSA
Hartford, Connecticut



*When *Roya* read your letter, she was dumbfounded. "You mean American women don't do that? How do they keep their men? I'm not sure about other Iranian women, but for me, exercising that part is as natural as brushing my teeth."*

BEST OF BEST

Where do you guys come up with such funny stuff? I'm referring to *The Best of Sex* in your June issue. "Best flying fuck: Superman and Lois Lane." And then: "Best solo flying fuck: Mikhail Baryshnikov." Congratulations and another happy year of sex to contributors Robert Wieder and Don Goldberg.

CHUCK BLEVINS
Kansas City, Missouri

Can't help but agree with your "Best argument in favor of sex with TV stars: Valerie Bertinelli." But you failed to show a picture of this sexy teen. That's too bad. Valerie would have brought more sex into your *Best of Sex*.

JIM NIKIRK
San Francisco, California

I really took offense at what you wrote about Olivia Newton-John: "Best reason to sit through *Grease* 500 times: Olivia Newton-John's transformation from virgin to slut." I know that whoever wrote that was trying to be funny, but he didn't succeed.

RICHARD RUDD
Edmonton, Alberta

Address letters to:
Mail, OUI
8560 Sunset Boulevard
Los Angeles, California 90069

Why just disturb your family when you can disturb the whole neighborhood?

Don't be selfish. Share the new Panasonic Silver Special AM/FM stereo cassette recorder (RX-5090) with all your neighbors.

Let them see the classy silver-toned cabinet with its 7-stage LED indicators. Then, turn it up and turn them on. To the powerful sound coming through the 2-way, 4-speaker system. On AM, on FM, on FM stereo, on cassette.

Record their response. The One-Touch Record button, Super Alloy head and two built-in condenser microphones make it easy. And if your neighbors are lost for words, hit the mechanical pause control. If they rant on and on, the Easy-Matic circuitry automatically adjusts

recording levels. And Auto-Stop will shut off the recorder when the tape ends. A digital tape counter and Cue and Review make it easy to find any spot on any tape.

If the Silver Special is just too much for your neighbors to handle, it has a handle so you can take it with you. It doesn't matter where you go, the Panasonic Silver Special has universal voltage. But if you decide to stay, there are jacks for earphones, headphones and your neighbors' sanity. And there's also an optional car adapter (RP-917).

The new Panasonic Silver Special AM/FM stereo cassette recorder. It could wake up your neighbors to a whole new look in sound.

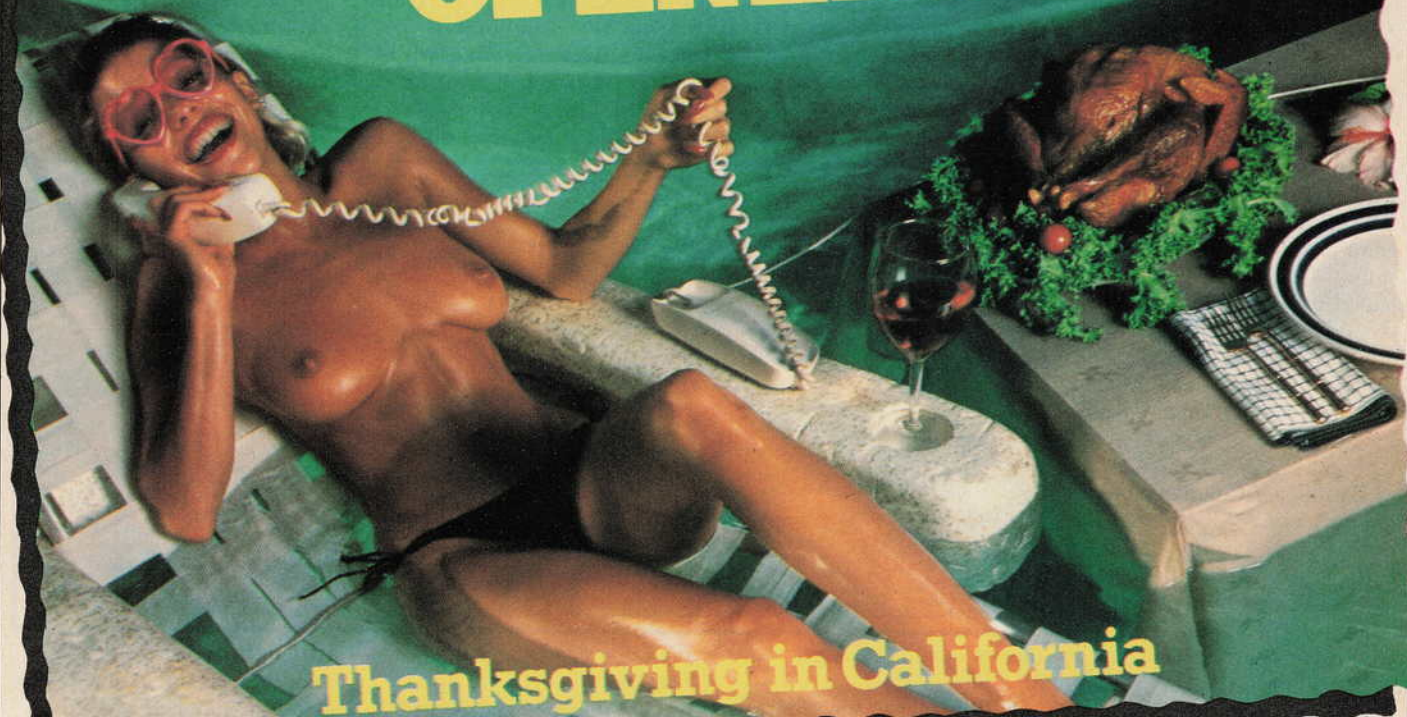
Panasonic®
just slightly ahead of our time.



THE SILVER SPECIAL

NOVEMBER

OPENERS



Thanksgiving in California

A BATTY BARBECUE

"Bats are big business in New Mexico nowadays. So, around Thanksgiving, there's nothing like a stuffed bat dinner for drawing the family closer together."

This genuine dispatch comes from the well-traveled Judge Cyrus Wrenchburg in Silver City, New Mexico. "Our friend Col. Scott Cameron, recently of Bearwallow, Arkansas, has had great success crossing the native Arkansas black bat with an Australian flying wombat. Freezer-shipped, the hybrid gives four to five times the meat, and it's every bit as flavorful and tender as anything you'd catch in your own backyard. We expect to see a lot of them on holiday plates hereabouts. One hybrid served with home fries will feed two for half the price of six smaller bats, and they can be

prepared any popular way—BBQ, fried, or au gratin. The Colonel says, 'I think we'll have people trying bat who never ate bat before.' The hybrids are available fresh-dressed in the Southern states and frozen nationwide. The Colonel's family has been breeding bats for six generations." Over and out from the Land of Entrapment.

DYING OFF THE LAND

There are ten places in America so unhealthy that a priest has to anoint everyone getting off the Greyhound. Places where the welcome wagon is a hearse and advance reservations are required at the local funeral home.

Our answer to Charles

Kuralt, Hank Nuwer, whose *Towns Without Pity* put America's tit in the wringer last February, now explores the ten U. S. cities noted for their quality of death.

Read 'em and weep.

...

1. Bakersfield, California (Valley Fever): Up-to-90 mph winds in this desert community not only will blow you no good, they might even kill you. Gusts carry dust contaminated with a fungus that causes coccidioidomycosis, a disease unpopularity referred to as "Valley Fever" because it sounds less scary. Symptoms resemble those of a severe cold at best; at worst, meningitis. Up to 100,000 Americans suffer Valley Fever's tortures every year, with Bakersfield and surrounding Kern County claiming the lion's share of victims. If you must attend a convention in Bakersfield, don a surgical mask.

2. Delaware Bay, New Jersey (Sleeping Sickness): Summer residents of this resort town scoff at great white sharks, but they tremble at the

THE FRENCH POSITION



"Diplomacy is a delicate process, requiring the patience of a lover, the tenacity of a mistress and the stamina of a soldier"

—Attributed to Talleyrand, diplomat



OPENERS

sight of the tiny salt-marsh mosquito. This creature's bite causes encephalitis—better known as sleeping sickness. Nine out of ten victims die. The lucky tenth gets brain damage. Local administrators insist chances of another plague striking 32 persons as it did several years back are minimal.

3. Johnstown, Pennsylvania (Flood City): First the good news: Johnstown never suffers droughts. Now the bad: Live here and you'll one day take a bath in your attic. Johnstown, lying in a proven flood zone, has suffered countless floods, which have killed 3500 residents and destroyed 125,000 buildings.

4. Culpeper County, Virginia (Spotted Fever): You don't have to visit Colorado to catch Rocky Mountain spotted fever. Environmental conditions favorable to disease-carrying wood ticks are also present in the Old South. In one 17-month period, 123 cases were reported in Culpeper County. The disease occurs when ticks feed off your blood like vampires. Crushing the buggers is no help, either; that only mashes them into your pores.

5. Yellowstone Park, Wyoming (Earthquake Country):

California visitors who sigh with relief upon forsaking the San Andreas Fault for Yellowstone Park may be in for a shock . . . or a series of them. In one two-week period recently, no less than three sizable quakes struck the park. One visitor to Yellowstone last summer claimed that our

Bay. Kepone is a chemical which causes terrible side effects like uncontrollable shakes and brain damage. Worse, Kepone keeps on keeping on. Not easily broken down in water, Kepone will be in this Eastern bay area for a decade. Before you pack your seabag and head out for

South Texas town there is no foolproof escape route. Inevitably, 25-foot tidal waves will turn San Padre into a sponge.

9. Camden, South Carolina (Cancer Country): For 30 years, this Southern disaster area's main industry has been the manufacture of



theory was shaky. A grizzly ate him.

6. Chesapeake Bay, Maryland (Pesticide Poisoning): Folks around Baltimore don't choose their poison: Allied Chemical chooses it for them. One of the company's subcontractors dumped incredible quantities of a pesticide called Kepone (pronounced KEY-pone) into Chesapeake

the other coast, read the next item. Is there no hope?

7. Whidbey Island, Washington (Red Tide): Ocean water around the Puget Sound isn't fit to be tide. Heavy fog and rain in the area have caused the single-cell red algae in the water to grow like crazy. Some residents suffered internal cramps after disregarding the red threat and scarfing down local seafood.

8. San Padre Island, Texas (Hurricane Heaven): The resort of San Padre has everything Miami's got—including deadly hurricanes. The difference is that in this

acrylonitrile, a highly carcinogenic substance. Folks now spend the day here smoking cigarettes and drinking cyclamate-loaded soda pop. Nothing left to lose.

10. Jefferson County, Alabama (Tornado Alley): Not all the wind in 'Bama gushes out of Coach Bear Bryant's mouth. Life in Chicago is a breeze compared with life in Jefferson County. Killer twisters in spring lash Birmingham with 312 mph winds. National Weather Service Director Allen Pearson is happy "to keep deaths under fifty" in these parts.

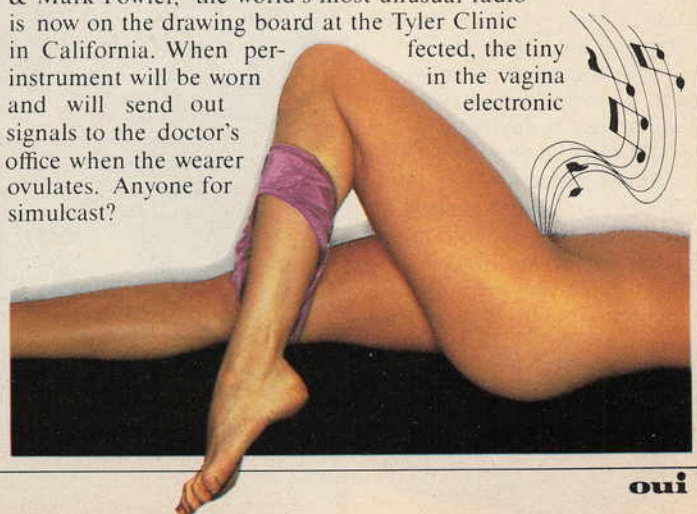


FOSSIL FOOLS

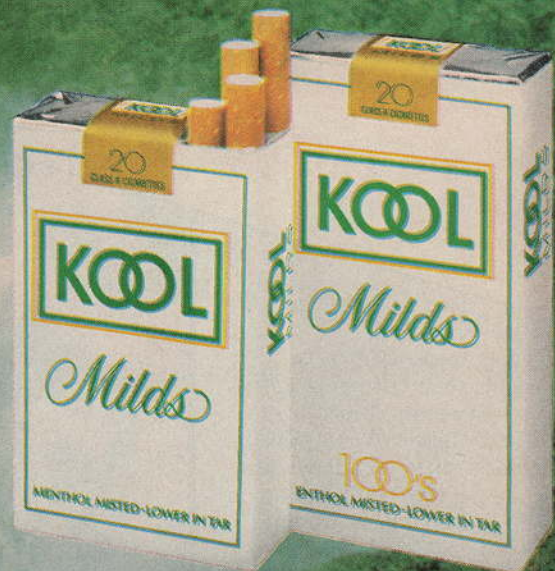
Oil comes from dead dinosaurs' bodies. Dinosaurs are now extinct because they possessed brains the size of peas. Maybe that's why they're fighting over a tit that's the size of a pancake? Maybe you can get oil from a tit? Maybe we should just forget it.

TUNE INTO KUNT

According to *The Best, Worst & Most Unusual*, by Bruce Felton & Mark Fowler, the world's most unusual radio is now on the drawing board at the Tyler Clinic in California. When perfected, the tiny instrument will be worn in the vagina and will send out signals to the doctor's office when the wearer ovulates. Anyone for simulcast?



Feel the
taste of
"Menthol Mist."™



KOOL MILDS

Now you don't have to settle for too much 'tar' or too little taste. Because choice tobaccos "misted" with mellow menthol creates an easy taste that's mild, but not too light.

KOOL MILDS
Mild, but not too light.

Kings, 11 mg. "tar", 1.1 mg. nicotine; 100's, 12 mg. "tar", 1.2 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Now available in 100's

HOW THE WET WAS WON

In Las Vegas, women are usually found dripping in jewels; but at the recent World's Biggest Wet T-Shirt Contest—held on a large parking lot at the Pourhouse Bar and Lounge in America's favorite city of sin—the contestants' most precious jewels just dripped.

Women from all over the West paid \$100 each to enter the contest, to compete for \$3000 in prizes and, of course, indecent exposure here in *Openers*. Awards were given in each of three categories: "Flat Is Beautiful," "Big Is Best" and "Nicest Chest in the West." The ladies weren't



①

supposed to compete from below the bust but, as you can see, at least one felt compelled to do so. Fact is, some of these well-stuffed shirts were moist before they received a good hosing.

Ivory Snow's flake, Marilyn Chambers, was among the judges who gave local—and February '79 *Playboy* "Vegas Girl"—Sue Smith the "Nicest Chest in the West" award for the second year in a row. Proceeds went to the Chaparral High School athletic department, whose supporters, once again, didn't let them down.

1. Sue Smith, winner, "Nicest Chest in the West."
2. Jill Culkin, runner-up, "Big Is Best."
3. Darcy Adamour, beyond the call of duty.
4. Tina Sorrento, winner, "Flat Is Beautiful."
5. Darcy Adamour, winner, "Big Is Best."
6. Annie Me, runner-up, "Nicest Chest in the West."

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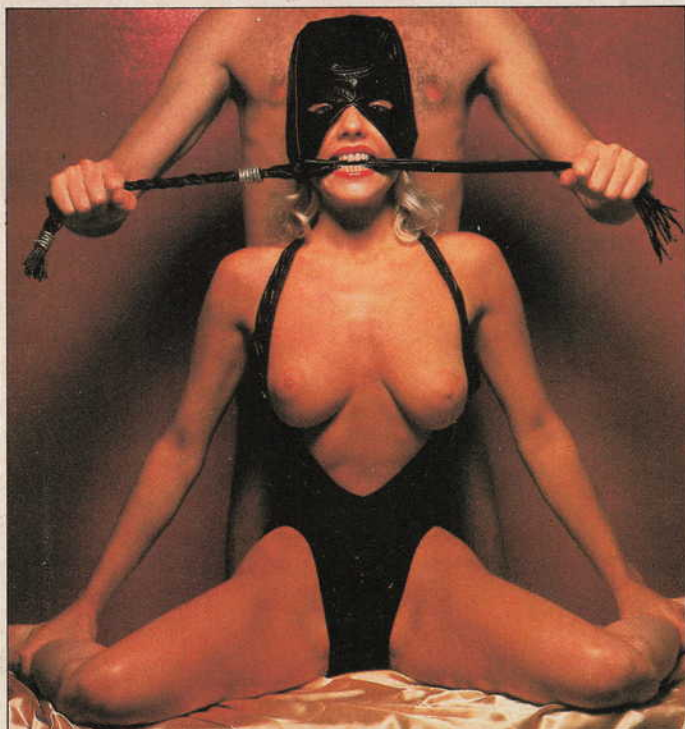
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PHOTOGRAPHY BY DAVE PATRICK



EAT THE HAND THAT BEATS YOU

Remember when you used to run down to the candy store after school and ask the kindly old shopkeeper for a nickel twist of licorice? And how, if he knew you from your hanging around, he might give you an extra one free?

You're older now, candy-ass. And only God and your dope dealer know how you get your licks today. But if you're still into licorice, try the Licorice Whip (from the Pleasure Chest in West Hollywood). It will give you hours of extreme pleasure until it melts into the welts and gets all sticky. Then you can lick it off, and then . . . oh, well, you get the idea.

MAN GROWS PENIS OVER EAR

Beer drinkers around the world will be astonished at the results of a two-month experiment recently completed in Munich, Germany. According to reports issued by the Foundation for Alcohol and Sex Research, the story concerns 65-year-old Hans Bluntbeck. "The subject quaffed a two-gallon glass of beer at least four times a day for two months. Around

the third week an unusual cigar-shaped protuberance appeared above Herr Bluntbeck's left ear, which soon developed into a completely functional male sex organ." Interviewed in his home, Bluntbeck told us, "It must have been that stupid two-gallon glass that strained a muscle or something. I've been drinking this much *brau* since I was twenty. Then I could have used another dick!"



LOIN COUNTRY SAFARI

Just another quiet, lazy day at a Southern California country fair. Suddenly, appearing out of the underbrush . . . *naked men wearing animal codpieces!* Christina Larkin, the creator of these kinks of the jungle, told us that it takes only three to four hours to make and sell each of the creations in her menagerie—which includes warthogs, buffalos, lions, giraffes, elephants, woolly mammoths and, finally, camels (obviously for the guy who likes to stick out his neck). "I sell mostly to straight guys," Ms. Larkin informed us. "I never ask what people do with them. But just yesterday I sold a wild boar to a policeman." Perhaps Christina could get a job redesigning the uniforms for the LAPD?



ICH BIN EIN BROOKIE?

You can wrap fish in the *New York Times*, with its so-called "provocative" lingerie ads. The guys who really want to see outrageous young (stress *young*) girls in sultry skimpies head for the European fashion magazines. Brigitte, from Germany, for example, which ran this ad in

a recent issue. Before dashing to the loo for further research, we observed that the little lady on the left looks familiar, *ja?* She exudes the same coltish charm, the same long legs and the same dark tresses as Brooke Shields, with two delightful exceptions, *nein?*

The new



The new Fisher RS2010 receiver gives you new reasons to move up to the best.

There's never been a receiver like the new Fisher RS2010. Here in one handsome package is more power, more features, and more performance than you've ever seen before.

The RS2010 is one of the most powerful receivers on the market: 100 watts per channel into 8 ohms, 20 Hz — 20 kHz, with a very low 0.03% total harmonic distortion. With that

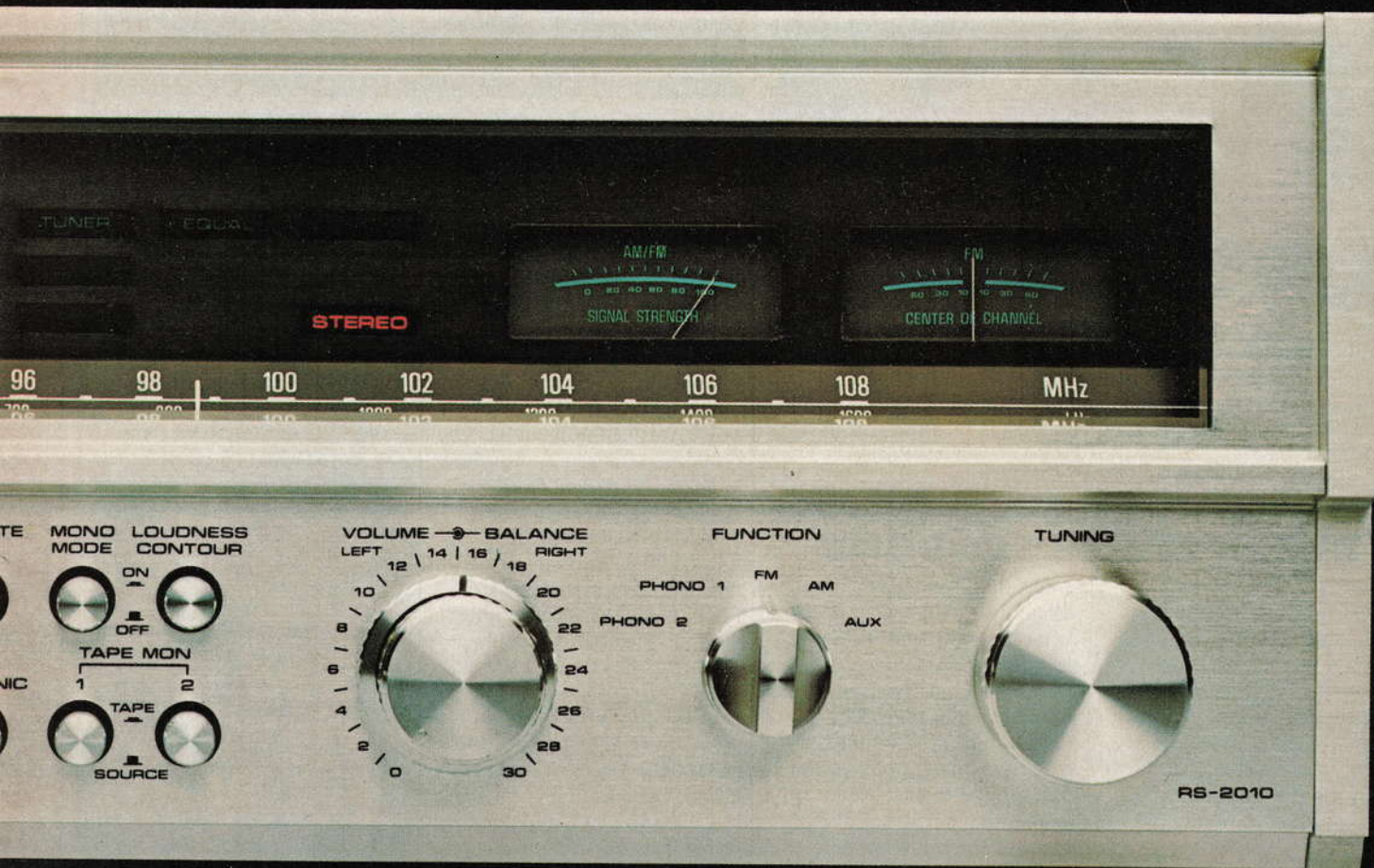
kind of power, the RS2010 breezes along on the most difficult musical material, and still has the capacity to deliver the most thundering passages — undistorted.

You may see other receivers with the RS2010's kind of power, but you won't find another with its unique blend of features. Example: In place of ordinary bass and treble tone controls, the RS2010 has a five-band graphic equalizer. With it, you can zero-in on any one of five two-octave tonal bands. Use it to bring out the highlights of a single instrument. Or tone it down. Bring a singer's voice

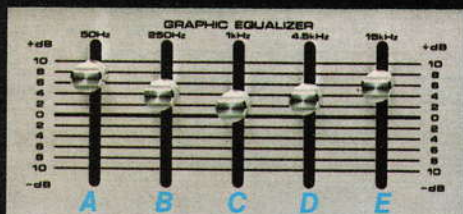
right out of the background and into your listening room. Add sizzle to cymbals. Accentuate the beat of a disco drum. Set your music to match your mood. Or adjust the graphic equalizer to improve poor room acoustics, speaker resonances, whatever — the possibilities are almost endless.

There's also a unique illuminated panel logic readout that gives you a visual status report of receiver functions. Plus twin illuminated power meters. And all the other controls and features you should want in a top receiver — but don't always get.

FISHER



5-BAND GRAPHIC EQUALIZER



- A.** Adds impact to bass drums, electric bass, organ. Corrects bass-shy speakers.
- B.** Adds "warmth" to music, "punch" to drums & low percussion. "Fattens" thin vocals and poor recordings.

- C.** Adds "presence". Brings a lead vocalist or instrument "out front". Clarifies muffled recordings.
- D.** Adds "bite" to horns, lead guitars, etc. Increases clarity. Adds impact to percussion, "edge" to strings.
- E.** Adds "sizzle" to cymbals, etc. Corrects falling high-end response for many speakers.

It's what you'd expect from the new Fisher. We invented high fidelity over 40 years ago. We've never stopped moving forward. The RS2010 is one more example of our technological leadership. Part of the new Fisher.

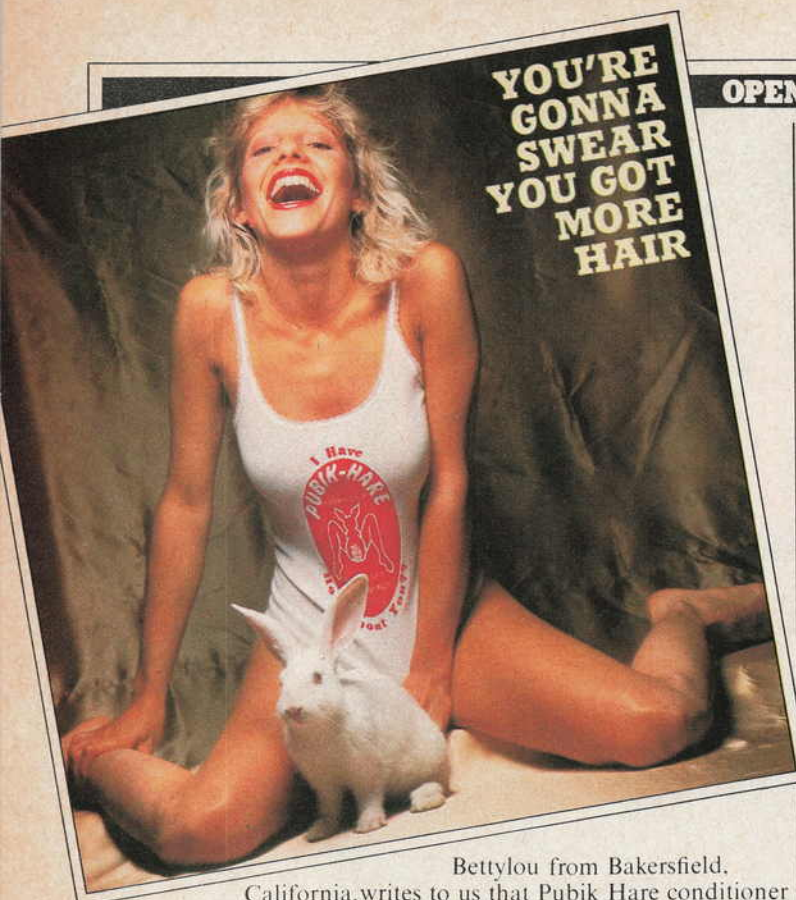
Where the only thing about us that's old is our tradition for quality and craftsmanship. You'll see all that in the RS2010. Make your move to this great receiver at your Fisher dealer today.

New guide for buying high fidelity equipment. Send \$2.00 with name and address for Fisher Handbook to: Fisher Corporation, Department H, 21314 Lassen Street, Chatsworth, CA 91311. Fisher Corp. 1979.



FISHER

The first name in high fidelity.®



Bettylou from Bakersfield, California, writes to us that Pubik Hare conditioner saved her sex life almost singlehandedly. "My Jackson said my bush could rub the rust off of Mae West's tubes. Then I shampooed with this keen conditioner. Now he can't stop shoving his face and everything else he has into the soft new me. It feels soooooo soft and silky now." That's Pubik Hare, from Unisex Products, Gardena, Calif.

REPORT FROM TV—DUMB

Too young to have seen *My Mother the Car*? Too old to remember? Too stoned to give a rat's ass? Well, hold on to your electronic pipe and your power hair blower: According to an insider on Sixth Avenue, *Love Among the Mutants* is on the way. The new sitcom pilot, brainchild of co-producers Merrill Al-dighierri and Joseph Tripician, both production assistants on *The Muppet Show*, pre-

sumes that human-machine sexual love may someday become natural, beautiful and desirable. *Love Among the Mutants* will also present the possibility that machines and humans may want to actually exchange bodies, for even greater thrills. Well, you can fry our wires. We've heard of some girls getting attached to their vibrators, but this beats all.

—CRAIG SILVERMAN

OPENERS

NATURAL FORMATION OF THE MONTH



DR. NEWBOLD'S COMPLETE CALLGIRL DIET

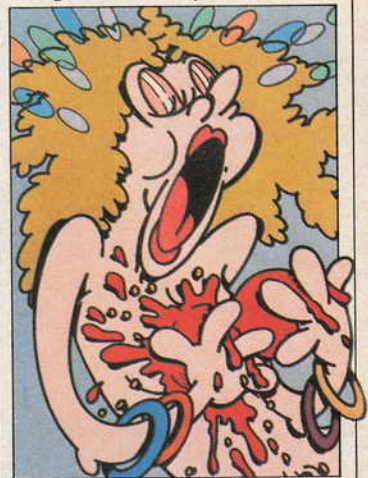
If you've ever looked into a hooker's refrigerator, you know that the boat people eat better. But is there a direct link between the sexual and gastronomical diets of the high-priced spread? No doubt about it, says Dr. H.L. Newbold, world-famous nutritional psychiatrist and author of *Mega-Nutrition*. While researching his new novel *Long John*, Dr. Newbold interviewed 20 callgirls in six months, and the results are fascinating. We recently interviewed Newbold. Over the phone, so he couldn't see us eating a burrito.

OUI: Can eating too many Twinkies lead to prostitution?
NEWBOLD: There's some relation, I think. In a roundabout way, foods do affect the sexual appetite. Most of the prostitutes I interviewed had an underlying depression. Many had a need

for degradation, to be put down in some way and be used. Diet definitely influences depression.

OUI: Does pizza go with sex?

NEWBOLD: I had one or two patients who got sexually aroused from tomatoes. You can get aroused by certain



things that you're allergic to. One girl said she knew now why whenever a date took her to an Italian restaurant he scored with her.

OUI: Exactly what are you eating when you eat somebody out?

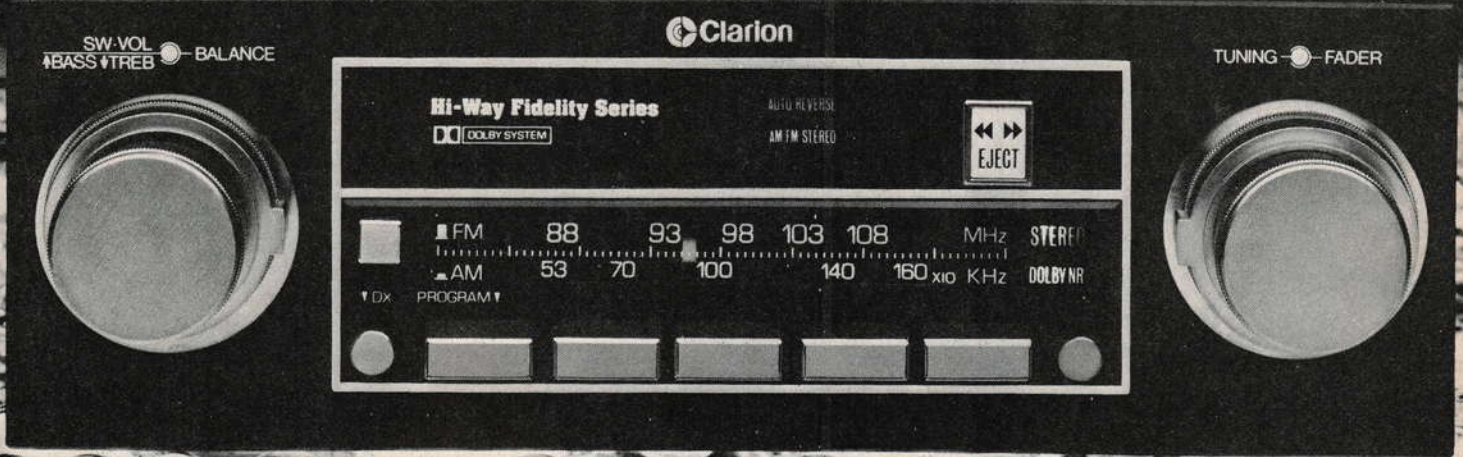
NEWBOLD: Not much in women, but in men it's mostly protein and a lot of zinc. Men can get zinc-deficient if they have intercourse too much.

OUI: Would a zinc- and protein-deficient woman want to

LAYAWAY PLAN



Made for the Magic in Music.



"I always knew there was magic in music. But I didn't hear it until I got a Clarion 751B. It's the most advanced AM/FM Stereo Cassette Unit on the market today. And it has more features in one small unit than I've ever seen. And I've listened to them all. The new 751B fits in my car, and can be installed in virtually any car.

"Magic. To me, it means being able to hear every instrument. But the magic in music doesn't mean anything if you can't hear it. The 751B has Clarion's exclusive Signal Actuated Stereo Control (SASC). So, in weak FM signal areas, you'll hear the magic because SASC eliminates noise and interference.

"I'm also into tapes. The 751B has the longest-lasting cassette tape motor in the industry... over 1,000 hours. Do you realize how long that is? Especially when you consider that most other company's motors only last about half of that? Plus, Clarion Tape Sections have low wow and flutter, and a broad frequency response.

"The 751B tuner also includes the new I.F. section. Ever listen to a station at 101.3 but there's a station more powerful at 101.5? With this new feature, the other one won't interfere. Until the Clarion 751B, everyone had to sacrifice selectivity for sensitivity, but with this unit, you get both. Because Clarion has it all. Now that's magic!

"I've checked out just about all stereo systems thoroughly. And as far as I'm concerned, you have to have quality to recreate the magic in music. And Clarion has it. Specs, features and workmanship. Clarion quality that brings out the magic in music. To me, without Clarion car stereos, there would be no magic in music."

Clarion
The Car Entertainment Company

Discover Camel Lights satisfaction.



The Camel World of satisfaction comes to low tar smoking.

This is where it all started. Camel quality, now in a rich tasting Camel blend for smooth, low tar smoking. Camel Lights brings the solution to taste in low tar.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

LIGHTS: 10 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine, LIGHTS 100's: 13 mg. "tar", 1.0 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette by FTC method.

OPENERS

have oral sex?

NEWBOLD: That might be possible. Many times they go for oral sex because the mouth can hold up longer. It saves a lot of wear and tear on the genitalia.

OUI: What can be said about women who swallow sperm?

NEWBOLD: My personal belief is that they're more feminine than the ones who don't. I think it's the subconscious thing to do, and if they're subconsciously repulsed by men, they don't. I made a point about this, and they say different men's ejaculations taste different.

OUI: Is it true what they say about oysters?

NEWBOLD: I think it's largely a joke.

OUI: Is there something you can eat to make the penis or the breasts bigger?

NEWBOLD: I'm afraid not. Usually, if you get fatter, your breasts get larger.

OUI: Can a bad diet lead to frigidity?

NEWBOLD: A bad diet can

do two things. Somebody with a bad diet sometimes goes through a period of sexual frenzy and then flips over and gets depressed and becomes uninterested in sex. Often, people on bad diets go through a period of sexual excitement, which then switches over to sexual withdrawal.

OUI: Is there a link between junk food and homosexuality?

NEWBOLD: I have one patient who is bisexual. When he stays on his diet, he has no interest in men whatsoever, but as soon as he goes off his diet and starts eating ice cream and junk food, he will go to one of the homosexual bath houses and pick up men.

OUI: When you interviewed the prostitutes, did you take them out to eat?

NEWBOLD: Only one, I think. She was a great junk-food eater. She ate peanut-butter-and-jelly sandwiches. She was always trying to keep her weight up so her breasts would stay large.

OUI: Did your subjects ask for payment?

NEWBOLD: Well, yeah, I paid them \$100 for the interview. As much as if we had had sex.

—SCOTT COHEN

DUTCH TREATISE

The ultramodern Dutch Catholic laity has once again run afoul of Rome on delicate matters of faith and morals. This time, insiders report that a popular Amsterdam cleric, Father Nils Groffer, has been championing the radical practice of "laying hands" upon local callgirls in a one-man campaign to clean up what has been described as the "sin capital of Europe." "I merely call upon the power of heaven to exorcise the unfortunate girl of her unholy appetite for the long green," Groffer explained to us in a phone interview. When informed that Vatican critics have accused him of having sex with the women, the good father told us, "That's a dumb Polish lie. I never charge for the sex part."



TEST TUBE DUMMY

"I did it in the name of science," reveals 19-year-old Lorraine Paul, whose lissome proportions were used to produce a new family of mannequins from London display impresario Paul Milham. This rare photo, taken at Harrod's department store, brings Lorraine together with her look-alikes for the first time. And that, friends, is it from England this month.

SCORPIONS



ALBUM JACKET OF THE MONTH

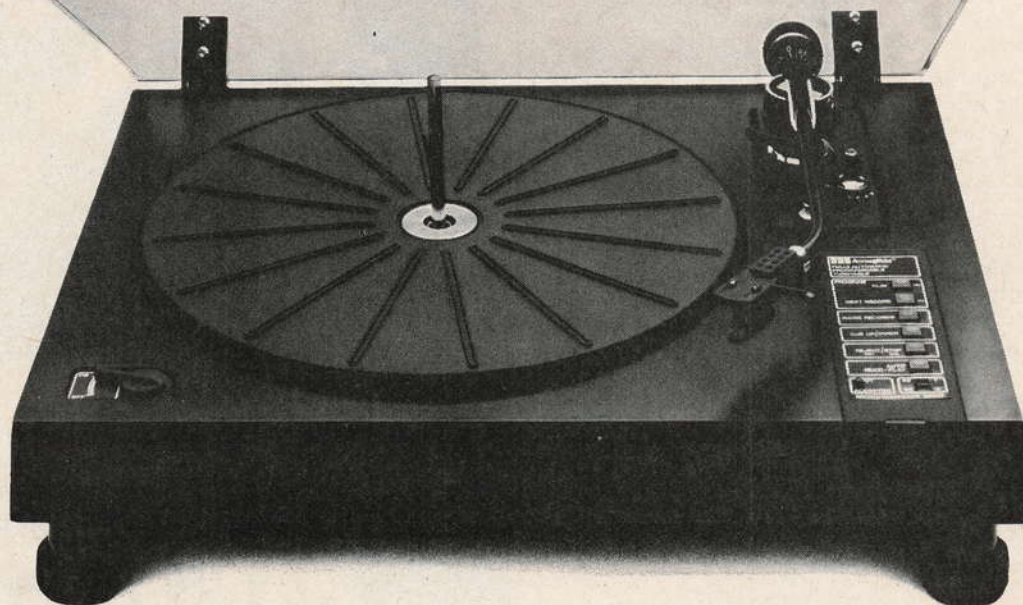
At last. *Und* from Germany, yet. Rock 'n' roll for guys too stupid to chew gum and cop tit at the same time.



A tug on the wishbone and an extra helping of gravy for the following *Openers* contributors. Editorial: batty barbecue, Ed Bott; tune into KUNT, Aaron Kass; loin country safari, Don Goldberg; you're gonna swear, Hank Nuwer; dr. newbold's complete callgirl diet, Scott Cohen; man grows penis over ear and dutch treatise, Leslie Morrison. Art: frozen bat, Dennis Mukai; escape from whidby island, Miguel Gamboa; dr. newbold's complete callgirl diet, Johnny Lee. Photo: the french position, Jean-Paul Morrison; fossil fools, Jay Rosenthal; layaway plan, Jim Nyman; loin country safari, Karen Bean; natural formation of the month, Curtis Cornum; test tube dummy, Features International; album jacket, courtesy of Mercury Records; licorice whip, KUNT, more hair, openers and merci, Richard Arrindel (styled by Michelle Minch, sunglasses courtesy of Optique Boutique).

Introducing Accuglide™. The computerized remote control turntable.

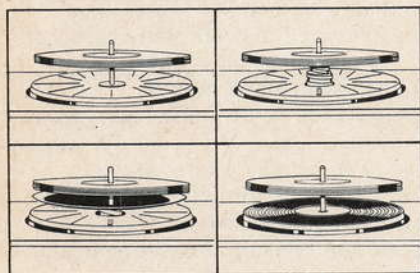
**It provides hours of viewing pleasure.
(You read it right. Viewing pleasure.)**



Even before you enjoy listening to Accuglide™, you're going to want to spend time just watching it. Because Accuglide performs like no other turntable you've ever seen.

Watch Accuglide's unique rotary spindle raise and lower your records like an elevator. So your hard rock doesn't drop on "Madame Butterfly."

You'll see Accuglide's spindle rotate its way to the top to pick up your record, carefully lower it, then gently place it onto the platter. Unlike other multiplay turntables, it doesn't drop them.



In fact, no other record changing system is as gentle. So your records couldn't

be in better hands. Not even your own.

Accuglide's remote control lets you play the "Hallelujah Chorus" from across your living room. Hallelujah!

Now, listening to relaxing music can really be relaxing. Thanks to Accuglide's remote control you can play your favorite music without jumping up and down.

In fact, you can even raise and lower the volume from 40 feet away. So you won't be hassled by your neighbors if you want to play a hustle at 11 P.M.

Play it again, Sam, is only one of 27 commands you can give Accuglide.

Simply press the right buttons on the Accuglide turntable or its remote control, and Accuglide's built-in computer stores up to 27 different commands.



So, you can change a record, reject it (you didn't like that one anyway), raise the tone arm (so you can answer the phone), then resume play without missing a beat, repeat it (because now you want to hear it without any interruptions), then raise your records back to starting position so you can start all over again.

Accuglide's tubular "J" shaped tone arm is superbly balanced for exceptional tracking. And comes with a precision ADC magnetic cartridge with elliptical diamond stylus. Plus, the belt-drive Accuglide has the kind of specs you'd expect to find in the finest turntables.

And if you think all this sounds good, how does this sound?

You can have all this viewing and listening pleasure for a song.

SEX TAPES

OFFICE SEX

Some consider "office sex" the best part of a job—a way to release tension, a means of keeping one's work interesting, a reason to go to the office every day. Others subscribe to the old adage "Don't shit where you eat"—which is too kinky even for us—and they stay far away from such workaday encounters, keeping their sex lives completely separate from the business world.

In the old days, the boss-and-the-secretary syndrome was routine, practically inevitable. Nobody made much of it; it was no big deal. Today, things have changed. For example, women who don't care to sleep with the boss can threaten a sexual-harassment suit. And it's not unlikely to find a female executive bedding down her male assistant. The boss's secretary might prefer the mail boy, and we found at least one case where such a secretary found herself in competition with her male boss, who had recently come out of the closet.

The roles are changing but the problems remain the same: whether to get involved, how to handle the gossip, dealing with the possibility of emotional or financial blackmail. Of course, it's just that element of danger that probably makes office sex so exciting in the first place.

Harriet D., 32, paralegal counselor: Some men are really too much. They think that because you want to fuck them, you're in love with them—or worse, that once you fuck them you'll fall in love with them. That's such old-fashioned bullshit.



Women who are into their careers aren't about to fall in love with their boss or co-workers, no matter what goes on behind closed doors. A couple of months ago I wanted to ball this one guy I work with. One night over drinks I told him so, and he said, "It's too bad we work together." I asked him what that had to do with it, and he said, "Because I'm afraid you'll fall in love with me and it'll get messy and I don't want to hurt you." The nerve! I just laughed at him and asked him what made him presume he was so fucking irresistible. My attraction for him died right then and there.

Mark T., 26, bank teller: To me, office sex doesn't necessarily involve screwing around. I admit it; I'm an incorrigible flirt. I

love to tease my female co-workers about the clothes they're wearing, especially if a skirt is slit up the side or a sweater is kind of tight. They often tease me right back. I'll see them whispering and giggling together during slow hours, with maybe a "Can you dig those buns?" said just loud enough for me to hear. I like it a lot. I don't want to jeopardize my job by actually having an affair with one of those girls, but the flirting around keeps me hot for my lady at home.

Samantha B., 24, office manager: I used to be a social worker, but I couldn't stand the misery all around me. So I quit and took this job—I'm really just a glorified secretary—but at least I'm off the streets. Except that my typewriter is driving

me crazy. I had a manual one at college and typing was just that—typing.

Here at the office, all they have are electric typewriters, and the humming is driving me crazy with sexual desire. I should mention that I never had an orgasm until I discovered vibrators last year. Now, every time I'm near anything that hums, my nipples get hard. I seem to be spending the whole day running to the bathroom to masturbate. I can type only about five pages before I have to turn the damn machine off and try to relax for a few seconds. You may think this is funny, but it's really embarrassing for me—not to mention counterproductive. I told my boss I have a bladder problem, but I don't know how long I can keep up this sham before I jump the old goat—and he's 65 years old!

Tracey M., 29, literary agent: When I was still in my hippie days, I worked for a publishing company that put out newsletters on plants, ecology, drugs, that sort of thing. There were only about 15 people in the company and no one was over 30. We'd have meetings every afternoon, and to keep the ideas flowing, we'd smoke dope and drink wine. In those days I did a lot of sport fucking—I wasn't into getting hung up, just balling and doping and hanging out. I never wore any underwear, either.

I was actually balling two of the guys who worked in my office; they were just quickies after work in my apartment. I



don't know if either of them knew I was balling the other. That didn't matter to me, though it was tough trying to juggle them.

One afternoon, everyone was playing pool at the bar down the street, except for me and one of the guys I was getting it on with. I was feeling horny and so was he, and since no one was around, we went into the editor's office and locked the door. I was wearing a jean skirt and no underwear, so we didn't bother to undress. He just pulled out his cock, I lifted my skirt, and we had a fast and furious fuck on the editor's floor. It took all of ten minutes, but it was quite satisfying, probably because anyone could have walked in, noticed the locked door and heard the sound of two people getting off. But nobody came in. We straightened our clothes and went back to our desks. A few minutes later I walked down to the art department for something, and one of the other girls in the office whispered to me, "There's a big wet spot on the back of your skirt. Are you getting your period?" I just acted

real surprised and said I'd better go check. Of course, it was a giant come stain, but I didn't want to tell her that.

That's about how discreet I was in those days—and sort of sexist, too. I didn't care about the guys knowing, but I didn't want the girls in the office to realize what I was doing. Now I think it's best that no one know, and it's probably better not to fool around with *anyone* in your office. It's funny how your thinking changes. Today I would think twice about bedding a man I worked with, and I certainly wouldn't attempt to juggle two!

Kathleen M., 34, film producer: If it weren't for office sex, I wouldn't be where I am today—and women's lib be damned! If a girl's ambitious and she has the chance to ball a higher-up, then she ought to go and do it. She's sure to get a promotion that way, and she'll get it five years sooner than if she refused a little casting-couch treatment. As long as you're discreet—and good in bed—you can indeed further your career better in bed than at the typewriter.

There's no reason why women can't play a man's game. Fuck him good, then threaten to tell his wife if he doesn't give you what you want. It's always worked for me.

Jeremy K., 31, account executive: The story I'm about to tell you might find hard to believe. In fact, I can still hardly believe it myself. It's the sort of thing I thought would happen only in a movie, and a B movie at that. But honestly, it did happen to me, and I'm in my current business position because of it.

A few years ago I was at another, smaller agency; I was doing extremely well financially. I had no intentions of leaving, although I'd had several offers. My present company was my most persistent pursuer, offering me considerably more money and control, but I kept turning them down; I just preferred to stick with a smaller agency.

After I'd rejected their offer for the second time, I figured that would be it; but about a week later, as I was getting ready to go for lunch, my secretary buzzed me and said there

was someone to see me from the agency that had been trying to hire me. I told her to send him in, but the him turned out to be a her—and what a her! Gorgeous face, great mouth, thick blonde hair and an incredible body. She was wearing a skirt that was slit up the front to show off her long, slim legs, and the fabric made the most of her terrific ass. I could see her nice breasts, as her blouse was unbuttoned halfway to her waist.

She smiled and said, "The company thought I might be able to convince you better than they; so I'll be visiting you every day for lunch until you say yes." She proceeded to lock my office door and began unbuttoning her blouse. For a moment I wondered if this were a great big joke on me, but my cock was already hard, so it didn't matter. In a moment she was wearing only a lacy garter belt and stockings and high heels—a look that always turns me on, even if it is hookerish. Her body was good enough to be a *OUT* centerfold. She walked over to me and began unbuttoning my shirt, then unzipping

In a moment, she was wearing only a lacy garter belt and stockings and high heels—a look that always turns me on, even if it is hookerish

my pants. She knelt down and took my cock in her mouth, teasing and licking and sucking, fondling my balls. She was definitely an expert at giving head. As the feeling got more intense, I leaned back against my desk and braced myself with my arms. I felt myself coming close to orgasm. She must have guessed, because she started teasing again, rubbing my cock against her breasts, whipping it with her hair, then taking it into her mouth again and really applying pressure. Her pacing was obviously designed to prolong my orgasm, but finally she let me come. It seemed as if I came forever, and she just swallowed it right up, licking her lips like the pro she was. Then she dressed me and herself and said she'd be back tomorrow.

Well, by now I knew I was going to take that company's offer. Who could resist after such a display of ingenuity? But I figured I'd string them out for a few days, knowing she'd come

every day until I said yes. For the rest of that week I experienced some of the best lunches of my career, believe me. The following Monday, I called and accepted their offer. Needless to say, they weren't surprised.

Alana M., 23, secretary: God, this is really embarrassing, but I slept with my boss last week. I'm trying to avoid permanent relationships. I may only be a secretary now, but I've got ambitions, and I just don't want the responsibility of a heavy relationship. I do like having a man in my bed, though; so I worked out this plan. It's quite simple: I just have affairs with men who are already attached.

I never get involved with men who appear to be on the verge of a divorce. Mostly I look for men who just want a little adventure. Like Tom—he's an insurance executive at the company that I work for. He's married, has three kids and is very career oriented. Under normal circumstances he would never

consider having an affair with one of his employees. Fortunately, we found ourselves in some rather strange circumstances not too long ago.

I stayed late at work one night to finish filing—I hate to leave things undone. Tom showed up about 6:30—he had come back to the office for some things he'd forgotten. I helped him take several boxes down to his car in the underground garage. Then, as luck would have it, he discovered that he had left his keys upstairs. We were locked in the garage! There was no phone and no way out. The metal card that unlocks the garage exit was also upstairs, and his was the last car in the lot. It was Friday night, and there we were, alone.

We both knew that eventually someone would miss one or the other of us and come looking, but that was bound to take a while. Tom got a bottle of Chivas Regal from his car and we proceeded to get a little bombed. The moment we real-

ized that we were really alone together, we both got a little nervous. After a few shots of Chivas though, Tom loosened his tie and we began talking very easily. We were both aware that the employee/boss relationship had been subtly altered, but I was the one to make the first move.

I turned on the car radio and found an all-disco station. Then I started acting a lot drunker than I was. I began dancing around. Tom started getting nervous again. I loved it.

At one point, I let my blouse fly open, and just kept dancing while he stared at my bouncing breasts. He came around and finally started dancing with me.

We ended up making love on the hood of his car, and it was so intense for both of us that we screamed when we came. The noise echoed all over the huge concrete garage; added to the loud disco music, it must have sounded like an orgy. The whole thing was a once-in-a-lifetime fantasy come true. ■

SEX TAPES QUESTIONNAIRE

Mail to: OUI Sex Tapes, 8560 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles, CA 90069

Your answers to these questions will be described and analyzed on the *Sex Tapes Letters* page in a future issue. Individual identities will be kept strictly confidential. We don't want to know who you are; we just want to know what you think about office sex.

1. First name or initials: _____
2. Age: _____ Sex (M or F): _____
3. Occupation: _____
4. Marital status: _____
5. City and State: _____
6. When it comes to sex at the office . . .
 - a. I've never done it and I never would.
 - b. I've never done it but I'm available.
 - c. I do it but I don't get "involved."
 - d. it's no different than other kinds of sex.
 - e. Other: _____

7. In my experience, sex at the office causes . . .
 - a. professional problems.
 - b. emotional problems.
 - c. no problems.
 - d. one or the other of us to leave the job.
8. My office sex encounters occurred . . .
 - a. in the office during work hours.
 - b. in the office after work.
 - c. on business trips out of town.
 - d. at my or her apartment.
9. We got into an office affair because . . .
 - a. she was quite attractive sexually.
 - b. she seduced me.
 - c. we were stoned—it just happened.
 - d. I thought it might better my job.
 - e. Other: _____
10. My most interesting experience with office sex was as follows (use separate page to explain): _____

LETTERS



Sex Tapes

The responses to our "Sex Tapes Questionnaire" entitled "Seduction Techniques" were quite revealing. For one thing, of all the women respondents, only 10 percent expressed an interest in doing the actual seduction. And of the men, the percentages were almost equal: 55 percent like to be in charge, and 45 percent said they were tired of always having to make the first move (and be rejected). "It does wonders for my ego when a girl puts the make on me," wrote Roger B., a 22-year-old graduate student from Ohio. "I just wish they'd do it more often."

I am a 28-year-old woman and a designer by profession. I've been married and divorced, and I thought I had heard every kind of seduction line until I met my match. He was a good-looking older man, and he talked with an accent—I found out later that he was from a royal family in Europe. His proposition is still my all-time favorite: "May I buy you a drink, or a car, or a color TV set?"

K.E.
Dallas, Texas

I guess you might say I'm a horny kid—I'm 18 and I masturbate about three times a day. It's not easy finding girls who are willing to screw at my age. My older sister had her girlfriend over one night when our parents were out. My sister had to leave for a while—I forget the reason—so Debbie and I were left alone to watch TV.

I told her I was going to take

a shower, and I forgot my towel, on purpose. After showering I called out, "Hey, Debbie, get me a towel," and when she came into the bathroom, I stuck my rock-hard, seven-inch cock right in front of her. She just turned around and walked out. A minute later, while I was still getting dressed, she walked

moment, and since his was the same, and since I'm drawn to tall, thin men, I began to flirt with him. I'm very bosomy, and it didn't take long to figure out he liked full-breasted women. I love to kiss, and I remember the first time I came up behind him at his desk and kissed his neck just behind his ear. I thought

For weeks, we just kissed and touched and got really crazy, but I'd never been with a younger man

back in and started to take off her clothes. My cock got hard again immediately. Debbie pushed me into the bedroom, took my shorts off and began rubbing my balls. I came in a second, but we went on playing for at least an hour. Now, every time Debbie comes over, we have sex.

I thank my stars I thought of that shower. I'm beginning to think that most girls really like to fuck—you just have to make it fun.

C.J.
City of Industry, California

My most memorable seduction happened two years ago, with a young man who was my assistant in the public-relations office where I was working. He was tall and thin, and very funny and sweet. Since my love life was going nowhere at the

he'd lose it right there. After that, it wasn't long until we were staying after hours, "working late" behind closed doors. For weeks, we just kissed and touched and got really crazy, but I'd never been with a younger man (he was 20 and I was 30), and I had qualms about it.

Then I got sick, and for a week he called me at home to see how I was doing. The day I finally began to feel human again, he asked if there was anything I needed; on impulse, I told him I needed some aspirin from the drugstore, and he said he'd stop by later to bring them to me. I'll never forget the look on my roommate's face when she told me he was there and I told her to send him on back to my bedroom! She was a real prude, and had other friends in the

living room, and I'm sure they all were disgusted and shocked. Anyhow, he brought the aspirin back, and I patted the side of the bed and asked him to stay and talk awhile. I groaned a little bit, and he asked what was wrong. I said my back hurt from being in bed so long and, bless his horny little heart, he offered to rub it for me!

I can't recall ever being so excited as when he slid the straps of my nightgown off my shoulders and began a slow massage that ended when I rolled over. We began kissing, and he touched my bare breasts. We both got kind of scared by the feelings we were having, but a few nights later, when my roommate was out of town, he came to visit again. We made love in my roommate's bed (I considered it poetic justice). He was so frightened, and when I found out later that he was actually a virgin, I nearly flipped! He was so gentle and caring; I would never have believed he'd never made love before, if he hadn't told me. He said his penis was the only part of him that had never made love! Just knowing I'd been his "first" was such a turn-on for me—I wanted to make sure that his first was so good that he'd be in love with making love for the rest of his life!

I think it was the combination of his youth, his fumbling eagerness and the illicit relationship between employer and employee that made it so exciting, and it was a seduction I'll never forget. I can still get

Continued on page 130)

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MAN IN THE STREET

PEEPING TOMS: SEEING IS RELIEVING

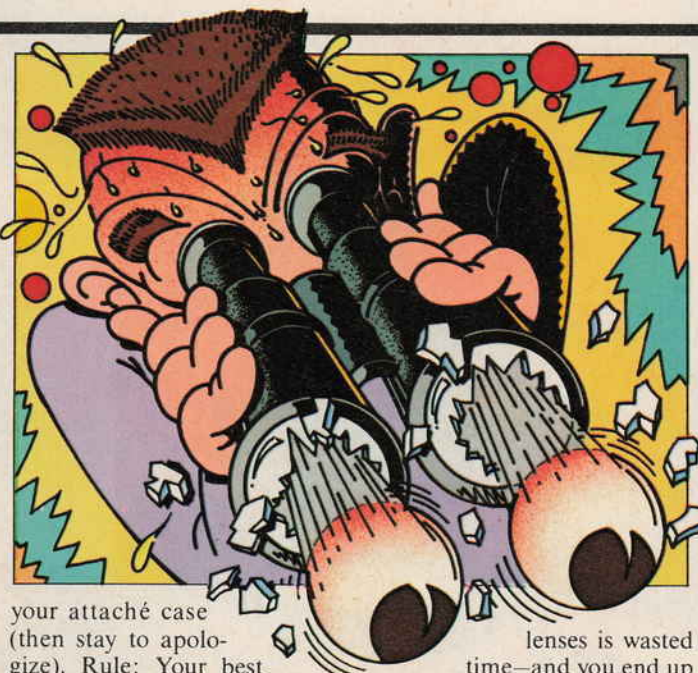
By D. Keith Mano

What is art, huh? I'll tell you. Art is voyeurism, but voyeurism done up by Halston or some other chic blowfly who has a sunken toilet in the bathroom. You think Hamlet wanted 500 prurient interests leering at him while he spake such filth to his own mother? Of course not. Yet, who would dare call Shakespeare a buboed perv? By the same Polish logic, voyeurism is art: demanding, precise, imaginative.

Now, I happen to rank among the six great gawkers of our time. I've been drinking Murine straight since I was seven; since I first built mirrors onto my size-four Enna Jettick shoe tips. So shaddap and take notes.

First, keep zany: Don't O.D. on Pamprin or anything. I realize that street voyeurism is slow right now. You'd get better action dealing in used Fleet enemas. Through the Miniskirt Age, when all you hadda be was five-three t'score a crotch, I took Butazolidin for Staircase Neck. I wore bifocals, with the bi part on top. It was glom orgy time.

Bralessness can still give you instant walleye. (I trust everyone here is passing women on the left: Blouses open that way.) But, unless one is tall enough to block Jabbar's skyhook, a deep score will require making the woman bend down because (1) it improves your angle, and (2) dress material will loosen up. So drop chewing gum on her shoe; clock her shin with



your attaché case (then stay to apologize). Rule: Your best target is a preoccupied target. Especially the young mother. Yank a pull toy in Central Park. Rent some kid to be your three-year-old son. Bring lollipops. A mother kneeling to pick up her fallen child is marvelously vulnerable. I don't suggest that you trip the child, but . . . these are hard times.

Long-eye litch, though, is available and succulent as ever. From my desk I can big brother two 20-story apartment buildings straight on. (Better channel selection than cable TV: 800 windows.) Your equipment will be simple. You don't want a 14-inch Celestron telescope: Mobility is the prime consideration. Besides, you're a Peeping Tom, not a dermatologist. I use 16x50 binoculars (i.e., 1000 yards seen as 183 feet). At that strength you can watch a nipple get up, yawn and stretch itself. Also, subject movement should be visible to the nude cornea, however vaguely. Movement is your spotter scope: The eye has wide peripheral range. Be specific: Too much time behind the

lenses is wasted time—and you end up looking like a just-woken North Korean. Stand or sit away from your window. At 300 yards you can afford another ten feet. Very depressing to peep a GO FOCUS YOURSELF sign. Some restraint and grace are essential in any art form.

Do's and Don'ts for the beginner:

(A) Don't be put off by Venetian blinds. Most people just drop them. Then they feel, ha, safe. They'll commit what all, from cat buggery to mounting the ceramic Madonna. Few people pull a blind real tight because, as with anything conceived in Italy, it'll probably destruct into 600 slats and a length of cord. The Venetian blind is your friend. So what if some nude chick'll look like a loaf of sliced Wonder bread. All the parts are there.

(B) Never smoke. Nothing more painful than grabbing up your 16x50 with a hot panatela in the mouth.

(C) Hand speed is absolutely crucial. Wear wrist weights all afternoon.

(D) Night (it goes without writing) is clay-pigeon time. A 12-point-antler kill requires both front and side light. *But not before bed.* Somehow, people are coy around the mattress. Climb into your duck blind at about six or seven o'clock. Working women schlep home *preoccupied*: The Smith-Corona ate two fingernails; they just picked up a \$75 phone bill; their panty hose feel tighter than Scrooge McDuck. They'd strip if the College of Cardinals were sitting there. Also, women go out at night. They'll try on 16 dresses (you ever see anyone try on 16 nightgowns?) and all floodlit like a Bette Midler entrance. Hurried, flustered, they'll roll Ban behind the ear and daub perfume under armpits. They'll practice pose for Him (imagined), and He might as well be you. Such moments aren't merely sensual; they're charming and innocent and human.

(E) (Sidebar: hopeless attempt to plant social significance into this frivolous column.) We are all nude when alone: Even clothed, the artful public persona scales off. I'm moved when I watch a bachelor heat his 38th consecutive TV dinner, or an old woman, joints unlubed, hobble up at 3 A.M. to pee. And all—*all*—those people I have seen who stand, arms crossed, staring, doing nothing. There is an awesome loneliness in rooms. Enough: I can hear your uvulas click as you yawn.

(F) Final remark: Voyeurism is seeing something that doesn't want to be seen. If Miss X strips in front of the window each night, report her for indecent exposure. Such a person is gross minded and kinky. Someone has to preserve the finer instincts of civilization. It might as well be you.

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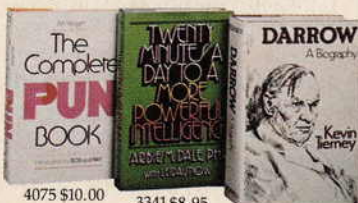
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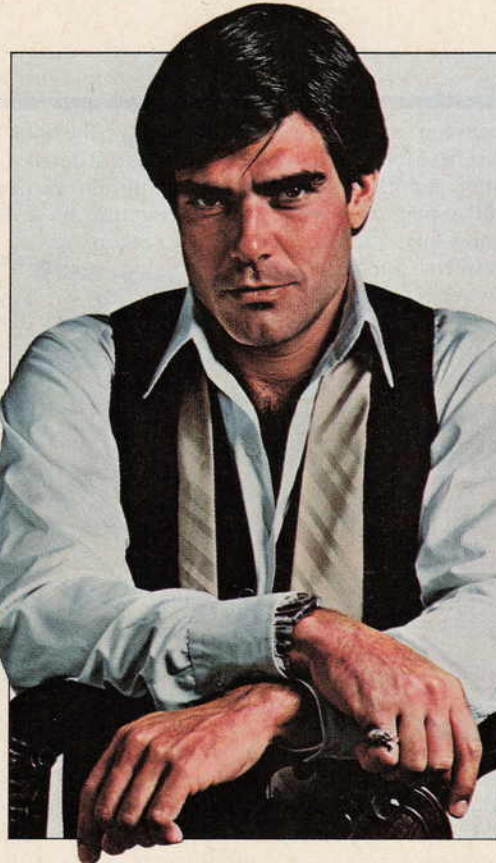
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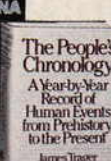
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SEX

ONE-LINERS: WHAT WOMEN LIKE TO HEAR

By Deanne Stillman

I'm coming, but don't worry. I'll marry you."
"I'm coming, but don't worry. I'll pay for the abortion."
"I'm coming, but don't worry. I won't leave town if you get pregnant."
"Don't worry, I'll have the abortion."

The sad fact is that women go through their lives hearing from men things they do not like to hear, most of which are a result of ignorance, insensitivity or just plain idiocy.

So, you're probably wondering, what *do* women like to hear? Today, the old lines simply won't do, and the new lines are... well, lines. For instance, approaching a girl and saying (a) "You remind me of someone I know"; (b) "Do you hate the singles scene as much as I do?"; or (c) "Hey, I'm a feminist too!" definitely will not work. Moreover, during sex, an equally inadvisable remark is the well-meaning but coarse, "Gee, I can't find your clitoris. Could you tell me where it is?" A woman is not a service station: Do not ask for directions.

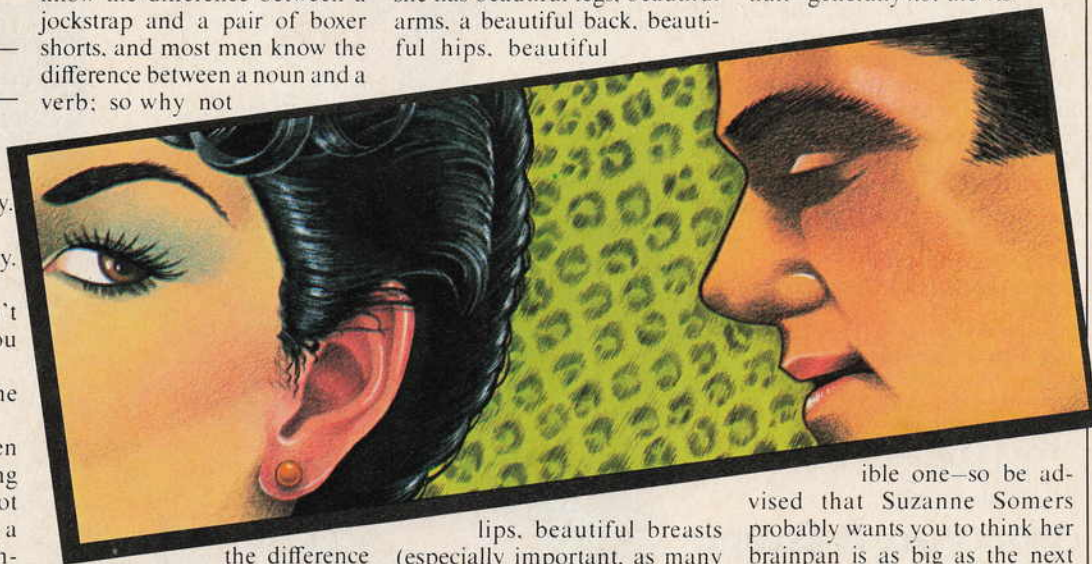
What most impresses women, it seems, are comments having to do with subjects like looks, clothing and sex—in other words, the same kind of stuff you used to try to talk about in high school.

For example, the clever man will do well to notice details about the way his woman looks and dresses. To succeed in this important area is to know the

difference between a dress, a blouse and a skirt. Most women know the difference between a jockstrap and a pair of boxer shorts, and most men know the difference between a noun and a verb; so why not

about the way she looks. The key, remember, is detail. Tell her she has beautiful legs, beautiful arms, a beautiful back, beautiful hips, beautiful

doing a good job." Others want to be noticed for a personality trait—generally *not* the vis-



the difference between a dress and a skirt?

Of equal importance to women is makeup. I'm not saying that to impress a woman, a man should impersonate Bette Davis. But it helps to know a little about cosmetics. Most men I've known believe that all makeup is "mascara," as in the oft-heard plaint of the pert "Why, Jimmy, I'd love to see *Lassie* and Mr. Ed go to school, but I'm afraid I'll cry and my mascara will run." Why do men think that everything a woman puts on her face is mascara? Maybe there's a football player named Lou "the Toe" Mascara. I don't know. But I do know that all household tools, for example, are not called a "wrench"; so why can't men know that the gooey stuff in a jar that women shake up and apply to their faces isn't necessarily mascara?

As for sex, women really like to hear indirect references. The references can be interwoven with fantasy, as in "I've been thinking about this for months" or with reality, as in comments

lips, beautiful breasts (especially important, as many women think theirs are the "wrong" size), and so on. Of course, wouldn't *you* like a few compliments in return? Women have spent years majoring in men, and if you say something like, "Do ya think I'm sexy?" chances are—if she's in bed with you—the answer will be yes.

Bear in mind that there are things that only some women like to hear. Women from different regions have different tastes. What is music to the ear of a svelte European may remind the savvy American of standing in front of the amps at a Led Zepelin concert. The straightforward New Englander may want you to get right to the point ("My name is Ray. My place or yours?"), whereas her Confederate counterpart, having grown up in a Gothic fantasy world of savagery, sin and interracial dating, is impressed by anything but the truth.

Some women identify with their jobs so much that the only way to communicate with them is to say something like "You're

ible one—so be advised that Suzanne Somers probably wants you to think her brainpan is as big as the next gal's, while Barbara Walters most likely wants you to notice her legs.

When the big moment ultimately arrives, tell her—what else?—that you love her (unless the big moment involves a blabbermouth like Margaret Trudeau, in which case a sincere "Say cheese" will do). Tell her you love her more than you love your mother, your father, your brothers and sisters, more than all of your past girlfriends stacked head to toe, more than yourself, more than a million dollars, more than solar energy, more than Linda Ronstadt, more even than life itself.

And if that doesn't work, you'll simply have to resort to the old standby, "I *swear* I won't come in your mouth." I suggest you add to this the following embellishment: "In fact, I'd rather choke on it myself than let it interfere with your esophagus."

She'll never believe you, but at this point, you've got nothing to lose.

Test drive our new magazine.

Drag Race

by Alan M. Newman



A paper and pencil game for two players.

Equipment: One gamesheet and one pencil.

Object: To be moving at the highest speed at the end of the game, by out-guessing your opponent.

Play: Each player chooses one of the cars on the gamesheet. Either player may go first. Keeping the gamesheet out of his opponent's view, the first player marks the top half of one circle (A, B, or C) in the first horizontal row under his car. His opponent then guesses which letter was chosen. (You can use the bottom halves of the circles to keep a record of guesses, for future strategy.) If the opponent's guess is wrong, the first player darkens the top square on his side of the speedometer. If the opponent's guess is right, the first player does not darken any squares.

Next, it is the other player's turn to mark one of his circles in secret, and the first player's turn to guess which one was marked. Play alternates in this fashion throughout the game. On the second round, circles in the second row are marked, and so on until the last row has been completed.

Advancing:

When in first gear, cars accelerate by darkening 1 square at a time.

When in second gear, 2 squares at a time.

When in third gear, 3 squares at a time.

When in fourth gear, 4 squares at a time.

Each square moved represents an increase of 5 miles per hour.

Winning: The player with the highest final speed (most squares darkened) at the end of the race is the winner.

Car Number One				Car Number Two				
	A	B	C		A	B	C	
FIRST GEAR	☐	☐	☐	Speedometer 50 100 150 200	☐	☐	☐	
	☐	☐	☐			☐	☐	☐
	☐	☐	☐			☐	☐	☐
SECOND GEAR	☐	☐	☐			☐	☐	☐
	☐	☐	☐			☐	☐	☐
	☐	☐	☐			☐	☐	☐
THIRD GEAR	☐	☐	☐			☐	☐	☐
	☐	☐	☐			☐	☐	☐
	☐	☐	☐			☐	☐	☐
FOURTH GEAR	☐	☐	☐			☐	☐	☐
	☐	☐	☐			☐	☐	☐
	☐	☐	☐			☐	☐	☐
	☐	☐	☐			☐	☐	☐
	☐	☐	☐			☐	☐	☐
	☐	☐	☐			☐	☐	☐
	☐	☐	☐			☐	☐	☐
Final speed	MPH				MPH Final speed			



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MUSIC

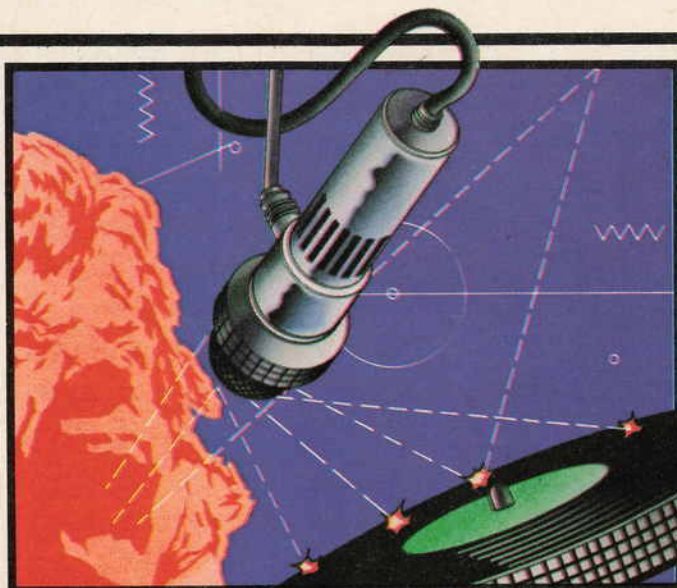
DIGITAL AUDIO: RECORDING BY THE NUMBERS

By Peter Chandler

Stereo freaks have been praying for perfect sound reproduction ever since guys first started listening to *Sounds of Silence* a million years ago, but with the imminent arrival of digital recording, that elusive goal is in sight at last. Unless you are among those who instinctively understand how computers and stereos get together and mate, this announcement probably inspires mental pictures of ludicrously complicated equipment and an unfathomable maze of wiring. Wrong, all wrong—digital recording is the simplest approach ever devised to the challenge of delivering unspoiled music.

The secret of the digital system is that its recorder could care less about music, or even about sound. This is exactly the opposite of the Edison recording method, which has, for almost a century, determined the quality of the music you hear. With the Edison system, the recorder essentially takes a photograph of the music's sound waves and develops it for the listener via a photograph that mechanically reproduces these sound waves. That method, though more than adequate for all but the most sophisticated ears, has some built-in problems, which all the Dolbys in the world cannot, finally, defeat.

But digital recording neatly solves all these traditional problems. It's an ingenious so-



lution: The designers of digital have simply sidestepped all of these problems and have come up with a method that regards sound as simple information. Pure, binary information. To be precise, information that has nothing to do with grooves and wavelengths and everything to do with numbers.

What's a second of music? A glimpse of universal rhythm, a breath of the song of the cosmos? To Keith Jarrett, perhaps. To the digital recorder, however, that second is just 50,000 numbers.

And 50,000 is only the beginning. Because each number is, in computer parlance, made up of 16 binary "bits," and because tape cruises across the heads of the digital recorder at a healthy 45 inches per second, it's not unusual for an average second of music to hold a possible 800,000 separate pieces of information.

A sampling this intense yields, not surprisingly, the most accurately recorded music ever made. Actually, if there's any flaw in digital recording, it's that it's *too* good: In recent tests, listeners could pick up, in

addition to some heavenly sounds, the squeak of a stiff piano pedal and the brushing of a guitar against a musicians's suit.

Now, in an economic system that thrives on obsolescence, and in an economy that seems determined to immobilize a once freewheeling populace, you'd think that the manufacturers would be working around the clock to be the first to offer the system that would replace the components we now treasure. Not so. Sony's unit goes for a whopping \$4000, and as for the record companies, the biggies have only recently leased digital machines for their studios.

There are sensible economic reasons for their foot-dragging. True digital eliminates the long-playing record, substituting a crisp little cube—or, in one model, a pyramid—that is inserted into a device much like a videocassette player. But no tape races across the heads; tape's as obsolete as the diamond needle. Instead, a laser scans the pulses encoded on the cube, sending that information through a computer that re-

stores the binary data into music. The cube itself remains pristine.

Because all this technology requires some perfecting, the industry is easing us into digital quality with a halfway process called "digital-to-disc." At its best, this method records an album with computer technology. The only major problem at this point is the editing: With

digital, you don't splice tape, you edit by computer as if you were working with videotape, an unfamiliar technique for most studio mixers. Finally, the recording is taken to the master plant and connected to the lathe. The result looks like your standard Billy Joel record, only the sound is something else: a symphony orchestra in your living room.

Classical happens to be the interim music of this interim process, although the most accomplished rockers—like Ry Cooder and Stephen Stills—have begun to use it. While it makes a stereo addict hunger for the real thing, the digital-to-disc record serves the cause of better-quality product as we wait for true digital. Companies are less likely to ship just anything that looks round and has a hole in it if they know the buyer is sophisticated enough to demand—and pay for—first-line sound.

But before you bliss out, you might say a little prayer for a gent named Sarason Liebler, whose Digital Recording Corporation hopes to bring you a fully digitalized laser-assisted system for a mere \$300 by the year 1982.

His competitors scoff at that date and that price, but people laughed at Edison, too. Or was it Moroder?

If you're happy with your car stereo, it's probably because you don't know any better.

You can blame Detroit for pulling the wool over your ears.

They put an FM radio and tape deck in your dashboard and told you it was "stereo."

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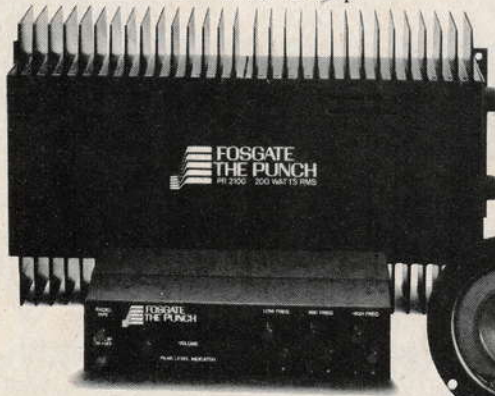
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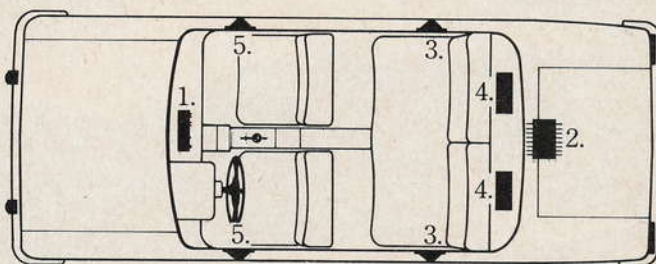


5. Tweeter

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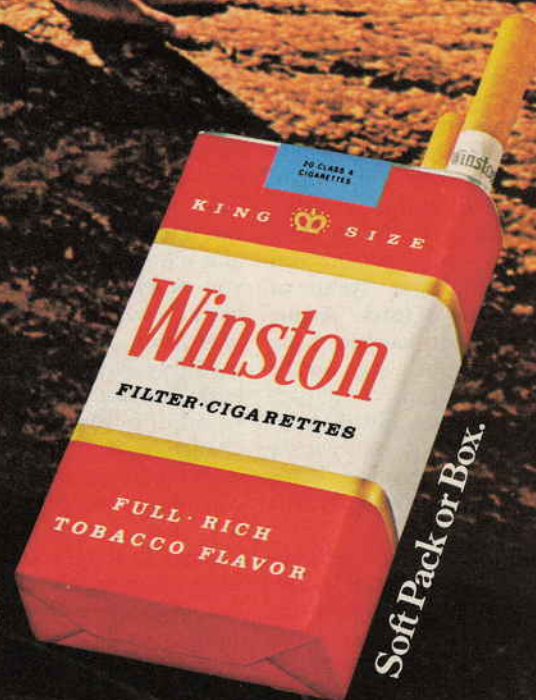
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FUTURE

THE EIGHTIES: NOSTALGIA WHILE YOU WAIT

By Jesse Kornbluth

John Kenneth Galbraith says the early years of the new decade will be marked by "a revolt of the rich against the poor." *New York Times*man William Safire sees oil shortages causing a recession: "At the end of the tunnel, there is another tunnel." In Hollywood, meanwhile, Casablanca's resident futurists are immortalizing Donna Summer's recording sessions on the theory that a hip but immobilized population will spend its evenings in the Eighties sitting around the home videotape unit.

You may take my word for it—all these guys were wrong.

I know this because, while Galbraith and company were darkening our spring with projections about the only decade we've got coming, I was one of some 40 fearless forecasters who toiled late into the night, under the direction of Tony Hendra, Chris Cerf and Peter Elbling, to bring you the real dope about those "years of laughter, years of tears." All the news before it happens, you might say. Or, as a sign on the conference-room wall reminded the mock historians of *The 80's: A Look Back at the Tumultuous Decade, 1980-1989: WE MAY BE FRIENDLY, BUT WE'RE RIGHT.*

It is not because I have some slight financial stake in this book—published by Workman Publishing, New York, as an

oversized paperback, available for a mere \$6.95—that I urge you to ignore all those big-credentialed doomsayers and listen to us. And I don't tout *The 80's* because it's a Pollyanna interpretation of the decade. It's not.

No, Jack, we spare you nothing, our message couldn't be more stark: "It's all much worse than you expected, and in ways you never expected."

Take sex. Please. Obviously, some of you are going to be distressed to learn that researchers astonished the world in the early Eighties with definitive proof that penis size is

cohabitation entitles a man or woman to half of his or her partner's income, how much is a hand job worth?") to the thornier question of just who should run the networks' programming departments—a chore made easier when NBC was informed, in 1983, that it no longer had the right to call itself a network.

Sports were bigger than ever. Almost all of the Fortune 500 businesses were athletes by the end of the decade, thanks, in part, to a new game: Big Negroes on Ice with Sticks. Athletes were farmed out to stud, and the owners, as always,

banks gave away toasters. Nelson Rockefeller's death was reinvestigated when the "lone-assistant theory" was discredited, while Jonestown investigators discovered a second vat.

Media, you'll be pleased to hear, became even more simpleminded. Big print, lotsa pictures. Clay Felker made his last stand with *New East*. There was *Half-Life*, a specialty magazine for the nuclear family. But it was 1984, George Orwell's bummer, that served as the best metaphor for this wacky decade. Regrooved by Universal Pictures into a movie musical, it had a happy ending,



directly related to intelligence. But won't you feel better to learn that men are capable of two kinds of orgasms—penile and scrotal? Not that it will do you much good: While your gay kids were watching *Christopher Street* on October 3, 1983, a worldwide simultaneous orgasm knocked the planet out of its orbit, causing a cataclysmic change in the earth's climate.

But there was good news, too. You didn't miss sex, because TV was better than ever. Thanks to the marriage of the home computer and the tube, you were able to vote on everything from judicial matters ("If

held onto their power, thanks to the "in-game trade." Jogging fell off after it was discovered that any combination of running, Perrier, Cuisinarts, red sunglasses, legal pads and est caused cancer. As a result, American Motors took a bath with a Nike-track-shoe car.

More weirdness: Warner Bros. bought the Mafia. The Russians stuffed Brezhnev. New Mexico introduced the solar electric chair, which gave the condemned plenty of time to eat a hearty lunch. Meat was so scarce it became an illegal drug, spawning "steakeasies" and "meathead shops." Swiss

with Big Brother telling Winston Smith, "I'm real interested in some of your ideas."

Well, you know they marketed Orwell to death, and there were sequels (1984-'85); then fat became in and Miss America weighed 413 pounds in 1988; and a cult of Californians worshiped Lloyd Bridges. Now nobody knows who's President, there are ghost suburbs and graffiti on jumbo jets, and everything's just so tacky that if Hendra, Cerf and Elbling, the ringleaders and editors of this book, don't get the National Book Award for 1990, there's no justice on TV anymore. ■



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MONEY

STUDENT LOANS: THE PARTY IS OVER

By Chris Barnett

Peter Carr loves to brag about how he beat Uncle Sam out of \$4000 and wound up with a free college education.

Carr, a Rutgers grad, is now 31 years old and a top editor on a national magazine in New York City. I caught up with him recently at Charley O's in Manhattan. Carr was consoling a few younger editors who had just started to get dunning letters from their alma maters.

Reaching for his second Scotch, Carr implied, none too subtly, that everyone borrows and only schmucks pay back.

"I went to graduate school and taught college for two years afterward; that automatically deferred my payments until I was twenty-six. Then I got my first letter, and I didn't get the second letter for two years. I ignored them both."

Carr, who had won a scholarship and still borrowed \$1000 a year for four years from the federally funded National Direct Student Loan program ("The money was there—I took it"), apparently saw it as just another government giveaway—until, that is, he got his first "pay-up" phone call.

"It caught me completely by surprise," he confesses. "I was off guard, gave them my name, address and telephone number and agreed to send them a check. I never did." He was braced for the next call: He told the Rutgers collection agent that Peter Carr had moved to

Chicago to look for a job. He gave a friend's address and phone number as a contact.

"My friend in Chicago got a tough phone call one day, but he calmly said Peter Carr had lived there while he was looking for work, couldn't find any and moved on to San Francisco. He gave them my brother-in-law's name, address and phone number. They fell for it. My brother-in-law never heard a word, and I thought the whole thing had died."

No way. A few years later, a bill collector showed up on the brother-in-law's doorstep. The

ture. They were back in the U.S. because she needed an operation.

Carr claims he knew at that moment he had beaten the System. He wrote Rutgers a letter, informing the school's gumshoes that he hadn't been able to find meaningful work in America and had moved to the Far East to seek the true meaning of inner-celestial tranquility, or some such bullshit. Since money had no meaning in his new monastic life, he expressed doubts he would ever have \$4000 to repay the debt. His friend took the letter back

ministering the National Direct Student Loan program and the Federally Insured Student Loan program discovered one day they had a 25 percent default factor. One out of every four student borrowers was a deadbeat. In fact, the Department of Health, Education and Welfare said a year ago that the government has been stiffed by students for more than one billion dollars—\$1.1 billion to be exact. Congress screamed scandal, Carter pledged a cleanup and HEW announced it would shut off further student-loan funds to schools that can't collect past-due debts.

So, what's the bottom line? A toughening-up from the nation's capital to the campus. Universities and colleges no longer routinely assign their collection chores to financial-aid department secretaries who type up reminder letters and try to keep up with your current address. Entire corporations have been formed to bill college students by computer and remind them a payment is due.

Ignore the computer letters now and you'll have real problems. Schools are turning over their "no-pays" to a new breed of collection agent, one who works for a company that does nothing but collect past-due student loans. These are not your basic bumbling skip-tracers with egg-stained ties and a half-pint in the back pocket. They are nothing short of professional bounty hunters who track down people with a price on their head. They are, in reality, the Green Berets of bill collectors. Smart, college-educated, combat-trained credit men (and women), they know precisely how to wring that money out of you.

Of course, you can try to
(Continued on page 113)



in-law covered nicely, claiming he hadn't seen Peter Carr for years, that this once bright, ambitious young man had been shunned by America's personnel manager and, no doubt disheartened, had probably dropped out.

About this same time, Carr—alive and doing well in New York as a fugitive from financial justice—got a call from an old fraternity brother who had spirited his lady to Mongolia some years before to do graduate work in comparative litera-

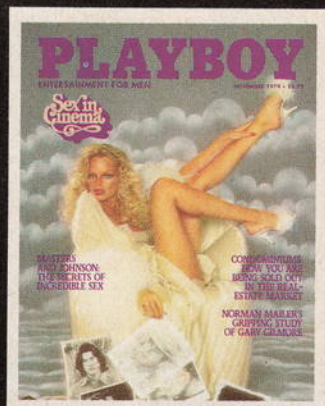
ture. They were back in the U.S. because she needed an operation.

Ah, the good old days. Ripping off the government and financially trashing old State U. used to be great sport in the Sixties and early Seventies. Unfortunately, it can be personally disastrous today.

The Federal government and almost every college and university are cracking down hard on flakes. Why now, just when your loan is up for repayment? It seems the bureaucrats ad-

This month's PLAYBOY centerfold introduces Sylvie Garant, a lovely young lady who drinks to us with far more than her eyes. Also this month, part two of our momentous preview of Norman Mailer's new masterpiece, *The Executioner's Song*. There's also the definitive article on the condo-conversion craze, which identifies the cons of the pros. Plus, a rollicking religious discussion with the Monty Python gang, a preview of the upcoming college-basketball scene, a highly illuminating interview with Masters and Johnson on their favorite subject. And, of course, the usual lots more. November PLAYBOY. It's at your newsstand now.

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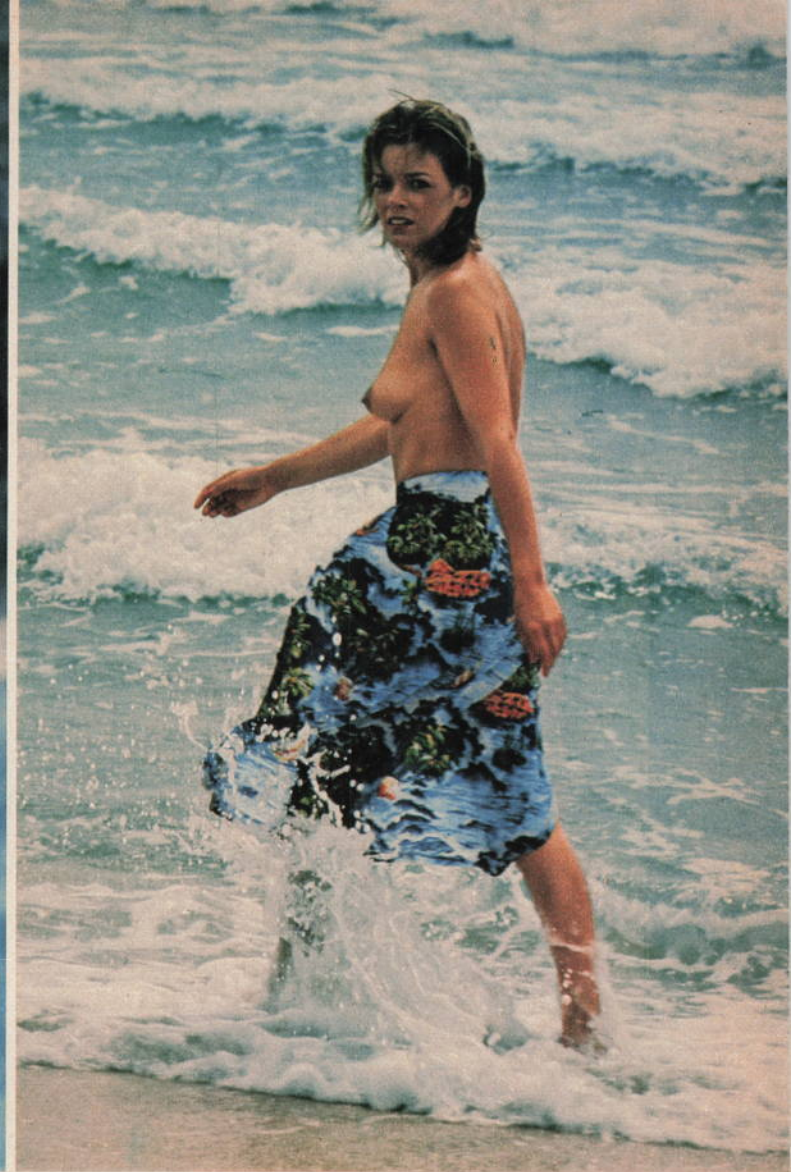
GETTING ON WITH IT

PHOTOGRAPHY BY BRIAN ANDERSON





Audrey Holmes doesn't like to waste a second. "I've always been like that," she told us when we caught up with her on the island of Barbados. "Ever since I can remember, I've heard this little voice in the back of my mind, saying, 'Let's get on with it, girl.' It's as if there's somebody up there—a fairy godmother or something—who knows what I'm supposed to be doing but wants me to figure it out for myself." And you've always felt this way? "Yes. I grew up in a little town outside of London and I remember thinking, when I was, oh, six or seven, that I didn't really belong to my family. I didn't seem to have anything in common with them. My mother's passion was roses—she had hundreds of them—and my father was pretty content being a local barrister. I just knew I was different, somehow." Audrey's passion for self-discovery has led her into a variety of strange occupations: researcher for a butterfly collector, baccarat dealer, political polltaker, shampoo model, sailor and location scout for X-rated movies. And last week she turned 24. Audrey shook her still-wet hair, looking bemused. "Funny how things work out . . . I came to Barbados because a friend of mine makes a living sailing rich peoples' yachts from England to the islands. This particular rich person turned out to be an American film producer. He wanted me to be in one of his porno









movies, but after watching a couple, I decided not to do it. I don't like the way the guys have to prove their orgasms by coming all over the girl's stomach. Can you imagine something like that happening in real life?" Of course not. What does happen in real life? "Something told me you were going to ask that question. No, not my fairy godmother. Listen, I could tell you something funny, but I'm going to tell you the truth. When I make love, it's almost a mystical experience, an out-of-body experience. I flow into the body and mind of my lover, and I become *him*, making love to *me*. I've even been told that I climax like a man—whatever that means." Uh, why did you decide to pose for OUI? "For the same reasons I decided *not* to be in the porno flick. OUI is natural; it has a sense of humor; the girls aren't twisted inside out . . . and the money's not bad. Besides, you even let me wear my own clothes . . ."

Audrey caught herself in midsentence and grinned, "Or, rather, you even let me *not* wear my own clothes."







Harry W. Theriault says he first saw the spirit one day in 1970, while he was quietly reading the Bible in his cell at the Atlanta, Georgia, pen. It appeared right after he had come across an obscure passage in the Book of Revelation: "If you will not awake, I will come like a thief, and you will not know at what hour I will come upon you."

This spirit told him that he—Theriault—and the Biblical thief were one and the same. And it made some sense, Theriault had to admit; thieving, after all, had put him behind bars in the first place. So, to celebrate this revelation, Harry started his own prison parsonage and called it the Church of the New Song, or CONS. It was a simple process, really. All Theriault did was send away to the Universal Life Church, a mail-order ministry mill in Mo-

desto, California, and they promptly made him a bishop—as well as a hero to cons and First Amendment advocates everywhere. Sure, prison officials had been upset with Theriault earlier for his evangelical tub thumping, but what finally pissed them off was the lawsuit he filed. It demanded that his faithful flock be granted the same religious privileges other inmates get, including special sacramental victuals for the services. In this case, filet mignon and Harvey's Bristol Cream.

But when the officials threw Theriault into solitary confinement, they ran smack into the Constitution of the United States.

Theriault was convinced that what the warden was doing to him was no different from what Pontius Pilate had done to Jesus Christ. And by a bizarre stroke of luck, U. S. District Court Judge Newell Edenfield was likewise convinced. In 1973, the

judge slapped the Atlanta warden with civil contempt for not allowing the cons to practice their faith, no matter how crazy it sounded. "Neither this court nor the prison authorities, if indeed anyone, has the power to finally say under the First Amendment what is or is not a worthy religion," he ruled. "The question is ultimately not one for debate or proof so much as one of faith and conscience."

Judge Edenfield's ruling was upheld despite several appeals, and Theriault's "faith and conscience" spread throughout the prison system. Thousands of cons at various penitentiaries have since taken Theriault as their savior. Like those at Jackson, Michigan, for example, who have filed religious-discrimination suits similar to Theriault's. They're distressed that Catholic inmates get wine and wafers for their ceremonies, and they want the offer-

UIC, Inc.

At last. A religion everybody can believe in.

Article by Dennis Bailey

ULC, INC. If the tax man gives you any trouble, tell him he'll burn in hell. You're a minister, remember, and you've got God's work to do.

ings that their unique religion demands: beer and pretzels.

Yes, friends, let us now praise the Lord, for He works in mysterious ways.

Whenever he hears a story like the one about Theriault and his cons, Kirby J. Hensley can't help but cackle. Since the 68-year-old iconoclast founded the Universal Life Church in 1962, he has heard thousands of tales about ministers in his church who, like Theriault, are quietly raising holy hell across the country. There were seven million of them at last count, and Hensley ordained them all just for the asking. He proudly calls them "my preachers."

The ULC, though, is not quite a religion. The National Council of Churches doesn't list it as such. It has no doctrine and no official creed other than the Me Generation motto: "Do what's right, and everybody has the right to decide what's right for himself." Simple enough. But the government—particularly the Internal Revenue Service—considers Hensley's movement a dangerous phenomenon. Once a person has been ordained as a ULC minister—a title that several court rulings have held to be completely legit—he can perform marriages, baptisms, funerals, maybe even circumcisions. The real kicker, though, is that he's also eligible for the tax breaks that all members of the clergy get. And there are a lot of them.

"I don't think *any* church should be tax-exempt; that's why I started this one," the balding, bespectacled Hensley declares in his Southern accent. "You see, they can't tax one church and not the other—not under this type of system."

"Now, just think about the big churches. All they do is take in money. They say, 'Give now and you'll get your'n after you're dead.' Baloney. I want mine *now*!"

The ULC began where it seems most quirky religions begin—in California. In Modesto, to be precise, not far from where the largest wine vats in the world dispense the glories of Ernest and Julio Gallo. Born and raised a Baptist, Hensley sampled all the traditional religions before he decided that none could accommodate his unbridled beliefs. So one day he started his own by putting up a sign on the front of his garage that read CHURCH. When people came by on Sunday mornings and asked what kind of church it was, Hensley would ask, "What kind of church are you looking for?" Regardless of their reply—Catholic, Baptist, Presbyterian—he would always answer, "This is it."

It wasn't long before Hensley decided to ordain the members of the congregation as ministers of his church. The ULC has since

grown to the point where it is estimated to be worth around \$120 million. Hensley, though, is just as humble as ever, dressing in off-the-rack J.C. Penney suits and preferring his AMC Pacer to a Cadillac.

"A big reporter called me from New York after this Guyana thing and asked me if the government was going to investigate me as though I were a cult. I said, 'Yeah, they probably will.' But I'm glad they're going to. 'Course, they'll start with the biggest one first, so the Catholics had better watch out."

It was several years ago, while I was in college, that I first encountered the Universal Life Church. A friend told me he had become a legally ordained minister in order to escape the draft. It sounded like a joke, but I figured it was better than showing up at the draft physical wearing frilly pink underwear. There was actually an army of Universal Life converts, and a lot of them really did steer clear of the draft by claiming to have found God in Modesto.

Once the Vietnam era was over, however, those same converts suddenly remembered the little ULC membership cards in their wallets and decided to put them to use. After all, they're great conversation pieces. You're always a hit at parties when you prove to your friends that you can perform on-the-spot legal marriages. And, my God, when you whip out your card at a fancy restaurant and watch the waiter check his list of accepted nonprofit organizations, it's like a miracle—faster than you can say Billy Sunday, there it is on the list, the Universal Life Church, worth a 10 percent discount off the price of the meal.

But there's more. Lots more. Hensley gives his ministers their own churches—sanctuaries from the storm of taxation. "You can get a church charter from us for twenty dollars. And then you can give fifty percent of your taxable income to that church. And that church, in turn, can furnish you with a car, pay for your lights, water, gas and insurance, send your kids to school, and on and on," promises Hensley.

IRS officials may tell you that it won't work, but don't believe them. Plenty of Hensley's ministers are getting away with it. It's just a matter of keeping good records to show the tax man that, yes, all that money really *did* go to the church of your choice: yours. If the tax man gives you any more shit, tell him he'll burn in hell. You're a minister, remember, and you've got God's work to do. Besides, Hensley has a staff of lawyers who will be glad to see him to the door.

The boys at the IRS don't like to talk about it, but they'd like nothing better than to send Hensley to that big tax shelter in the sky. Unfortunately, they botched their

only chance in 1969, after having confiscated more than \$10,000 from Hensley's bank account, claiming it as back taxes. Hensley screamed harassment and sued. Four years later, in what was to become a landmark decision, the ULC won its tax-exempt status in a California Federal court. Citing the First Amendment, Judge James F. Battin ruled, "Neither this court nor any branch of government will consider the merits or fallacies of a religion . . . [nor] compare the beliefs, dogmas, and practices of a newly founded religion with those of an older, more established religion, however excellent or fanatical or preposterous it may seem."

The IRS didn't appeal, and the ULC marches on.

The price of freedom of religion . . . is that we must put up with and even pay for a good deal of rubbish.

—Former Supreme Court Justice Robert Jackson

To a nation that was founded to avoid taxes, Hensley's church is a mixture of the American Dream and the cosmic sting, the supreme tax dodge sanctified by the First Amendment. ULC ministers think of Hensley as God's answer to Howard Jarvis. The Lord is on their side.

Take the residents of picturesque Hardenburgh, New York, for example. They haven't paid any property taxes in over three years, thanks largely to the Modesto messiah. In the fall of 1976, the townspeople became fed up with all the nonprofit groups—the Boy Scouts, the Zen Buddhists—that owned large chunks of land in and around Hardenburgh. All their buck passing did was inflate taxes for the locals. So about 200 of the residents decided it was time to fight fire with brimstone. On a sunny September day, they traipsed down to a cocktail lounge and were ordained into the ULC ministry en masse by a retired plumber named George McClain, the ULC's First Cardinal of New York.

Lawsuits followed, a slew of them. But not against the church—against the town tax officials who had granted exemptions to the residents. (These officials are ministers, too, which certainly complicates matters. In any event, the case is expected to take several years to resolve, barring divine intervention.)

Hardenburgh is Hensley's most celebrated case. Soon after the mass ordination, he turned up on *60 Minutes* and other TV shows to spread the gospel. As he did, the mail to Modesto increased.

It was around this time that Keith E. L'Hommedieu heard about the church and decided to get involved. After a con-

(Continued on page 124)

BAR JARGON

SINGLES'-BAR STRATEGY FROM A LADY WHO DRINKS DOUBLES

ARTICLE BY ROMA FELIBLE

Pity this forlorn little guy in the gloom of the back of the bar. Thick glasses, thin lips, pasty skin—a face averaged from the average faces of the world. You feel sorry for him . . . until you find out that he has an elaborate plan to hustle chicks, and it's a scheme that always works.

He arrives at the bar at 8:30 P.M. and orders four cocktails, sipping down part of each. He places the cocktail glasses and the napkins all around him, draping his coat over the back of one chair, his scarf on another. If anyone asks, he tells them the chairs are taken: The occupants are dancing, taking a leak or buying a pack of cigarettes. By 10:30, the place is packed.

Fifteen minutes later, two attractive women—one blonde, one brunette—stroll through the door and stare, dismayed, at the crowd. They mutter about leaving. Suddenly, the little man with the glasses appears, telling them he knows where there are some empty seats. Gratefully, they follow. He buys them a couple of drinks and

asks, "Like the music?" The blonde shakes her head. "Not really. I'd rather hear The Beatles." He smiles and disappears into the crowd, and before he can get back, "Hey Jude" fills the room.

"Pretty good," says the blonde.

"Yeah," the brunette agrees.

He smiles again. Success is imminent—now these girls owe him something.

When I first heard this story, I wasn't mad, just surprised—especially since I was at the aforesaid fellow's apartment at the time. Here I'd been going around for years thinking we women were the seducers, picking men to sleep with if, and only if, we really wanted to. Most of us have been taught that the words *calculating* and *woman* go together as naturally as coke and Quaaludes. Women plotted, but men, like mesmerized moths, just went after the scent. I even thought I knew the basic techniques of seduction—that extra dab of musk oil between the breasts, the sidelong

glance, the well-timed crossing of the legs. I assumed the only thing a man had rehearsed was his opening line. Little did I suspect he might be plotting *my* seduction with the precision of a Swiss watchmaker. And the place where men are most devious, where their diabolical cunning transcends game playing and becomes an art form, is the singles' bar.

Eight years ago, when I first began hanging out in singles' bars, men weren't nearly as cold-blooded. But they didn't have to be at the time. Back then, the merest mention of free love provoked some women to unzip their jeans; both sexes, after all, shared a common credo: "Eat, drink and be merry, for tomorrow we may die in Vietnam." I was a freshman in college and I all but lived at a dingy little bar called the Rock Chalk. I remember donning my bell-bottoms, a tight T-shirt and a 1940 Salvation Army jacket with a MAKE LOVE, NOT WAR button gracing its lapel. I'd smoke dope surreptitiously in the parking lot,



ILLUSTRATION BY STAN MACK

drink Coors in the bar, and inevitably meet someone. Eye games prefaced night moves. I stared; they stared back. There was a minimum of fuss. I ended up marrying the Rock Chalk bartender.

I'm 26 now, and recently divorced. It's not easy to "get back into circulation," but soon after my divorce I felt an itch to meet some new, uh, faces. Recalling the Rock Chalk—which bit the dust years ago—with nostalgic affection, I decided to investigate the bar scene.

Then a friend told me about the Studio, supposedly the hippest singles' bar in town.

That first night I felt as though I'd just crawled out of a time capsule. I still feel that way—and six months have passed. For one thing, men are dressed up. Those tattered jeans and faded T-shirts have given way to a meticulous narcissism that would put Oscar Wilde—not to mention John Travolta—to shame.

Preparations for the hunt . . . he gets out the carpet sweeper and makes nice, even rows in the shag rug. There isn't a wrinkle in the bedspread. He tosses on the musk oil and slips on tight jock shorts, the silky kind. He spends 15 minutes under the hot comb and takes 10 minutes to let the hair spray dry. Then he gets into his brown corduroy pants and a button-down shirt, smiling rakishly at his image in the full-length bedroom mirror. Before walking out the door, he checks carefully to see that there's no dirty underwear lying beside the bed.

Rolled-up handkerchief in the crotch, anyone? No, I've never actually uncovered *that* one, but I've seen just about everything else. The most fascinating aspect of my "research" into bar behavior is the candor so many men exhibit when I begin probing for their seduction secrets.

Howard, a red-faced blond nearing 30, confided in me after his third rum and tonic: "I'm not good-looking, but I can dance a lot better than most guys. When I get to the bar, I ask the homeliest woman there to dance with me—and then, while we're out on the floor, I really do my number. If I notice an attractive woman on the sidelines paying attention, I figure she's impressed. When the song's finished, I get rid of the ugly duckling and go for the one who's pretty." He added: "When I really want a woman to like me, I sing to her during the slow dances. It sounds ridiculous, but women love it."

Quite a few men like to apply the wisdom of popular psychology when pickup time comes around. A bartender once admitted to me, for example, that he watches for horny body language before he approaches women. The girl who touches her lips with her tongue, crosses her legs to reveal a flash of thigh or stands with her hand on one hip, body tilted—is hot. Or so he says. Another fellow swears by color psychology. "A lot of times, I'll wear all blue," he explained. "Women think it's romantic. Or, if I want a guaranteed screw, I'll wear black and white—it

stands for adventure and purity."

The most common strategies are those based on the premise that women like to be entertained. One grad student I know spends an hour quietly studying *The Guinness Book of World Records* or *The Curious Book* before heading for the most boring bar he can find. Once there, he looks around for a man who's close to, but not accompanying, an attractive woman. "I start a conversation with the man, talking loudly enough for her to overhear. I come up with these interesting little facts—pigeon pie is one of the most popular dishes in Morocco, something like that. If I succeed in entertaining her, she'll let me know by laughing or smiling. That's my cue to introduce myself."

Two women gaze across the table at a little man with glasses. It is 1:30 in the morning, time for even the hard-core drunks to go home.

"You've been fun," says the blonde.

"That's nice," he says. Then, when the three of them are standing in the parking lot, shivering in the cold night air, he asks, almost timidly, "I don't suppose you girls could give me a ride?"

After all he has done for them . . . the blonde looks at her friend. "OK with you, Melanie?"

"Sure," she says.

The car doors slam. The blonde asks, "Don't you have a car?"

"At home."



See what I mean about candor? He didn't score, Melanie told me later. But she couldn't resist another guy she'd met while vacationing in San Francisco. Evidently this fellow had marched into an elegant drinking spa and had announced, rather loudly, that he would pay \$5000 to any woman in the place who would go home with him and "do it his way." Melanie was intrigued. As they drove across town toward his apartment complex, she finally asked, "Just what *is* your way?" He gave her a long, slow smile. "On credit."

Certainly, I don't begrudge such men their stratagems. In fact, I rather admire some of them. If I were the one who had to approach potentially hostile strangers in barrooms, I'd want a bag of tricks, too. A recent study by Drs. Leonard Jason and David Glenwick, published in the *Journal of Social Psychology*, states that the women's liberation movement has yet to affect singles'-bar interaction: Men still approach women, while women wait passively. The study fails to explain the reason for this phenomenon, but it may be that women just aren't too anxious to have the privilege of approaching men who may reject them. Jason and Glenwick go on to report that the average time of an encounter in a singles' bar—regardless of a woman's attractiveness or unattractiveness—is *seven seconds*. Not much time to rephrase an opener, is it?

To screw or not to screw, that is the question in most female minds. Men don't

seem to have such worries. After all, who ever heard of a man waking up the next morning and crying his eyes out because he's cheapened himself? Women, on the other hand, are still capable of feeling shitloads of sexual guilt—yes, even in 1979. Sure, we want to get laid, but we also have to look out for Mr. Goodbar. Or his cousins, like the phony photographer who hauled his portfolio to a bar and then talked various victims into posing for him at home. Or the guy who promised to take Melanie (that girl does have a problem) to Las Vegas for the weekend. He made sure they went to her place; he left early to pack, then had a buddy call the next day to tell her he couldn't make it.

"It's really so easy to get me into bed," moans Melanie's friend, Liz. "If a guy simply treats me like a person rather than like an object, if he gives me at least the feeling he's not just interested in a one-night stand, if he's charming—I'll probably go to bed with him."

And I would probably go to bed with him, too. Listen, guys, I'll admit it: I go to singles' bars to get laid. I don't go just to show off my newest Fiorucci outfit or to chat with my girlfriends, and I make better brandy Alexanders at home. Sometimes I wish I could have a loudspeaker so that I could shout out, over the hubbub and disco din: *Hey, fellows, we're all in this together, remember?* There's something about a singles' bar that immediately turns men into lions and women into Christians.

Well, I'll take off my robe if you'll just stop sneaking up behind me.

I'm not saying you have to be a Boy Scout—or, for that matter, Warren Beatty—to get into my pants. What I'm looking for is a guy with a sense of humor, a guy who includes me in his jokes without finding it necessary to make me the butt of them. Melanie—bless her horny little heart—finally got lucky the other night.

The Jon Voight look-alike picked her out immediately. Aha, a perfect pigeon. Being polite, he made sure that his words included Melanie's girlfriend: "Either of you birds like to come up and meet my birds?" An English accent, no less.

Melanie went. His apartment was dimly lit; incense was burning. A spooky atmosphere—not scary, just spooky. She followed the tall blond down a long hallway. He opened a door and a small, gray hawk, perched on the bedstead, took off with a flap and sailed across the room to his shoulder. Melanie looked at him, at the bird, at the bed. She fell onto it, laughing hysterically.

"I never felt so kinky in my life," Melanie told me later. "Making love in front of a hawk—sounds silly, but it was quite a turn-on."

Hey, Hawkeye, got any friends? ■

There are more singles' bars in Colorado—where our author teaches freshman composition at CSU—than there are singles.



HOW TO THROW A FOOD FIGHT

An 18th-Century philosopher put it best when he said, "There are only three things in Life that merit one's concern: The immortality of the soul, the ultimate destiny of mankind and a good food fight."

Etiquette by Jack Handey



A food fight can and *should* be one of life's greatest pleasures—but, as with everything else, only if the simple rules of etiquette and decorum are followed to the letter. Even though the truly *formal* food fight is pretty much of an anachronism today, careful planning and requisite protocol are still mandatory.

WHY THROW A FOOD FIGHT?

A bachelor friend of mine once admitted, "Jack, I get lonely sitting at home

throwing food at myself." Conversely, those who live with someone have probably found that their mates have become easy targets. I tell them that there's no better cure for loneliness and boredom than to invite some good friends over to sit back, relax and "throw the fat."

INVITATIONS

Invitations should always specify the amount of food to be tossed. This way, guests are free to "throw a little something" before arriving.

It is up to the guest to request a smaller portion, in advance, if he is a diet thrower. Likewise, the guest should inform the host if he is averse to throwing meat.

COCKTAILS

The proper host should limit the throwing of cocktails to a respectable period of time. An hour is good. Any longer than this, and you run the risk of a guest embarrassing himself by throwing one too many. If this happens, the host should very discreetly take the offender aside and douse

Photography by Gary Heery



his testicles with scalding hot coffee.

SEATING

Try to avoid seating right-handers next to lefties, as it would be a noticeable faux pas if they should lock arms and flip each other over.

Place cards are a must—not only to match guests with seats, but also to help identify who you're strafing. "I attended a food fight where I thought I had rifled a wad of broccoli at Reverend Van de Kamp," a colleague of mine once confided. "Later I discovered that it was really Judge Carruthers. Boy, did I have egg on my face."

CONVERSATION

The proper host should steer the conversation away from touchy subjects. I remember one food fight that was stopped cold when the host said, "I read that many people in Bangladesh don't even have enough rice to throw at their families." Whoops!

PETS

In general, it's not a good idea to allow pets to attend a food fight, as they usually wind up begging to be hit. If you insist on permitting your pets to be present, advise your guests not to throw too much at them, as they'll get spoiled.

TOASTING

It is always a considerate gesture for the host to pay tribute to the guest of honor. The host should rise, say something complimentary about the guest, and then fire a slice of buttered toast at the guest's sport coat. This is known as "toasting," and the host is known as the "toastmaster."

ATTENTION TO GUESTS

The proper host should be careful to never throw too long at any one guest. This tends to make the others think, "Gosh,

A BRIEF CHRONOLOGY OF THE FOOD FIGHT

782 B.C.—Romulus squirts Remus with she-wolf's milk.

218 B.C.—Hannibal throws elephant food fight; 800 men killed.

30 B.C.—Cleopatra struck, killed by poison aspic.

c. A.D. 100—Lions throw "Christian fight" in Rome Colosseum.

c. A.D. 500—Pi is calculated; muffins still a mystery.

A.D. 1275—Chinese throw noodles at Marco Polo.

A.D. 1492—Indians teach Columbus how to throw corn.

A.D. 1687—Isaac Newton struck on head by apple; formulates theory of "sauce."

A.D. 1770—Marie Antoinette utters her now-famous quote: "Let them throw cake."

A.D. 1898—Curies throw phosphorescent food fight.

A.D. 1928—Clarence Birdseye knocks man unconscious with frozen okra.

A.D. 1976—Uri Geller "throws" gherkin without hands.

what's wrong with me?"

The shy "loner" guest should be gracefully eased into the flow of things. The host might handle the situation thusly: "Say, everybody, this is Glen. I've got a dollar that says no one can bounce a yam off his forehead."

"PIGS"

The guest who appears to be throwing too much food should be politely censured by the host. As an example, the gracious host might announce, "I have to watch myself, or I'll overthrow"; or, "The last time I overthrew, my arm was killing me the next morning."

ACCIDENTS AT THE TABLE

The proper host should ignore the fact that a guest has a piece of spinach stuck between his fingers. However, he should immediately come to the aid of a guest who is "throwing up."

ECONOMIZING

Throwaway napkins are in order. But a host should never ever attempt to "stretch" food through the use of such additives as Thrower's Helper.

FOREIGN CUSTOMS

If you're going ethnic, keep it as authentic as possible. I have friends who swear that Chinese food actually throws better with chopsticks.

UNMOVEABLE FEASTERS

Inevitably, there are one or two guests at every food fight who stay and stay and stay. Here's a simple trick that I've learned. Simply ask the late tarrriers if they would help you throw the dishes. Goodbye. ■

HOW TO THROW VARIOUS FOODS

CELERY, OLIVES—With right hand, lay celery stalk on table; lay second celery stalk across first to form catapult; load with olive; slam down raised fist on raised end of catapult.

CAVIAR—Spoon small amount onto toast; season with lemon and/or chopped onions; take into mouth with one bite and chew; spit back into right hand, straining through teeth; mold into ball; throw sidearm.

ARTICHOKES—Using fingers, pull off leaves individually; dip in butter; in the style of tabletop football, hold leaf upright with tip of left forefinger, and "kick" with right middle finger.

SMOKED OYSTERS—First, stuff single oyster into left nostril; then, hold right nostril closed with index finger and blow your nose.

SPAGHETTI AND MEATBALLS—Select three long strands of spaghetti; tie one end of all three strands to meatball; grasp untied ends with both hands, one hand on top of the other; using pivotal

motion, whirl body around with arms outstretched until meatball reaches maximum velocity; let go.

CORN ON THE COB AND BRUSSELS SPROUTS—Season ear of corn with butter, salt and pepper; grip corn with right hand (choke up if necessary); then, using the left hand, toss single Brussels sprout into air; slam line drive with corn "bat."

CHICKEN WINGS—Grasp wing at pointed tip with right hand; check wind direction; fling boomerang-style.

LOBSTER—Tear off claws and then crack; extract tail meat; split body and remove inedible innards; put all parts back into pile; smash with ball peen hammer; massage into hair of person seated on your left.

SNAILS—Place live snail on plate; give snail tiny pie; instruct snail to throw pie at nearest guest.

PINEAPPLE RINGS—Slide rings onto flaccid penis; quickly arouse self; spin body around violently.





BETHINA

C O F F E E A N D A D A N I S H

Photography by Jeff Dunas



"Fairy tales don't have to end just because a girl turns eighteen. And since you want to know all about me, I should tell you that I think mine are just beginning." Bethina studied us intently for a mo-

ment with her luminous, elfin eyes. Then she resumed explaining the reasons for her recent, uncharacteristic restlessness. "I moved here to Hvidovre to forget an ex-lover in Copenhagen. But I'm already bored

with this small-village life. Perhaps I will move back into the city and find work that is suitable to my talents. I think I'll become a pastry cook!" We told Bethina that being a cook was not our idea of a fairy-tale occupation. "In America, maybe. But here in Denmark, it's an almost sinfully luxurious art. It's so exciting to fuss around the big warm ovens, kneading



dough and squeezing the fruit and cream fillings from inside those funny little tubes. And when you're all covered with confectioner's sugar and smelling like something that's just been baked, why, a man is liable to eat *you* right then and there." Fortunately, Bethina's passion will never show on her own delicate form (36-24-35). "I don't eat sweets my-







BETHINA ADORES A HOT ROLL IN THE MORNING

self. Actually, I've been passionately addicted to strong coffee since I was seven years old. My last real job was selling records at an airport shop. I spent every spare moment sniffing different barrels of coffee beans at the duty-free shops, looking for a new flavor. I just adore the smell of fresh coffee roasting. And a cup in the morning with a new lover is my idea of heaven. Now that I think about it, I should open a little coffee-and-pastry shop in Copenhagen and indulge myself totally." A bit reluctantly, Bethina admitted that she's not all *that* domestic. "Well, I certainly want to be known in the world—whether it be for my looks or for my cooking. At first, I thought that working at the airport was a way, and I met several men who took me on short vacations on their airline discounts. I've been to Paris, Los Angeles, Rome and Majorca. Of course, that's no big deal. Every-







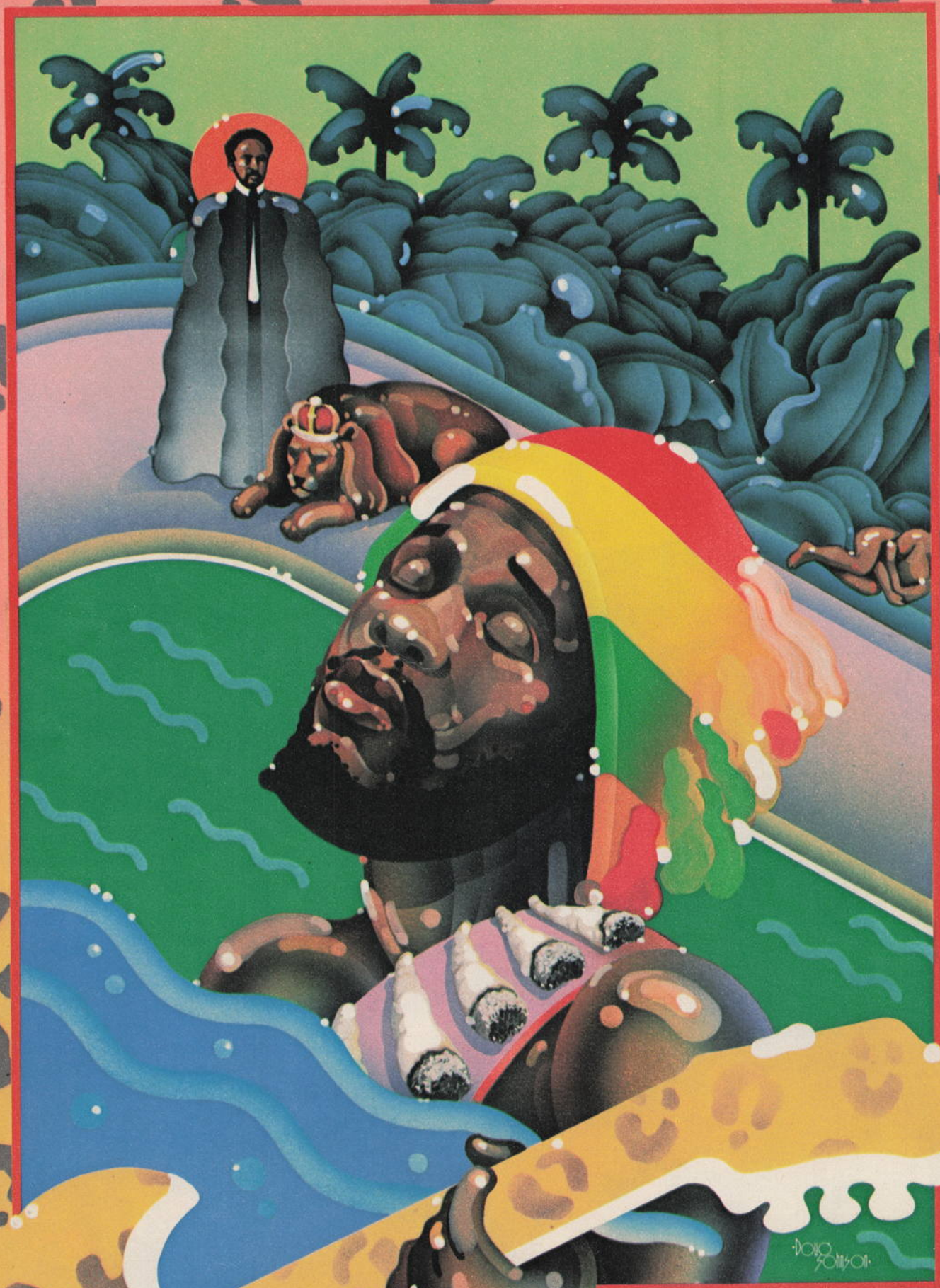
body's been to Majorca at least once." We detected a slight trace of melancholy in Bethina's voice. "Yes, I've traveled quite a bit for an eighteen-year-old. Still, I suspect that I should live in America, not Denmark." Why so, Bethina? Isn't life, not to mention the pastries and coffees, sweet here in her idyllic land? "Didn't I tell you that I was born on the fourth of July? No kidding. Wouldn't it be a wonderful, silly thing to move to the States and call myself Betty? Good heavens, that could be my fairy tale come true! Still, I am very afraid that I'd miss the Continental breakfasts in bed."





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NOVEMBER 1979





PETER TOSH

The most dangerous mon in reggae today lets down his dreadlocks and Jah-bones about Jamaican politics, Mick Jagger, powerful herb and his own fiery brand of Third World power. Seen?

His real name is Winston Hubert MacIntosh, but only a *bumba clot* would dare address him as such. Peter Tosh is the undisputed Prince of Reggae. Born in Jamaica's western bush country 35 years ago, Tosh grew up in Kingston's notorious Trench Town ghetto district. Amid that hungry moonscape of tin, cement and spit, he joined the two forces that have since shaken the Caribbean island to its very roots: Rastafarianism and reggae. As a devout Rastaman, Peter Tosh believes that the late Haile Selassie is Jah, or God; that Ethiopia is Zion; and that ganja, or marijuana, is a sacrament. He began his reggae career in 1964 when he joined Bob Marley and the Wailers, contributing several blood-and-brimstone tunes—*400 Years* and *Get Up, Stand Up*—that remain a part of the Wailers' repertoire five years after Tosh's departure.

After he was brutally beaten by Jamaican police for ganja possession in 1975, Tosh recorded an angry, anticop song, *Mark of the Beast*, which was immediately banned by Jamaican censors who feared it would scare away the precious white tourists. His next single, *Legalize It*, was a litany of ganja's medicinal uses—and it, too, was banned. Both songs became underground successes.

Swept up by the first international reggae boomlet of the mid-Seventies, Tosh recorded a pair of albums for Columbia, *Legalize It* and *Equal Rights*.

The latter was one of the fiercest records of the decade, its theme illustrated by the text of its title song: "But I don't want no peace—I want equal rights and justice!" Unfortunately, the sales weren't as strong as the weed. Columbia hardly knew what reggae was, and Tosh was quietly dropped.

Then the wild cards of Jamaican sociopolitricks tumbled down. A burst of an assassin's bullets almost ended Bob Marley's life, softening up the Wailers' sound and leaving reggae without a dominant force. The time was ripe for some other street-eloquent desperado with ganja on his brain, injustice on his mind and a lot less to lose.

Finally, in one of the strangest alliances in modern music, Mick Jagger and the Rolling Stones rescued Tosh, signing him to their own label and helping him produce his breakthrough LP, *Bush Doctor*, as well as the current hit single *Mystic Man*. It was the Stones, too, who provided the enormous financial and logistical support for a 33-city tour.

Stephen Davis, co-author of *Reggae Bloodlines*, caught up with Tosh in Boston during this tour. Davis reports: "When I and I—which in Rasta dialect means 'me'—arrived at Peter Tosh's hotel room, Tosh lay sprawled on his bed, his 'inicycle' leaning against the wall. The Bush Doctor punctuated his every thought with 'seen,' the Rasta equivalent of 'you know,' and manhandled an eight-inch, cone-shaped spliff from which he inhaled a long, withering draw every other minute. Ssssswwwffftttt. . . ."

OUI: It must be difficult for a touring reggae band to maintain its herb supply.

TOSH: Well, herb is all over America, mon. You don't have to bring no herb here anymore. Ssssswwwffftttt. Ahhh. All right.

OUI: Is it as good as what you find in Jamaica?

TOSH: No way. Psychologically, you just have to pretend that it is good—pretend that you smoking the best draw—till you reach home, where the best is.

OUI: Is there a certain quality of ganja you cop while on tour?

TOSH: Yes. As far as herb is concerned, me get the best. Always. Ssssswwwffftttt. Give thanks! But now and then me get a little thing that is rubbish, a substitute for the good, seen? But I always try to keep in contact with the foundation for the base. Seen?

OUI: As a connoisseur of herb, what do you prefer?

TOSH: Well, Thai stick not bad. And the

Colombian now, the quality varies, but the other day I get a draw of Colombian in Milwaukee. *Exclusive!!* Ssssswwwffftttt.

OUI: Milwaukee?

TOSH: Yes mon. And Milwaukee is a place where you don't get herb, but I get herb. Yeah mon. Great draw! Was a brother brought it for me. And I also like a thing called Maui wowie. Yeah mon.

OUI: What do you smoke in Jamaica? What do you look for?

TOSH: *Sinsemilla*, mon. Herb called



Dread threesome: Keith Richards, Mick Jagger and Peter Tosh tune up backstage at New York's Bottom Line. Tosh onstage (right), and on the ever-present, Jah-powered "inicycle."

Lambsbread and Kingsbread and more, a little thing dem call Goatshit. The best herb I find is called Short Day. Yes I. And also Long Day.

OUI: What's the difference?

TOSH: Well, now, Long Day produce some long buds. Short Day herb produce some little bumps on the sticks, and each little bump will blow your head off! Ssssswww-wffffttt. Yes I!

OUI: In many of your songs, you call for legalizing marijuana. But there's a theory that if Jamaica legalized it, the country would be transformed into an outlaw agronomy operating under United Nations sanctions . . .

TOSH: [kissing his teeth bitterly] Bullshit!

OUI: You think so?

TOSH: Bullshit! Nine out of ten people in Jamaica smoke herb. Everyone an outlaw.

OUI: No, I mean the United Nations has these antidope statutes . . .

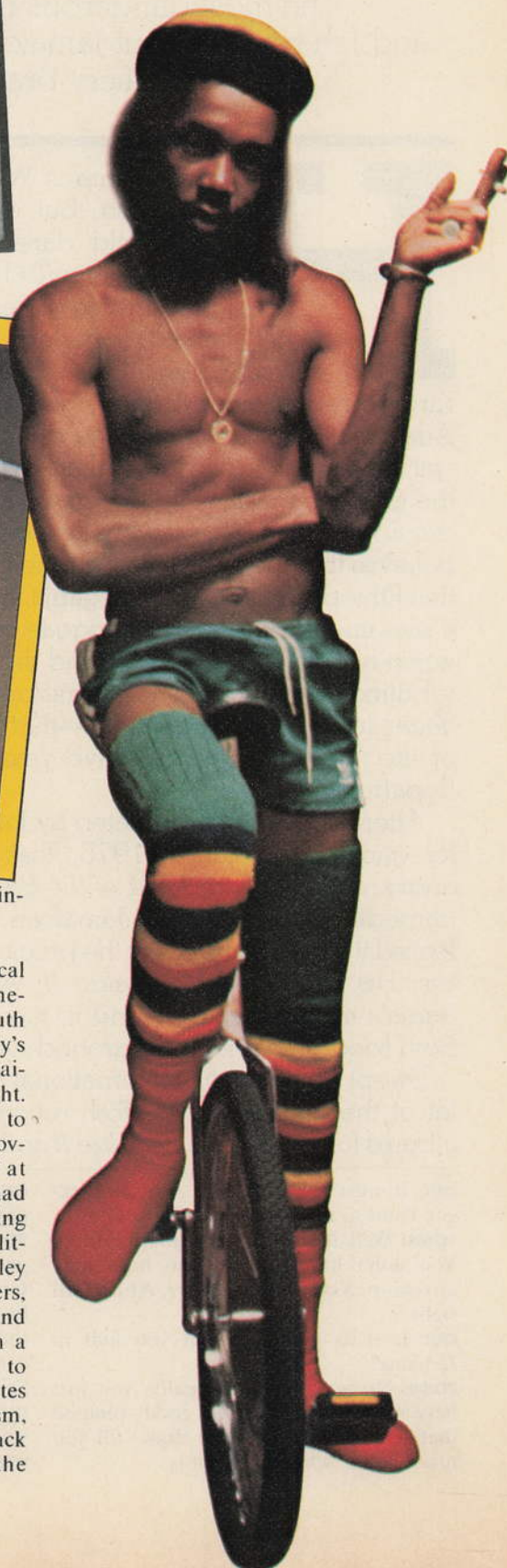
TOSH: [furious] United Nations bullshit! Me no wanna hear that argument there. Who are them who take counsel against I and I, to see that I and I are separated from I and I culture? He who created the earth created herb for the use of man, seen? If herb was growing in the blood-clot United Nations, you think Jamaica could go tell United Nations what to do? So how come the *bumba ras clot* United Nations dare to come and tell us what to do? Fuck the United Nations! My Father grow herb, and if my Father know what is right, he would have made herb growing in the United blood-clot Nations, not just in Ja-



maica for I and I who praise him continually.

It was the volatile Jamaican political scene that set the stage for Tosh's comeback. For three years, Kingston's youth gangs had ruthlessly controlled the city's streets after dark. Even the tough Jamaican police were afraid to come out at night. Last year, the two sides finally agreed to meet and shake hands at a massive, government-sponsored "Peace Concert" at which the island's top reggae groups had agreed to perform. Among those attending the show were members of Jamaica's political elite—Prime Minister Michael Manley and his cabinet, the opposition leaders, and most of Jamaica's parliament and judiciary. Tosh sauntered onstage with a ganja cigar in his beak and proceeded to lecture his captive audience for 45 minutes on the evils of oppression, neocolonialism, and the "shitstem." Pointing a long black finger at Manley, Tosh harangued the

"The Devil and his blood-clot disco tell people to 'get down, get down' all the time. But I mon say, 'Get up, stand up!'"



prime minister on the sufferings of a poor people deprived of human rights and legal marijuana. The crowd of ordinary Jamaicans in the audience, assembled in the bleachers, cheered themselves hoarse. Tosh and the band then lit into a stinging set that ended pointedly with *Legalize It*.

The Peace Concert did two things for Tosh. First, because Mick Jagger was in the audience and loved what he heard, Tosh got a new recording contract. Second, when the livid authorities finally got their hands on Tosh a few months later, he almost got killed.

OUI: I once spent an afternoon with Michael Manley listening to reggae songs on the radio. Why do Jamaican politicians pay such close attention to the music?

TOSH: Well, dem have to listen to what the people say to know the people's view. Reggae is telling them what's on the people's mind, seen? 'Cause the singers and players of instruments are the prophets of the earth in this time. It was written: Jah say, "I call upon the singers and players of instruments to tell the word and wake up the slumbering mentality of the people." Seen?

OUI: What about your political speech at the Peace Concert?

TOSH: I devoted my time and my energy to making a speech, because sitting before me I saw the prime minister and the whole establishment approximately. So it seemed the right time to say what I had to say as a representative of the people, because irrespective of the way I would like to live, I still must live within the shitstem. I've become a victim of the shitstem so many times. I've been brutalized by the police, not because they think I'm a criminal or because I'm doing subversive things within the society, but because they know that I speak the truth—and the truth is destructive to their foundation of lies and destruction, seen? So when I get righteous thoughts from the Almighty, who roll thunder, flash lightning and make the earth quake, I want to see the men who will try to stop me from doing my Father's work.

OUI: What happened to you after the speech?

TOSH: Three months later, yes, yes, yes! I was waiting for a rehearsal outside Aquarius Studio on Half Way Tree [a main Kingston avenue], waiting for two of my musicians, and I had a little piece of roach in my hand. A guy come up to me in plain clothes and grab the roach out of my hand. So I say to him, wha' happen? He didn't say nothing, so I grab the roach back from him and he start to punch me up. I say again, wha' happen, and he say I must go

"At the airport in Kingston, the superintendent of customs drew his gun and said he had wanted to kill me for years."



dung so ["downtown" in police jargon]. I say, *dung so*? Which way you call *dung so*? That's when I realized this was a police attitude, so I opened the roach and blew out the contents. Well, him didn't like that and him start to grab at me aggressively now—my waist, my shoulder, grabbing me and tearing off my clothes

and things. Then other police come and push their guns in my face and try brute force on me.

OUI: Did they know who you were?

TOSH: No, I don't know. But you don't have to know a man to treat him the way he should be treated. But because I am humble and don't wear a jacket and tie and drive a big Lincoln Continental or Mercedes-Benz, I don't look exclusively different from the rest. I look like the people, seen? To them police, here's just another Rasta to kill. Dem took out dem blood-clot gun and mosh it against my face and fuckery like that. They take me to their station, and one police start to level a terrible blow at I, and I duck and he hit the police behind me, bring blood to his face, then dem all over me! *Bumba clot!* My appearance to them in the police station is like a criminal, because according to the shitstem, if a youth is a *dreadlock*, he's a criminal, seen? Guilty until proven innocent.

Now eight to ten guys gang my head with batons and weapons of destruction. They close the door, chase away the people and gang my head with batons for an hour and a half until my hand break trying to fend off the blows. I run to the window and they beat me back with blows. I run to the door and they beat me back with blows. Later I found out that these guys' intentions was to kill me, right? What I had to do was play dead by just lying low. Passive resistance. And I hear

them say, yes, he's dead. But I survived them, by intellect. Yes I.

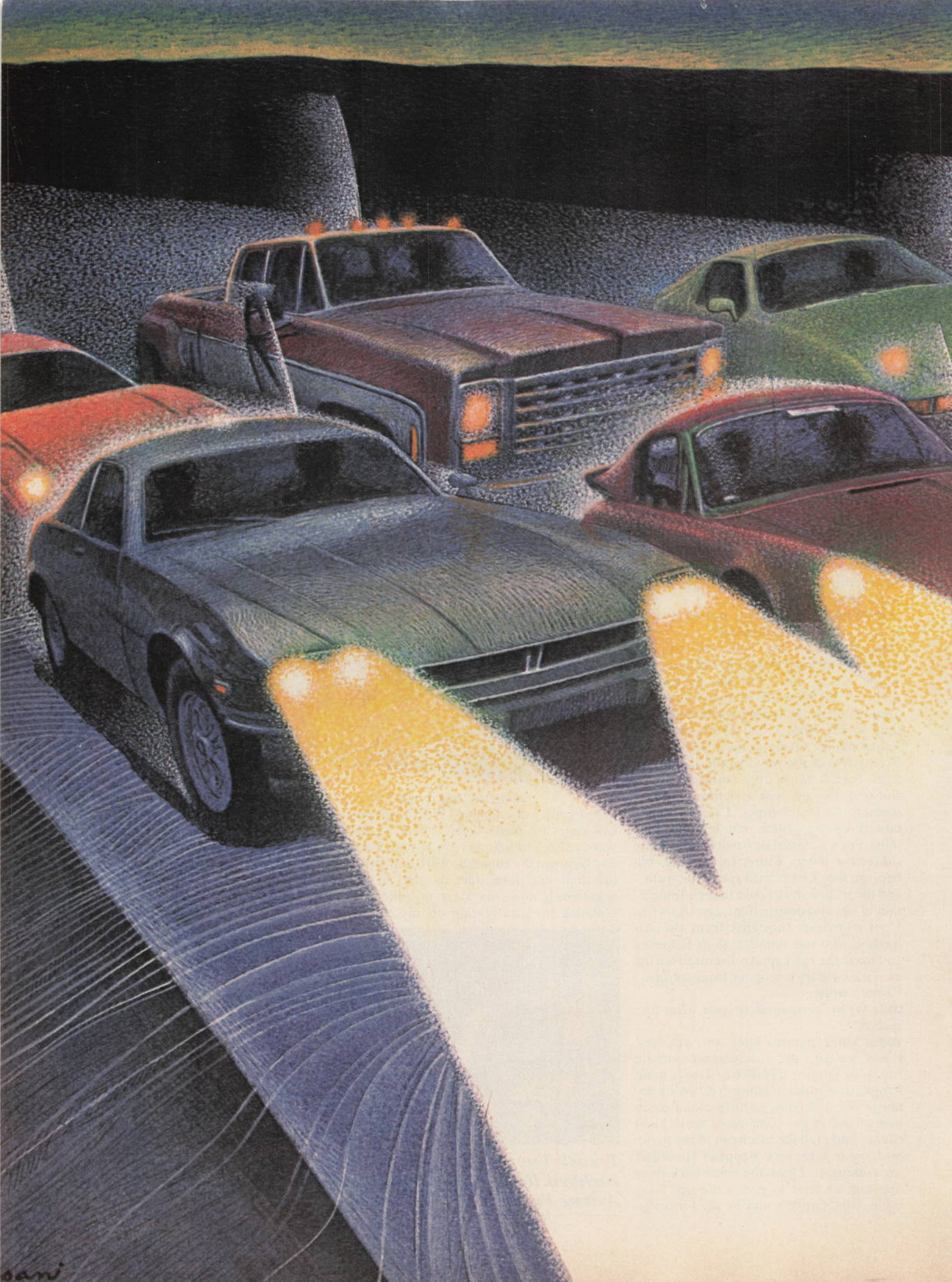
OUI: Why'd they pick on you?

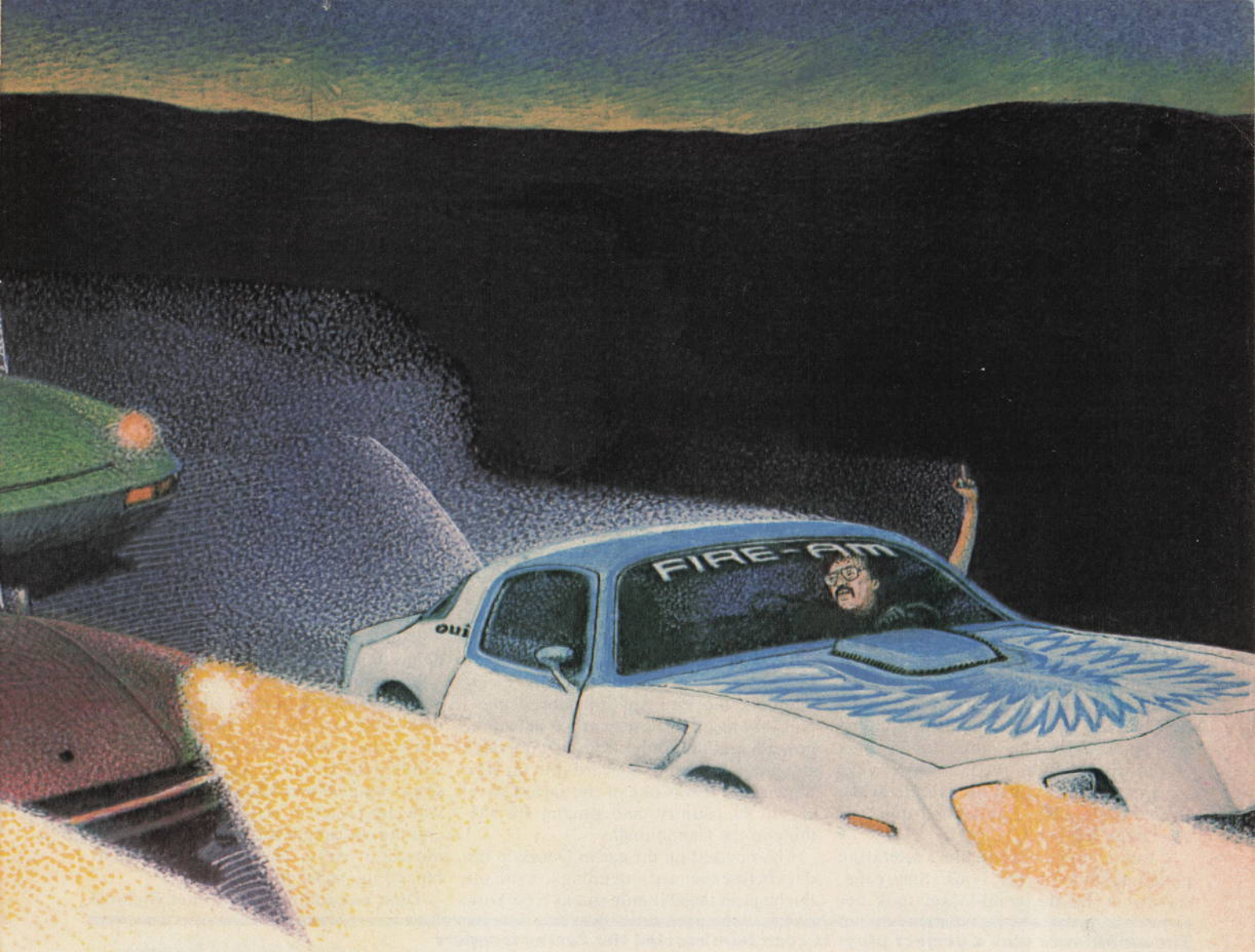
TOSH: It was because of my militant act within the society, because I speak out against repression and the shitstem, seen? Yes mon! I know it's a direct connection. I've been threatened before in Jamaica

(Continued on page 118)



Trench Town to Tinseltown: Toking with Britt Ekland and Keith Richard (left); talking Babylon with "What's My Line?" star Arlene Francis. Blood claaat!





THE *It takes skill, smarts and speed to run in this infamous outlaw race. We had the speed. . .* CANNONBALL

She was tall, beautiful and more than a little drunk. Soft, round parts of her swayed back and forth under a loose white dress. She looked up with big, unfocused eyes and pleaded: "Please, take me with you . . . I wanna go."

"There's no room," I told her, and then edged my way through the bodies packed at the bar. I couldn't really blame her for wanting to come along. She'd been exposed to the high-voltage madness radiating through the place.

BY FRED M.H. GREGORY

The Lock, Stock & Barrel, a pubby sort of restaurant in the swank suburb of Darien, Connecticut, is usually frequented by tweedy sports-car enthusiasts. Tonight it was packed with speed freaks who'd been getting cranked up for hours. Preppy accents mingled with Southern drawls; Gucci loafers fought for space with Frye boots. The

parking lot was filled with expensive cars, and the crowd spilled through the bar into the huge, covered bay out back where a tuxedoed five-piece band played and couples danced on an oil-soaked floor. Everywhere there was talk of cars, cops, speed and thrills.

It was nearly midnight, and most of the crowd at the Barrel had been getting bombed for hours. They had come to witness the start of the fifth Cannonball Sea-to-Shining-Sea Memorial Trophy Dash—the legendary, illegal race across the country to the Portofino Inn in Redondo Beach, California, 2800 miles away.

The 46 teams in this year's wild run for the Coast had been taking off at ten-minute intervals since dusk. Bob Koveleski and his "Polish Racing Drivers" pulled out first in a Camaro Z-28. By Cannonball tradition, they always get the first, or "pole," position. As the turn of each Cannonball crew came up, they punched a card in the bar's time clock, jumped in their car and sped off into the drizzly night. Porsches, Ferraris, Jaguars—just about every exotic car you can imagine—shot out of the Barrel one after the other.

Watching these killer cars roar off must have worked like an aphrodisiac on the tipsy good-looker. She was hot for 35 hours of red-eyed, raw-nerved, high-revving speed through the great flat middle of the United States. The Cannonball quickens your pulse like sex.

I was trying to fight the adrenaline pounding through my veins: Stay calm, stay sober. So the good-looker took her

case to my driving partner, Peter Brennan. "Maybe we could strap her on the hood?" he ventured. "It would screw up the aerodynamics," I said. Our car was a delicately balanced brute, and there was hardly room for the two of us in its jungle-gym interior.

To win the Cannonball, you need a car that can cruise 110, 120, 130, all day and all night for 2800 miles. And we had the perfect killer for the job, a '79 Pontiac Fire-Am built by the automotive genius Herb Adams. He had outfitted the car with a 425-hp engine, a full roll cage, a 32-gallon fuel tank and a racing suspension that kept it stuck to the ground like a barnacle. To test the car, Herb ran it in the grueling Daytona 24-hour race. It hung in there for 19 hours, running the high banks of the speedway at over 150. Then it broke down. But it was an impressive showing, especially since the Fire-Am had been driven over interstate highways from Detroit to Daytona and then, after it was fixed, driven back.

Before giving us the car for the Cannonball, Herb put in a new motor, a powerful CB and an Escort radar detector. And even though he took off the Daytona racing numbers, the Fire-Am still looked like a balls-out racer. Its nose nearly touched the ground, and the sound from its three-inch straight pipes could be heard into the next dimension. It was one of the fastest street cars in the country—and a match for anything in the Cannonball.

I had picked up the car in Detroit a few days before the race, intending to work out the bugs on the 600-mile run to New York.

Brennan, who is managing editor of *OUT*, was flying in from Los Angeles to meet me the day before the Cannonball started.

Heading east on Interstate 80 through Pennsylvania, the Fire-Am ran fast and true, gliding along at 80 and 90 like a shark through water. I ran it up to 140 a few times, and even in a light rain it hugged the road.

I was cruising effortlessly through the Pocono Mountains at about 80. It was Thursday night; there was plenty of time left before the start of the race. I was thinking good thoughts of ways to kill time in Manhattan. Suddenly, I hit a pothole. The wheel jerked in my hands, the Fire-Am's nose dipped, and the car jumped off the road. I pulled off the throttle and fought to keep the car on the gravel shoulder, but horrible metal-ripping sounds were coming from the front end.

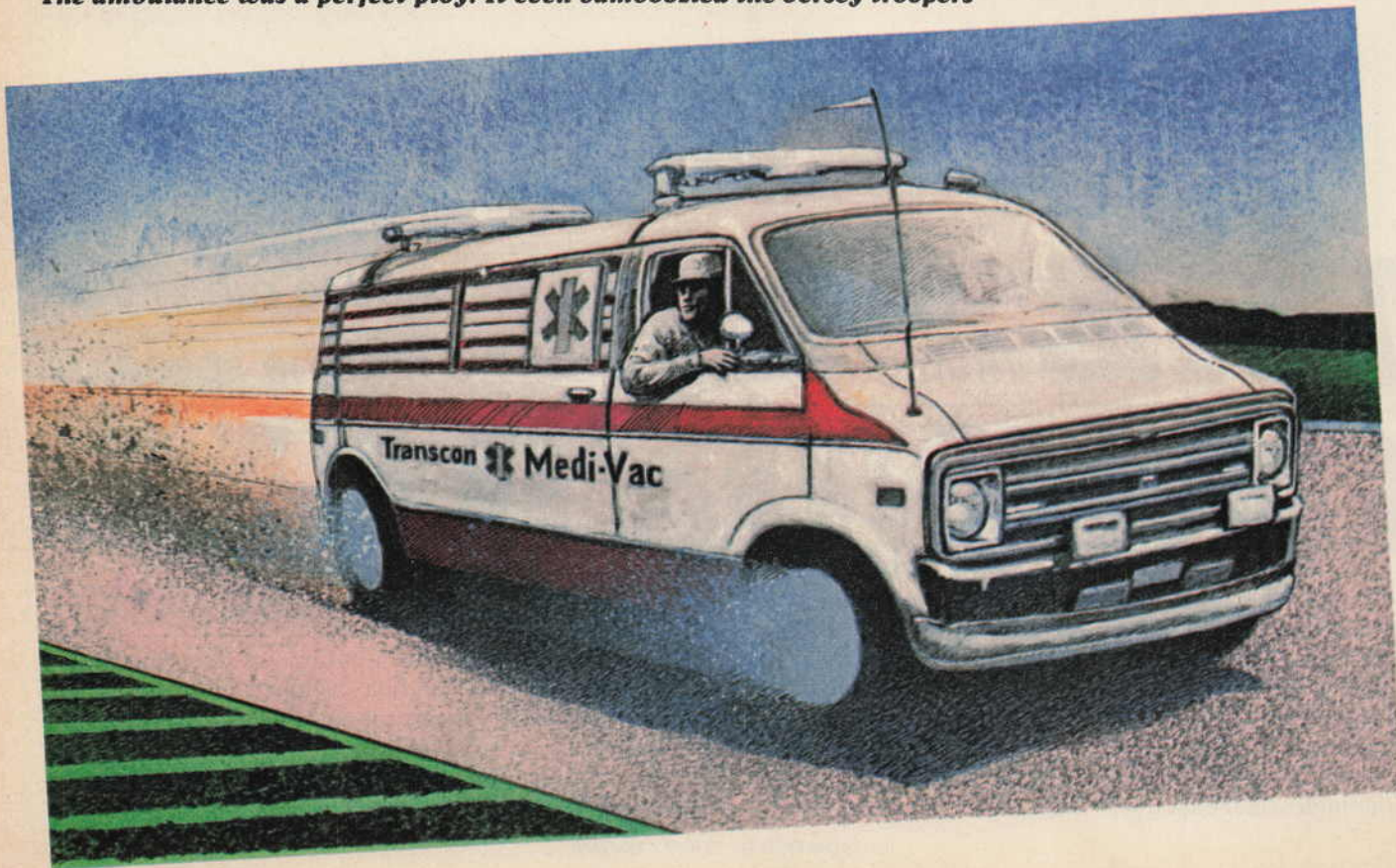
There was a truck stop just ahead, and I limped in to check the damage. The right front wheel had broken off and was tucked under the fender at a sickening angle.

It took the whole next day to get the damn thing fixed.

By Saturday morning, I was on the road again. At least, I thought, that's about as bad as things can get. Then the engine caught fire. Flames kicked back against the windshield from the Fire-Am's shaker scoop. I pulled over and smothered the fire with my jacket. It was a bad carburetor, and the car caught fire every 20 miles as I nursed it across New Jersey and charbroiled my jacket in the process.

Time was running short, and Brennan

The ambulance was a perfect ploy: It even bamboozled the Jersey troopers



was becoming dangerously nervous in New York. He was pacing the floor, concocting elaborate excuses to account for the vast amount of money that our was spending on what was slowly turning into a nightmare.

With the help of some hot rodders in Summit, New Jersey, the Fire-Am was fitted with a new carburetor and a couple of strong fire extinguishers. On the short ride to Manhattan, the car purred like a contented tiger. Coming through the Holland Tunnel, its pipes sounded like feedback from an atomic guitar. The bugs were worked out, I thought. It's running fine and we're going to make it.

Then I made a wrong turn and wound up on the East Side of Manhattan instead of the West Side. The bombed-out streets of Fun City began to take more out of the Fire-Am than Daytona had. Navigating between potholes and pedestrians, the car simply quit. The engine overheated and went up in a cloud of steam on a particularly nasty corner of the Lower East Side that was packed with cruising hookers. I called Brennan from a phone booth, keeping my eye on some pimps who were taking an unusual interest in the Fire-Am's wheels and tires.

When he arrived in a Checker cab with a cooler full of provisions, he was wearing a pair of eyes that definitely did not look normal. "Jesus, fuck," he said, "this car is an animal." Brennan had never seen the car, let alone driven it. "We'll never get this thing out of New York without getting busted."

I was only hoping the car would start. It did. I pushed the throttle, and a sound like sheet metal being torn in half ripped through the neighborhood. Junkies nodding in doorways must have thought the city had been hit by an earthquake. I smiled. Brennan smiled. We were on our way.

We pulled into the Lock, Stock & Barrel in Darien just before midnight. We had missed the Cannonball drivers' meeting and most of the party. But we arrived in time to start the race and that, we felt, was a moral victory.

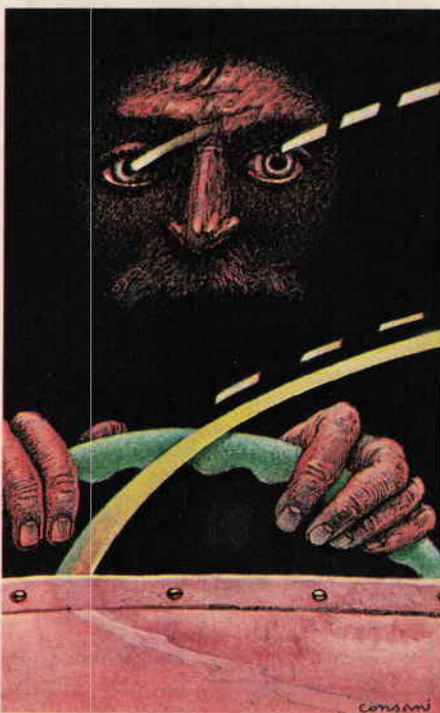
Brennan unloaded in front of the Barrel to get us checked in while I pulled the Fire-Am around back to the loading bay. The band was taking a breather and a handful of partiers were lounging around. I pumped the throttle twice to clear the new carb, and the roar must have broken bottles on the bar. A crowd suddenly converged on the car, the band snapped back into life, and Brennan emerged from the back door with a vodka and tonic and a grin that said, "Hey, man, we might just kick some ass."

Because of our problems, we had been given a late start—1:32 in the morning. As we fiddled with last-minute packing and planning, the crowd continued to mill around the Fire-Am. We were the center of

attention, and it felt good. It cranked up our energy and made us forget, for the moment, the Fire-Am's temperamental treachery.

The go-for-broke girl in the white dress pushed her way through the crowd and gave it one more try. "Listen," she said, "I got a couple grams of fantastic speed." "Forget it," I said. "We got all we need."

And indeed we did. Brennan's chemical pit crew had supplied us with a combina-



Brennan's eyes were glowing with banana-pineapple-apricot bennies

tion of ingredients that would have kept an army on the move for a week: Benzadrine for driving, Quaaludes for sleeping. The drugs were artfully mixed in bottles of natural fruit juice and stashed in the cooler with other drinks. The only problem was how to tell all the stuff apart. "Don't worry," said Brennan. "Anything that looks too healthy has drugs in it."

At 1:32 Brennan punched our time card and made a running dash for the Fire-Am. I gunned it out of the Barrel and headed for the Connecticut Turnpike.

Since the Fire-Am was as conspicuous as an anarchist at a Rotary meeting, we kept the speed down to 55. We wanted to at least get out of Connecticut before we got busted.

Other Cannonballers took the light-brigade approach and charged into the traffic with sabers drawn.

Dennis Menesini found a shortcut to the interstate which spared him the inconvenience of an on-ramp. He simply bashed through a rickety fence with his huge truck—which had the extra ballast of 165 gallons of gasoline—and jumped onto the Connecticut Turnpike sideways.

Darien would not soon forget Dennis. He's built like a forklift—short and wide with a big, bearded face. Dennis came to the Cannonball from Reno, where he runs a race shop and drives sprint cars, nasty little machines that you fling around a track sideways. He announced his arrival at the local Howard Johnson's by slamming a grizzly paw on the check-in counter and bellowing: "Where's the goddamn hookers in this place?"

The clerk, visibly shaken, could only stutter, "We don't, don't, don't . . ." Dennis glared at him with disbelief. "You mean *all* the money you charge is just for handing people keys?"

Menesini's machine was one of the most unlikely entries in the Cannonball—a Chevy pickup with a four-door cab, extra-large bed and dual rear wheels. But it had a hopped-up 454-cubic-inch engine and a crew determined, as Dennis put it, to "Go for it!"

Other departures were less dramatic than Menesini's, but nonetheless notable. Paul Fassler and Robert Ziegel made a clean, flying start in their bright red Porsche 930 Turbo. They ate up the miles like junk food and were well into New Jersey before realizing they were headed south toward Atlantic City instead of west to Pittsburgh. By the time they changed course, they had lost four hours.

The worst start was made by the Cannonball's most devious entry. It belonged to Brock Yates and Hal Needham. Yates is the founder and organizer of the Cannonball. A respected auto writer, racer and closet madman, he hatched the first Cannonball in 1971 to prove that good drivers in good cars can go as fast as they fucking want on interstate highways. "Speed is freedom, freedom is speed," says Yates. He and race driver Dan Gurney won the first Cannonball in a Ferrari Daytona, establishing an unofficial, illegal, coast-to-coast record of 35 hours, 54 minutes. Says Gurney of that trip, "At no time did we exceed 170 miles per hour."

Yates named the race in honor of Ernest G. "Cannonball" Baker, a legendary racer and daredevil of the Twenties and Thirties. In 1933, driving alone, Baker pushed a supercharged Graham from New York to Los Angeles in 53 hours, 30 minutes. There were no superhighways and, in fact, there were few paved roads at all. But Baker drove it straight through every small town and averaged 60 mph. Yates calls it "the pinnacle of transcontinental driving"—and everybody who enters the Cannonball is out to set the new transcontinental record.

The last Cannonball was run in 1975. A pair of airline pilots driving a Dino Ferrari broke the Yates-Gurney record by 60 seconds, establishing a new mark of 35 hours, 53 minutes. That feat inspired the movie *The Gumball Rally*, which Yates considers a "commercial defilement."

This time around, Yates wanted to write

his own movie about what really happens—with his friend Needham directing. He also wanted to get the record back.

Instead of balls-out speed, Yates was banking on subterfuge. His Trojan horse was a Dodge ambulance, accurate in every detail, right down to a patient sprouting intravenous feeding tubes (his wife, Pamela) and a card-carrying M.D. (a friend of Needham's). Unseen beneath the trappings of their Trancon Medi-Vac was a souped-up Magnum 440 engine and a special suspension that would let the ungainly hulk cruise at 130.

Like our Fire-Am, the ambulance looked good on paper. But no sooner did it leave the Barrel than a sputtering carburetor forced it into the first gas station for an hour's worth of repairs.

Still, their ruse worked. Traffic on the Cross-Bronx Expressway parted in front of the ambulance like the Red Sea before Moses. It wasn't until they got into darkest New Jersey that the cops stopped them.

Yates and Needham piled out of the ambulance dressed in meat wagon-white uniforms. "We gotta take this lady to UCLA Medical Center," they told the trooper. "Plug her into that special heart-lung machine."

"Why doesn't she take a plane?" the cop asked.

"Cysts on the lungs," Yates replied with a we're-only-doing-our-job shrug. "She can't take the cabin pressure."

The Jersey trooper watched as the ambulance sped on its way. He couldn't hear the wild cackling inside. "They're the most fascist enforcers around," said Yates, "and we flat-out bamboozled them."

By the time Brennan and I got into New Jersey we'd bumped the average up to 70, but we were still keeping the car under rein. Our plan was to run straight across Interstate 80, going slow through New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Ohio and Indiana, and then race the Fire-Am across the plains at 130 mph to Salt Lake City, hang a left on I-15, and coast through the desert to L.A.

We flew across the Garden State like it wasn't there. Unfortunately, Rick Kopec and Bob Key did not. When the Jersey troopers stopped their Shelby Mustang, Kopec pulled out a New York State police badge and tried the I'm-an-off-duty-cop scam. He was on his way in no time—in handcuffs—to jail. Kopec made Cannonball history of sorts by becoming the first driver arrested for a felony—impersonating an officer. After two hours of trying to explain that it was all a mistake, Kopec finally confessed to being in the Cannonball. "I suspect the troopers all privately approved," he ventured, "because they turned me loose with just a speeding ticket." Maybe the Jersey cops aren't as bad as Brock Yates thinks.

Other Cannonballers had better luck in tricking the authorities. Jim Sencenbaugh

There was no point in us wasting time on tricks—one look at the Fire-Am and any cop would know we were up to no good

and his crew made the run in a Chevrolet Suburban, the kind of wagon used by work crews. They wore yellow hard hats and coveralls. Their truck bristled with antennas and complicated-looking electronic gear. On the sides and back were signs reading:

Satellite Tracking Associates
Recovery Team

WARNING: STAY CLEAR

This vehicle contains radio transmitting equipment which emits low-level RF energy. Contact with antennas or equipment may be dangerous to unauthorized personnel. Tampering with or stealing of radios, navigation equipment or other electronic parts carried by this vehicle is, in most cases, a federal offense punishable by fines up to \$10,000 and imprisonment of up to 20 years.

Of course, all this officialese meant was that the van had a CB on board. The deception proved particularly effective in Pennsylvania, where Three Mile Island had just begun to boil over. Every time Sencenbaugh and his men stopped at a gas station, they'd scan the attendants with Geiger counters just to watch them freak.

One of the cleverest covers was that of Lou Sellyei and Gary Arentz, both physicians from Reno. Packed in their Jaguar XJS was a medical cooler containing a pair of pig's eyes. "We're rushing to save a child's sight, officer." Their story must have worked: They made it in 39 hours, 10 minutes.

There was no point in us wasting time on tricks—one look at the Fire-Am and any cop would know we were up to no good. We just had to count on the car's power and put our faith in the radar detector.

Driving the Fire-Am was demanding. You had to keep your eyes moving all the time: checking the vital signs on the instrument panel, watching the mirrors for cops, looking straight ahead as far as you could see. There was so little ground clearance, you had to drive around every pimple on the road to avoid ripping off the oil pan.

By the time we crossed the Delaware River into Pennsylvania, my eyes were aching. We pulled over, Brennan took a hit of banana-pineapple-apricot nectar ("I'm sure I put the Benzedrine in this one," he

said, "because it sounds so disgusting"), and we switched positions.

Brennan was intimidated by the Fire-Am, just as I had been at first. In a youth misspent on professional drag racing, and an adulthood spent writing about fast cars, I had never seen the Fire-Am's equal. It was an intimidating machine. Being strapped into a racing harness with a five-pound buckle on your belly and a fire extinguisher dangling in your face didn't do anything to lessen the tension.

Brennan strapped himself in, lit a cigarette and pulled out on the highway cautiously. "I'm gonna take it real easy," he said, "real slow."

The sun was just coming up as we cruised through the morning mist that hung low in the Pennsylvania valleys. Brennan was adjusting to the car, concentrating, eyes moving, gearing his mind and body to the machine. "I think I'll bump it up a little," he said. "Look at the speedometer," I told him. We were already going 110. "Shit," he said, easing off the gas. "I thought we were doing sixty-five."

The Fire-Am gave that illusion. It didn't roll or sway even around the worst curve; the engine was hardly working at 100; and the faster it went, the better the car held the road.

Brennan drew up smoothly alongside a speeding 18-wheeler at 80 mph and put his foot to the floor. The Fire-Am gave a low roar and shot away as though the truck were standing still.

We were moving fast and loose. Our average was inching up with every mile. Fuck the game plan of going slow through the East, we decided, we're just going to open this mother up and go for it.

I was just starting to settle back with a smile on my face when Brennan noticed that the oil pressure gauge was jumping up and down erratically. "We're down to fifty pounds," he said. "Now it's forty. Now it's thirty." A sour ball was forming in my stomach. Either the engine was about to blow or we had a bad oil leak. "We got a problem," I said, "a big problem."

Up ahead, other Cannonballers were also having their problems.

Crossing the state line into Ohio, Mark Pritch's Ferrari 308 flew right into the hands of the highway patrol. He was pulled over and ticketed. Undaunted, he got back on the interstate and gunned the Ferrari again. Again he was busted. Now he had to make up for lost time, so he pushed the Ferrari up to 100. The cops nailed him again. In all, Pritch collected three tickets in the first five miles of Ohio. The troopers were getting to know him on a first-name basis.

Ohio proved to be costly for Charlie McCarthy as well. He's a well-known offshore powerboat racer, but that didn't carry any weight with the cops when they clocked his Mercedes-Benz Turbo doing 110. He had to post a \$900 bond before

they'd let him out of the Buckeye State.

Further down the line, Steve "Yogi" Behr was getting acquainted with the Missouri police. Behr won the Cannonball in 1972 with a Cadillac driveaway. This time he had a Porsche 928 geared to run at 170. His partner was Rod Dornsife, the ex-highway patrolman who wrote *The Ticket Book*, a how-to on ways to beat the rap. Dornsife claims that he's never gotten a ticket.

Dornsife was blasting along the interstate when he spotted a cop on his tail. Behr was asleep. Dornsife pulled off into a small town, woke Behr up and said, "Your turn to drive—but be careful, there are cops all over the place." Heeding the advice, Behr eased back onto the interstate and kept the speed at 55. Instantly the law was upon him. "It wasn't me, it wasn't me," he swore as he was hauled off to spend five hours in the slammer.

Dennis Menesini, on the other hand, turned the cops to his own advantage. Dennis and his crew were cruising through Jerome, Arizona, when some local kids sucked up on the back bumper and commenced to give them a hard time with high beams and horns and general small-town jerking around.

Menesini had rigged his truck with a switch to shut off the brake lights so that he could slow down in a hurry without tip-

ping off a cop in hot pursuit. He got the truck going 90 on a straight stretch, pulled the switch and slammed on the brakes. The tailgating locals locked up all four wheels trying to stop and slid off into the sagebrush.

So much for those assholes, Dennis thought. But a couple minutes later, the kids came roaring by and lofted a beer bottle at the truck. Dennis' blood was up. "Let's stand on it," he yelled to his crew. "I got a Gatorade bottle for 'em."

Right about then a cop joined the chase. Dennis spotted him and dialed into the emergency CB channel: "Officer, those kids in the Chevy just threw a bottle at our truck. We're trying to pursue them. Could you help us out?" Then he sat back and laughed as the cop car wailed on by.

The two cars sped out of sight. A few miles down the road the cop had collared the kids.

"He's one of those small-town sheriffs," Dennis said, "and he's shaking all over. 'Look at this,' he yells, waving his radar gun, 'Ninety-seven miles an hour. Ninety-seven! They're in deep shit.'"

"I can just see the old guy driving ninety-seven miles an hour with one hand and trying to aim the fuckin' gun with the other."

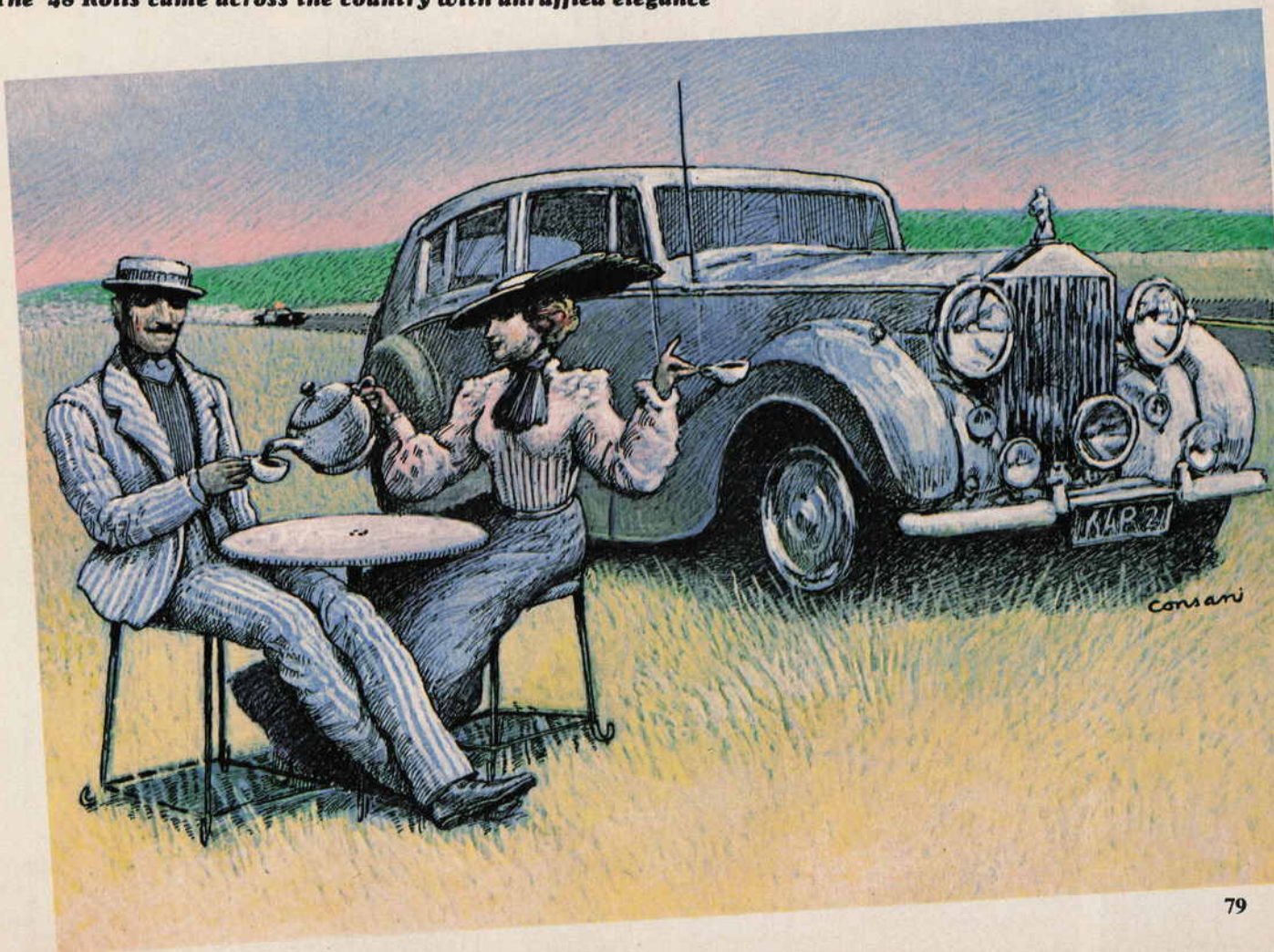
Dennis walked up to their Chevy. The engine had blown, and smoke was curling

up through the floor around the driver's ears. "He's looking straight ahead," said Dennis, "and he knows he's in deep shit. I pulled his nose and shoved my business card in his mouth. 'Motherfucker,' I said, 'next time you fuck with me I'm gonna pinch your head off and shit in the hole.'"

On the other hand, the Kendall-Lanes, Stephen and Fiona, came across the country with unruffled elegance. Their Cannonball entry was a 1948 Silver Wraith Rolls-Royce, which they had shipped from London. While the liveried chauffeur drove, Stephen and Fiona sat in the back-seat munching biscuits, sipping tea and watching the countryside go by. Their only problem was trying to decipher the arcane CB lingo of the truckers. In frustration, Stephen finally took the mike and said, "Look here, you chaps, you really are going to have to talk more clearly if you expect me to converse with you." The gap between the Queen's English and American Redneck was ultimately bridged. In fact, Stephen struck up something of a friendship with "a beavuh named the Flying Redhead." The Rolls moved at a leisurely pace (you can't rush when you have to change clothes for dinner), but it managed to make it across in 58 hours, 4 minutes.

While the '48 Rolls was something of a
(Continued on page 128)

The '48 Rolls came across the country with unruffled elegance







PIPER

Likes to
Come and Go

Photography by John Copeland



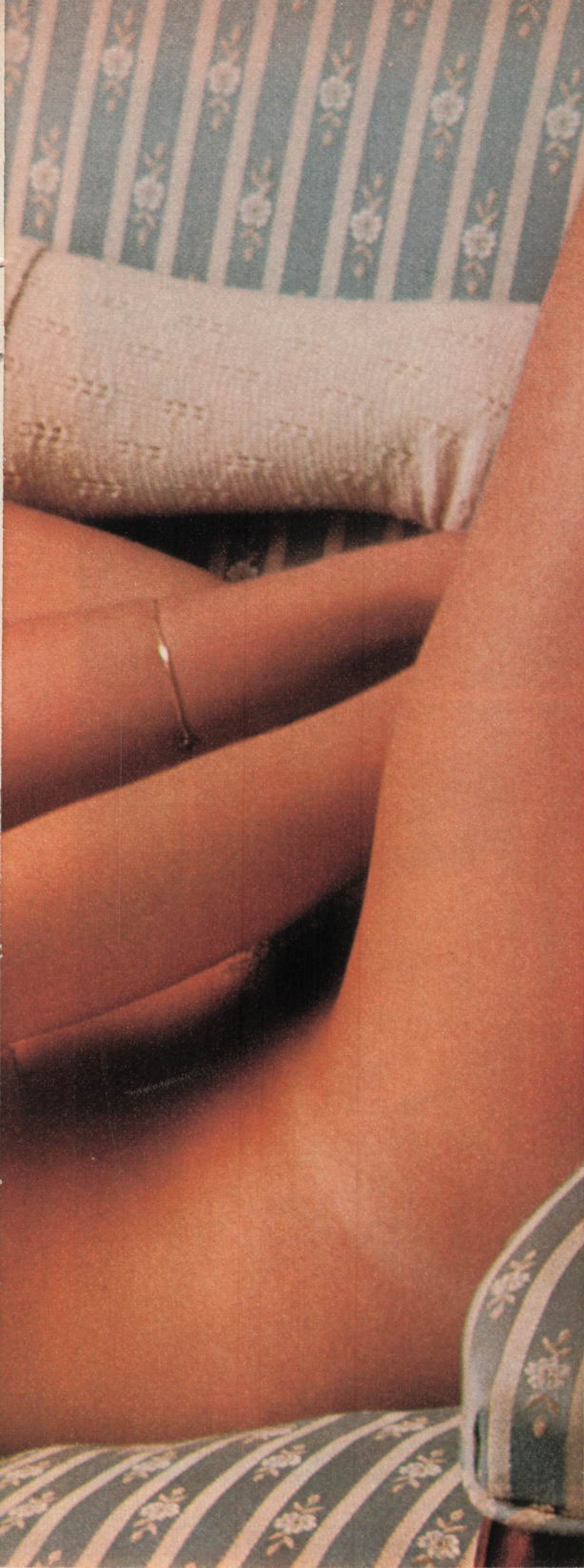
I'M JUST
AN EASYGOING
GIRL.
YOU WON'T
CATCH
ME PLAYING
SECRETARY.

Twenty-year-old Piper Smith of Fountain Valley, California, is new to nude modeling. Ever wonder why beautiful women want to pose without their clothes? "It was just something I've always been curious about. Of course, the money's an incentive, too. I've been thinking about what I want to do for a career, but you know how it is—I just haven't found it yet. All I know is that I definitely can't handle a nine-to-five job. What can I say? I'm just









an easygoing girl.”

Easygoing is an apt description of Piper. She's 35-25-35, and she was quite a cooperative model. “Hey, but don't be misled,” she warns. “I'm a friendly person, but I must admit my unpredictable nature can turn some people off. I get moody and my temper has a tendency to flare up at the oddest times. Not often, but when it does—look out! Maybe that's because I'm a Capricorn. They say Capricorn women are hard to get along with. That could be true—I don't seem to get along with men my own age.

MY TEMPER
HAS THIS WAY OF
FLARING UP.
WHEN
IT DOES—
LOOK OUT!

But *older* men—you know, twenty-five to thirty—seem to know how to handle me.”

But don't they also say that Capricorn women are the worst in bed? “They do? Just who is ‘they’? No, wait. I don't want to get angry. I have to admit that when I'm not into a guy, or he just doesn't do the number—you

WHO SAYS
CAPRICORN
WOMEN AREN'T
GOOD IN BED?
I CAN DO
THINGS WITH
MY BODY I
NEVER THOUGHT
POSSIBLE.

know, push the right button—I'm not the best. But when I'm with a guy I dig, well, I can do things with my body I never thought possible. Listen, I don't want to argue about this. Like I said, I'm just a simple girl who likes to be out and about, having a good time. I *like* myself, and if a guy can't handle me, that's *his* problem. But I'm open to anyone who wants to try."





Up The IRISH!

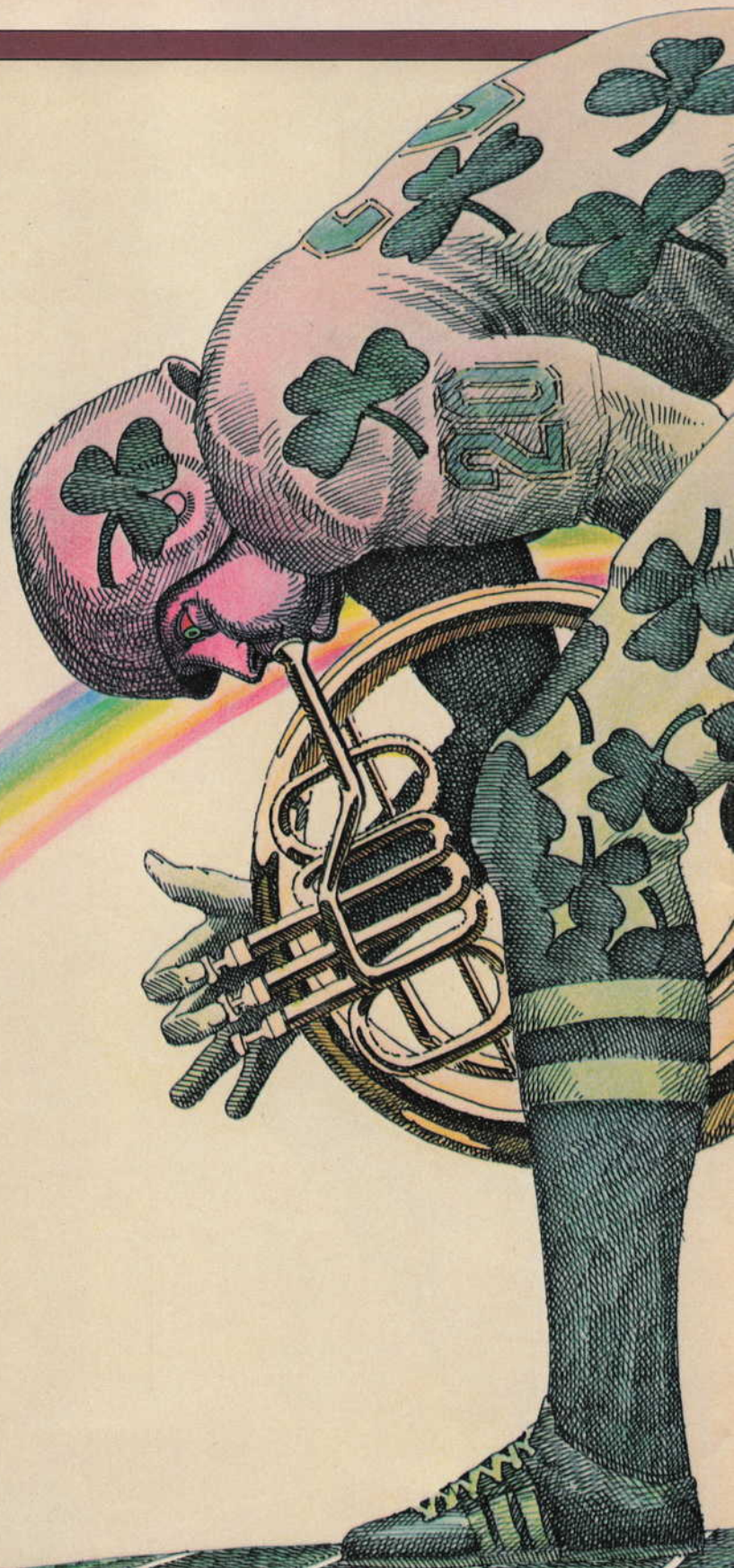
Knute Rockne was not an all-American. Notre Dame did not invent the forward pass. And the Gipper never asked the boys to win one. Welcome to South Bend.

Faith, me boy, if the season of the oblate spheroids isn't back again—and, begorra, somethin' big's astir on the campus with the Golden Dome and Kelly-green grass. Could it be the hoverin' spirits of Rock and the Gipper, or the celluloid banshees of Pat O'Brien and that dear b'y Ronnie Reagan?

Yes, indeed, but they're not the half of it. 'Tis also the blessed sound of the Mighty Irish Hype Machine, a-grindin' out the blarney that makes for national championships and all-Americans. Or, in the case of senior Notre Dame halfback Vagas Ferguson, Heisman Trophy winners.

Vagas Ferguson for the '79 Heisman? No way, you say. Sure, the kid may be a hotshot runner, but this year's smart money has the most coveted individual honor in college football going either to Oklahoma's Billy Sims or, if he fumbles,

Sacrilegious Exposé by Vic Gold





UP THE IRISH! Vince Lombardi had it wrong when he said that winning is everything. It's only half the thing. The other 50 percent is hype.

to Southern Cal's Charley White.

But ye of little faith—you've forgotten something: Vagas Ferguson has Notre Dame's legendary twelfth man on his side.

No, not *Him*! Roger Valdiserri. Who? Jeez, and you call yourself a football freak. Pull up a stool and ask the bartender to pour you an Irish, neat. You just might learn a thing or two about how national-championship teams, all-Americans and Heisman winners are made, not born, in our great autumn pastime.

Vince Lombardi had it wrong when he said that winning is everything. It's only half the thing. The other 50 percent is hype. Just ask Joe Paterno, whose Penn State teams have been among the winningest in the country, sending superstuds such as the Steelers' Franco Harris and the Chargers' Lydell Mitchell to the NFL. Yet Penn State, for all its undefeated seasons, has never copped a national championship. As for Heismans, the Nittany Lions can boast of only one—John Cappelletti, in 1973. Meanwhile, Notre Dame, loaded with mythical national titles voted by the wire services, has produced six Heisman winners—more than any other school in the country.

The reason? Simple. Nittanies got no mystique.

And that's where Roger Valdiserri comes in. When the goal is creating or preserving a school mystique, football is a game of inches—column inches on the sports page. Which is why Valdiserri is the second biggest *mensch* on the Notre Dame campus, behind only Dan Devine, the football coach. Roger is Notre Dame's sports-information director, its minister of propaganda.

Notre Dame. Remember how George Scott/Patton described Morocco? This is it, smack in the middle of the New World: one part Bible, one part Hollywood. Fifty thousand American high school bands play the Irish fight song to urge their teams onward and upward. Tens of millions of Joe Sixpax, from San Francisco's BART to the subways of New York, claim the campus at South Bend as their ersatz alma mater. As Ara Parseghian put it when he coached there, Notre Dame is a "national school," due largely to its emotional pull on the allegiance of those American football fans who trace their family roots to Europe's great potato-and-pasta famines.

But more: It is the campus of national inspiration, lying in the cultural as well as the geographic heartland of the country. If

you love America, you gotta like football. If you like football, you gotta love the Spirit of Notre Dame.

For academic-trivia buffs, the school's full Christian name is the University of Notre Dame du Lac, and it was founded in the 1840s by Edward Sorin, a Brother of the Congregation of Holy Cross. But until a Norwegian Lutheran football coach with a flair for showbiz lit the mystical flame during the Twenties, Father Sorin's school was just another little-known Catholic college outside Chicago.

Whether Knute Rockne was the greatest football coach of all time, or even of his own era (1918–31), is debatable. But as a legend-maker in cleats, he remains the nonpareil. A publicity con artist in the golden age of sports cons, the Rock instinctively knew how to get ink—the better to bring in the paying customers, glorify Notre Dame and, incidentally, make himself a national celebrity, garnering film offers and promotional arrangements involving automotive and sporting-goods manufacturers.

"New York is the heart of the matter" is the way Rockne once diagrammed his publicity game plan to a friend. "When they start noticing us there, everybody else will fall in line."

Other coaches of the era—sideline gurus such as Michigan's Fielding Yost and the University of Chicago's Amos Alonzo Stagg—may have entertained similar thoughts amid their Xs and Os. But none was canny enough to hit on Rockne's unique method of ensuring a favorable press. It was the brainchild of a P.R. master: Rock simply permeated the media—not only in New York but in major news centers around the country—with his own trained flacks.

Order another round, laddie, because now we're down to the nubbin: the birth of the most efficient propaganda machine west of D.C. and east of L.A.

Working with no publicity budget, Rockne, in the same way he recruited blue-chip athletes, enlisted talented Notre Dame journalism students to travel with his teams. These were the country's first collegiate sports publicists, grinding out press releases wherever the Irish played. The way Rockne figured it, when his homegrown flacks graduated, they'd scatter into the professional world as sportswriters and editors for newspapers in New York, Chicago and other media centers. Predictably, when hiring time came in their departments, it was a case of NO IRISH-DETRACTORS NEED APPLY.

Developed in the early Twenties, this Notre Dame cabal has expanded and flourished right into the Eighties. Arch

Ward, who was Rockne's first student sports-information director, later became sports editor of the *Chicago Tribune*, and the list of prominent sports journalists who followed Ward in Rockne's Irish P.R. network is impressive. More recently, it has included such media biggies as *New York Times* columnist Red Smith; Don Ohlmeyer, head honcho of NBC-TV sports; and Don Criqui, who just this year moved his golden-throated announcing talent from CBS-TV to fellow alumnus Ohlmeyer's web.

But New York was always the prime target, and the most influential of all Rock's P.R. protégés was Frank Wallace, the *Daily News* writer who gave the world the Gipper legend. More than any other, the Gipper legend encapsulates the Notre Dame mystique: the star halfback on his deathbed, gasping those last inspirational words to his old coach; the coach firing up his team ten years later, moments before the most important game of their lives . . .

All bullshit, of course. But take the bullshit out of sports lore and what's left? Box scores. The dreary truth of the matter is that George Gipp, by every prior sports account of that era, would have been as unlikely to utter such maudlin sentiments as would Gertrude Stein. The Gipper was a laconic, detached loner, whose emotional ties to Notre Dame were so tenuous that Rockne was forced to make three trips to Ann Arbor during his star halfback's playing days to keep him from transferring to Michigan.

And yet, when Rockne worked that Gipper shtick before the 1928 Army game, it became instant legend—thanks to his erstwhile student press agent, Frank Wallace. Shrewdly, Rock had arranged to have Wallace hanging around the Notre Dame dressing room before the game. Of all New York sportswriters, Wallace would be the least likely to debunk Rockne's deathbed fantasy. And so, on the Monday morning following the game—final score: Heavenly Hosts 12, Army 6—the *Daily News*, over Wallace's by-line, trumpeted: GIPP'S GHOST BEAT ARMY.

Boffo. For a motion-picture industry emerging from drooling infancy to slack-jawed pubescence, the scenario was irresistible. Notre Dame now owned New York. Three thousand miles away, the mystique-making capital of the world beckoned.

There have been two motion pictures covering campus life at Notre Dame; neither was scripted around the school's academic achievements. The first, *The Spirit of Notre Dame*, was a seminal product of Mighty Irish Hype. Released by Universal Pictures in 1931, shortly after
(Continued on page 122)

Vic Gold attended Tulane when Frank Leahy's teams were defeating the Green Wave 41-0, 59-6 and 46-7. He has loved Notre Dame ever since.

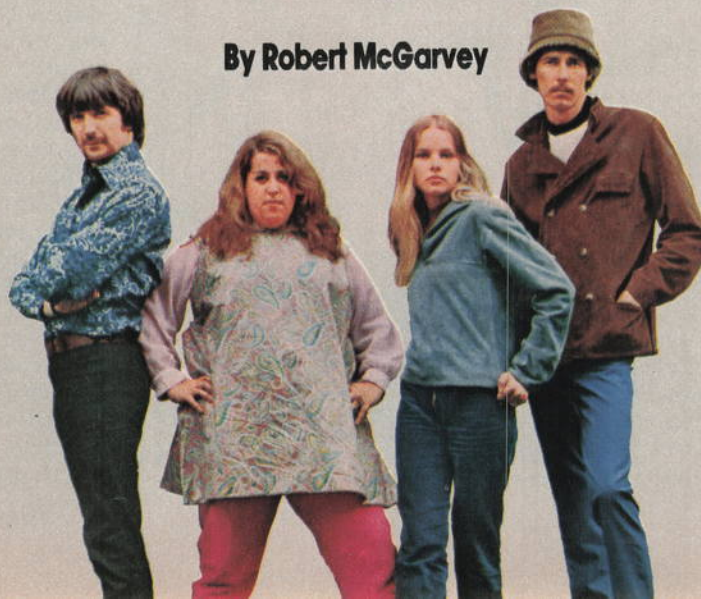


Michelle Phillips

Anybody with eyes and ears remembers Michelle Phillips of the Mamas and the Papas. The pretty one. Thinner than Mama Cass. Your basic knockout.

So when the group split up in 1968, who would have thought that Michelle would be the one to keep on making news? John and Denny are still working for a penny (as far as we know), and Cass didn't make it, rest her soul. But Michie always wanted to go to the sea . . . and she has. She wasn't a hot singer, but so what? She can act well enough to be Dillinger's girlfriend and

By Robert McGarvey



Valentino's wife. She can even play Lady Vivian in Sidney Sheldon's *Bloodline*—"adequately," according to *Variety*. Adequately enough to land her a starring role in the film *The Man with Bogart's Face*. She's also played leading lady to her own Hollywood harem—Jack Nicholson and Warren Beatty included—and has tried to make a musical comeback by cutting a soft-rock solo album, *Victim of Romance* (which she insists is not an autobiographical title).

OUR correspondent Robert



"In *Valentino*, I insisted on wearing a twenty-four-inch hairpiece to cover myself."

McGarvey met with Michelle at the infamous Polo Lounge in the Beverly Hills Hotel. He didn't know what to expect, but Michelle, ten years later, proved true to her roots; she pulled out a bag of dope, rolled a joint and lit up . . . right at the table. Terrific start.

OUI: What the fuck are you doing . . . ?

PHILLIPS: [inhales and puts out the joint]

OUI: Lady, you're crazy. Are you finished?

PHILLIPS: Mm-hmm. [laughs]

OUI: OK. Whew! Uh, first question . . . You've been romantically "linked" with Jack Nicholson, Warren Beatty, Mick Jagger . . .

PHILLIPS: Jagger? How'd that happen? I've also been "linked" with Ryan O'Neal. But that picture was "taken" by pasting together separate shots of him and me. Mick is just a friend.

OUI: The point is that you *have* been linked with all of these sex symbols.

PHILLIPS: I made them what they are today. [laughs] That's the way I've always seen it. Jack was an unknown actor. I discovered Jack Nicholson. What I mean is that Jack was not a big star then. He consequently became the, uh, personage we know today. At the time, he was just a real cute actor.

OUI: Did you make Warren Beatty what he is today?

PHILLIPS: No. He's a self-made man. You can quote me: I had nothing whatsoever to do with Warren Beatty's career or his success.

OUI: A theme that runs through . . .

PHILLIPS: I love the expression on your face: "How am I going to phrase this?"

OUI: But it is often written that you are a woman who exists only in relationship to her men. In the *Mamas and Papas*, you were said to be the most replaceable

member.

PHILLIPS: They did replace me. It was very easy to do. But when I was replaced—for a month and a half—the music wasn't very good.

OUI: And with Beatty you did a walk-on in *Shampoo*.

PHILLIPS: I was not *with* Beatty when I did the walk-on. It was not even a walk-on. I was part of the background. I had called Hal Ashby [*Shampoo's* director] to ask if I

"Nicholson was just a real cute actor."



could just be on the set. I said, "Look, I'm bored to tears. I'm not working. Just let me be on the set so I can feel as though I'm part of this industry." He said, "Come on and be *in* the movie." It had nothing to do with Warren. Ever.

OUI: But the general thesis is . . .

PHILLIPS: I know what the general thesis is.

OUI: . . . is that you got where you are *because* of those men.

PHILLIPS: I resent that. Bubba, you would resent it, too. Even if it were true, I would resent it. But it's not true. It's brought up so many times. But I never got anything out of being with Dennis Hopper or Jack or Warren. There are many times—times when it was very difficult for me to work—that I wished they *had* helped. It doesn't matter how many times you try to clear up those rumors. The fact is that people are much less likely to give Warren Beatty's girlfriend a job, than an actress whom they can feel *they* have discovered. That's just a fact. It's the kiss of death to be involved with anyone in power. I didn't work once while I was involved with anybody. When I got *Dillinger* [Phillips' "movie break"], I was in the process of breaking up with Jack—and I got it only after auditioning three times for John Milius [*Dillinger's* director].

OUI: You also lied to Milius to get that part, right?

PHILLIPS: This is true. I am also a liar. I told him I was part Cherokee. I got the job—and I needed it, God knows. Who wouldn't lie? You know what he told me when I said I was an Indian? "I can see it. I can see it in your bones!" I think it's very innocent to lie to a director. What they're looking for is to cast the part. Just give them any excuse to see you as they want to see you. You know, when they were casting *Fist*, I went in and told them I was Czech. They told me I didn't look Polish enough. I said, "Polish! Not Polish enough? I'm Czech. How Polish do you want me to be!" They told me they didn't believe me.

OUI: What would you do for a Richard Pryor film?

PHILLIPS: I'd tell them I was related to Jim Gilliam [Michelle's maiden name is Holly Gilliam].

OUI: We've heard a great deal about your relentless ambition.

PHILLIPS: *Ambition* is not a dirty word. If you're not ambitious in acting, you're in the wrong business. There's too much competition. You need a drive to succeed. You do. Ambition is just part of the need to be secure. You're driven by fear.

OUI: That's why you want to be powerful?

PHILLIPS: I don't want to be pushed around. I want to have the independence that comes with being powerful. People say I think very much like a man. I feel that I have the right to be powerful, just like anybody else does. I don't ever want to be dependent on anyone for what I want in my life. I always want to be able to supply

that myself. To expect it from any other source is stupid.

OUI: Do you think acting is an easy means to that end?

PHILLIPS: It's a very difficult process. I've been very lucky. I at least had a certain amount of notoriety or visibility. That doesn't work against you. It's probably a lot harder for the average girl who's trying to get into acting than it is for someone coming out of a successful music group. But a lot of people still didn't even know my name.

OUI: Despite your drive to succeed in film, a year ago you resumed your recording career, after an eight-year vacation, by issuing a solo album, *Victim of Romance* [A&M Records]. Will you continue recording?

PHILLIPS: I don't know. I loved doing my album, but I really feel I'm more geared to singing in a group. It's very lonesome by yourself. Especially going out and trying to do it on the road by yourself. Somehow the thrill is gone.

OUI: Did you get a thrill out of the voice therapist who helped you prepare for *Victim of Romance* by using a Black and Decker drill on your body?

PHILLIPS: That's true. I *did* go to that voice therapist. He covers the drill head with a cloth and, after finding the spots on your body where tension has built up, he breaks it up with the drill. It's like Roling. It hurts—but it works.

OUI: Are you also into S/M?

PHILLIPS: [laughs] No, I'm not.



LYNN MACAFEE

With co-stars Cybil Badding (left) and Misty Rowe in *The Man with Bogart's Face*.

OUI: There's another story about you: It's said that, as a little girl, you saw a Shirley MacLaine movie and decided on the spot you wanted to be a prostitute.

PHILLIPS: Yes, I told my father I wanted to be a prostitute. He's very liberal. He just said, "If that's what you want to be when you grow up, I'm sure you'll be a very good one. But I don't think that's what you'll want to be." Of course, I didn't even know what a hooker was. I just saw the nice cars,

the fancy dinners, the elegant houses. It looked like fun.

OUI: So much for childhood fantasies. Rona Barrett once said of you, "Michelle Phillips makes no secret of how destructive she found Warren [Beatty] to be..."

PHILLIPS: I don't mind what she said. A part of growing up is learning the difference between what is real and what is not. I also believe it's a man's prerogative to lead you on and to tell you anything he wishes to make you feel good about the relationship. It's your own responsibility to see the truth in somebody else. That's what courtship is about—learning what's really true about someone. You have to discover that for yourself, because it's your life and you have to take responsibility for it. Did I answer your question?

OUI: Do you feel the press treats you unfairly?

PHILLIPS: No. The press has their own problems. Editors demand that they come up with intriguing stuff. It's unfair—no, everything is fair with the press. If they want to call you someone's live-in girlfriend, that's their prerogative.

OUI: Nobody can call you that now. You've been married about a year now [to radio executive Bob Burch], after being single for eight years following your eight-day marriage to Dennis Hopper. What led you to finally marry again?

PHILLIPS: I just felt—instinctively—that this was going to be a happy marriage. Your instincts are all you can rely on. I was a woman in love. What can I say?

OUI: Haven't you been in love before, without getting married?

PHILLIPS: You don't want to marry everyone you fall in love with, goodness knows. Everyone you fall in love with will not necessarily make a good marriage partner.

OUI: You're thirty-five years old but your

"I think I'm more hypnotic than seductive. I work sort of like a mongoose."



MICHELLE PHILLIPS I'm very prudish. I would never pose for a centerfold. Even in *Valentino*, I insisted on wearing a hairpiece to cover myself.

husband is only twenty-nine. Do you find that at all strange?

PHILLIPS: Well, strange in the sense that strange is better. I've always been involved with older men. This is the first relationship I've had with a younger man. I find it more fun. He was raised with women's lib. He's almost like being from another planet with regard to our age difference. He's much less chauvinistic because he was reared with ideas that are much more liberal about women. *Much* more liberal than men my age. Absolutely. He enjoys my career, encourages me to work. My career seemed to intimidate men I'd been involved with before. The subject always came up. But Bob puts me at ease about many things other guys raked me over the coals for. He loves that I am a success.

OUI: Are there any pressures—external ones—resulting from marrying someone who's younger?

PHILLIPS: We used to talk about our age difference quite a bit when we first met. But it doesn't come up anymore—and that's what's really important. I am programmed into thinking I'm supposed to marry someone older than myself. But Bob is not a child to me. In fact, he's given me a certain security about my family and my self-image.

OUI: By getting married, did you sacrifice some freedom?

PHILLIPS: You certainly sacrifice sexual freedom. In my case, I'm much happier to be part of one sexual relationship, a monogamous one. I find more satisfaction in that.

OUI: Why?

PHILLIPS: I find it easier to have a fuller sexual relationship with someone I'm very, very close to than, you know, someone with whom I just have a frivolous affair. It depends on what attracts a person. I am more attracted to a monogamous relationship.

OUI: Some people say that you are the most beautiful woman in the world. Are you?

PHILLIPS: [checking a nearby wall mirror] No, not today. Ask me tomorrow. [laughs]

OUI: You're beautiful, a successful recording artist, a movie star—but you see yourself as an outsider, right?

PHILLIPS: I *pride* myself on being an outsider.

OUI: Outside what?

PHILLIPS: The krill.

OUI: The little stuff that whales eat?

PHILLIPS: Right. [laughs] What am I an outsider from? Needing social acceptance.

OUI: Is that attitude behind your unique sense of style? It's been said that you dress

in an odd mix of the exotic and the San Fernando Valley, the chic and the ultra-square.

PHILLIPS: Yes. All my friends agree. They come over to my house to make sure I'm dressed properly before I go out. I do have my own sense of style. But I've never turned up on a worst-dressed list—or a best-dressed list.

OUI: Back to your future. What do you plan to do?

PHILLIPS: That's very difficult to answer. I don't know. But I really enjoyed doing [a nonrecurring role in] *When the Whistle Blows*, a pilot for ABC-TV. The character I play—Claudette—is a very successful ad-agency executive who uses her feminine wiles to seduce a poor, unsuspecting construction worker. He doesn't realize that all she wants him for is to do a macho slacks commercial that is very, very important to her. It's a comedy, and I think I had a better time doing that than anything I've ever done. It will hopefully lead me into a little more comedy . . . in my life.

OUI: In *Valentino*, you played Valentino's calculatingly manipulative lover. In *Aspen*, the television miniseries, you played Gloria Osborne, a cunningly cold bitch. A lot of your characters have been haughty and naughty. Do you see yourself that way?

PHILLIPS: Hardly. I think that haughty and naughty parts are being written less as bitches now, and more as interesting women. Men are less intimidated by haughty and naughty than they might have been in the past.

OUI: Why do you think that's so?

PHILLIPS: The stereotypes have broken down a bit, I think. What I love about *When the Whistle Blows* is that the stereotypes are reversed. Claudette is the one who's educated, who has bread, who has position and power. She's also the one who takes sex very lightly.

OUI: What are your feelings about Lady Vivian, your character in *Bloodline*?

PHILLIPS: She's a very sad character. A gambler, a poor girl who married for money. She's a trollop. All she wants is to have money and young lovers and to be popular. The way she's had to do it is by marrying a very old man. She's in her twenties and she marries a man in his seventies. What makes her happy is to flaunt her young lovers in front of her old husband and to spend all his money. It's a rather desperate lifestyle.

OUI: But you say that in such a gleeful way.

PHILLIPS: Well . . . women who are lethal are very pathetic, don't you think? I see it as being very sad.

OUI: Incidentally, speaking of lethal women, what do you think of *OUI* Magazine?

PHILLIPS: [laughs] You have to remember, there are fundamentalist Baptists who are my ancestors. I'm very prudish.

OUI: You say you're prudish, but nobody sees you that way. Your fans see you nude in *Valentino* and in the *Playboy* photography spread from the movie . . .

PHILLIPS: But I *am* prudish. I never authorized publication of those pictures. And I would never pose for a centerfold. Even in *Valentino*, I insisted on wearing a twenty-four-inch hairpiece to cover myself.

OUI: But there are fifty, sixty million males out there who want to have sex with you.

PHILLIPS: Well, they can't. And that's final.

OUI: You're saying that to all of them? How about one or two?

PHILLIPS: You were being very general. I'm just being very general, too. Or specific—wait a minute!

OUI: So there's still hope for fifty or sixty of these guys?

PHILLIPS: Fifty, sixty million guys?

OUI: Good. They'll be happy to hear that. Do you plan to hold a lottery?

PHILLIPS: Don't be gross. I knew I'd say that before this interview was over. There. I've said it. Let's go on.

OUI: Do you see yourself—do others see you—as a sexual person?

PHILLIPS: I certainly don't think I'm obsessed by it.

OUI: Many people do see you as very sexual. Are you comfortable with that?

PHILLIPS: It doesn't make me uncomfortable. Everyone has to have a certain amount of sexuality about them. You know, personality and sexuality are very intertwined. Responding to anyone on a personal level is in some way sexual. Responding to a question, to someone's gaze. Everyone has a certain degree of sexuality and sensuality.

OUI: Are you sexually aggressive?

PHILLIPS: You'd have to ask my husband. I don't think that is something I should talk about. [laughs] Actually, I don't think I could talk about my sexual aggressiveness since it's limited to my relationship with one person.

OUI: Are you seductive?

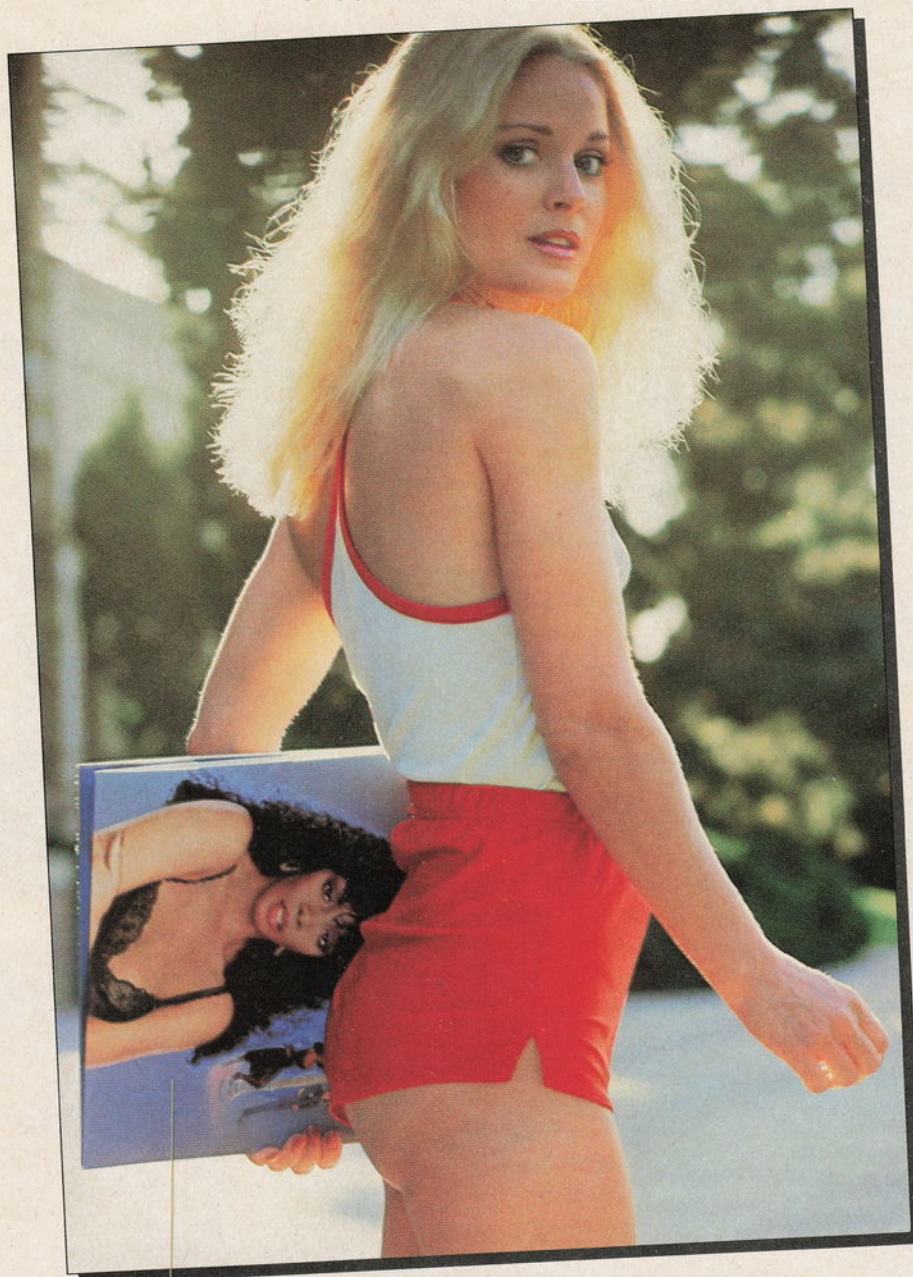
PHILLIPS: More hypnotic than seductive. I work sort of like a mongoose. I keep thinking of how great this is going to look in bold, black print.

OUI: How do you work like a mongoose?

PHILLIPS: I remember reading that a mongoose hypnotizes the cobra and then kills it. I didn't want to make the analogy of seduction and death. And I don't know why I did.

A Good Unit Is Hard to Find

PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEPHEN HARVEY



STEREO TYPES

*This is America's favorite sophomore, Suzy.
She wants to hear the Donna Summer LP—but on the best stereo system on campus.
She can afford to be choosy.
Let's follow her.
Closely.*



Suzy's first stop: Jock City. Brad's an all-American tackle, a top-seeded tennis player, an all-around towel-snapper . . . You get the idea. He's the kind of guy who thinks only "dorm rats" spend hours picking out stereo equipment, carefully matching up

watts per channel. Instead, he'd rather spend his afternoons exercising to keep in shape. Which explains why his stereo is as lean as he is. "I don't go for shiny knobs or LED scanners," he says. "In fact, I don't even know what an LED scanner is. I just want clean sound from a system you don't need a Ph.D. to operate."

Not that Brad's clean,

lean and simple stereo is doing Suzy any good right now, anyway. "Sorry, pet, but there's no way I could let you use it now. And especially not disco. The beat makes my heart pound at twice the normal rate. That might make a difference in the wind sprints tomorrow."

Aw, come on, Brad. Can't you think of a more inventive way to do push-ups?

THE STATS: A first-string system with a pre-pro contract price tag. First, notice the Kenwood KR-4010 receiver with DC power amplifier (\$330). It's capable of putting out 40 watts per channel. The turntable on top is Pioneer's PL-512 (\$100). The Project 80 speakers (\$198 the pair) are two-way models, also from Pioneer. Great team effort.



The thing I like about Alfred is that he's so smart," says Suzy. "He always helps me with my chemistry homework, because he knows everything there is to know about science. And I know everything there is to know about Alfred. The only problem is that

sometimes Alfred is a little spaced out. All day long he listens to Bach and Mozart, Mozart and Bach. Never Beethoven, though. Alfred says Beethoven was too emotional."

Suzy's girlfriends think Alfred looks like Don Knotts, but they're not sophisticated enough to appreciate his best feature: good taste. Alfred's a collector of beautiful

things: butterflies, stamps, ant farms. Even his stereo's a work of art. Small, advanced, very efficient.

"How come your equipment is so small?" Suzy once asked. Some guys might be offended by that question. Not Alfred. He doesn't believe in emotion. His answer? "Size isn't everything, Suzy. It's what you do with it that counts."

THE STATS: Sitting in the center of the bookcase is Hitachi's HA-4500 amplifier (\$250). Below it, note Hitachi's FT-8000 digital tuner (\$460). To their left is Sony's PS-P7X turntable (\$450). Alfred also did some new thinking on his speakers: Ultralinear's TM-116 system (\$430). The subwoofer is in the lower bookshelf; the two satellites are above.



Everybody here remember *Animal House*? Well, compared to Eddie's room, it was *Better Homes and Gardens*. Eddie has this thing about maintenance; he avoids it. His room is a museum of roach clips, Bubblicious gum wrappers and pizza cartons delivered two

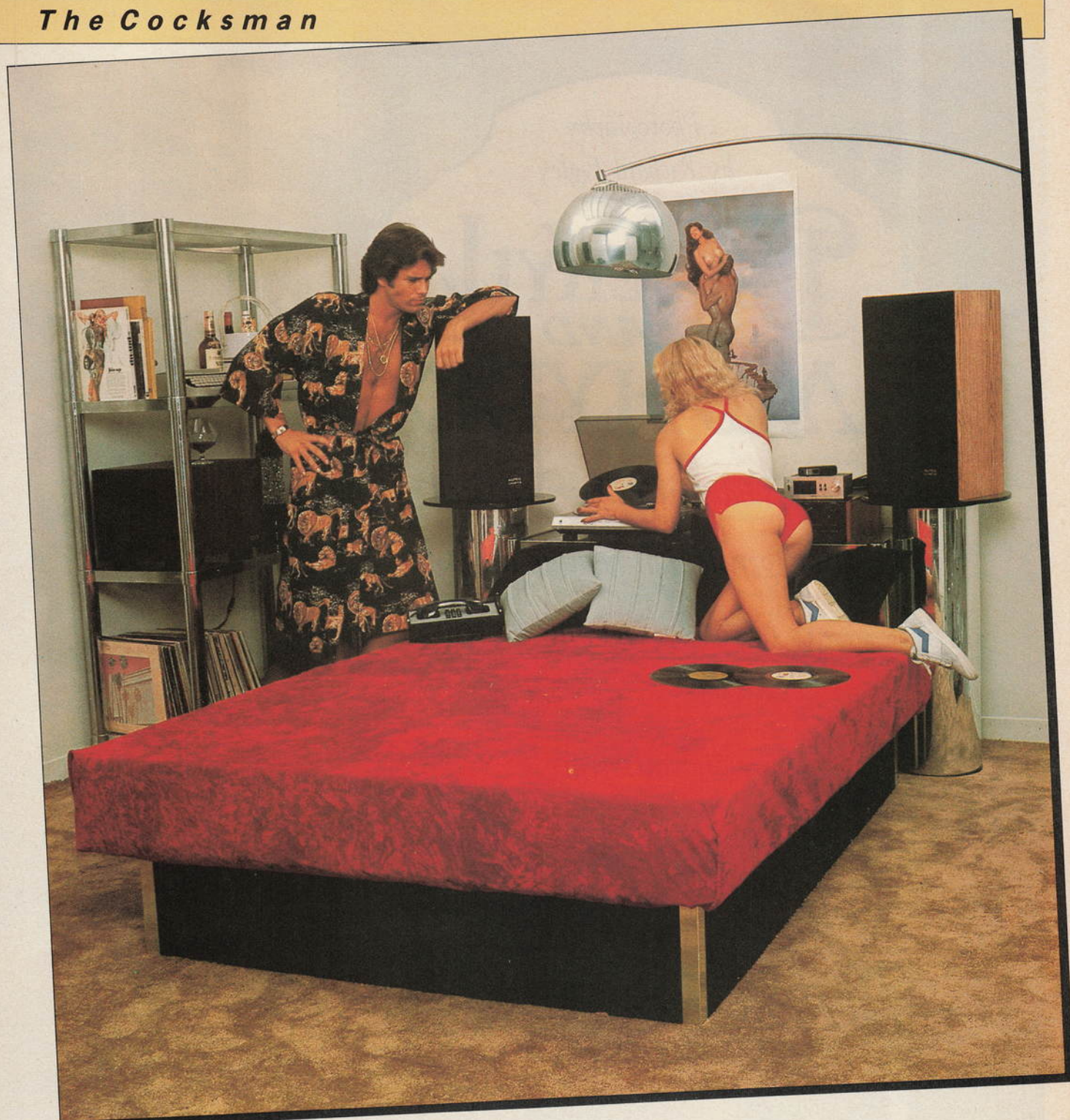
finals ago. "All my friends say I'm crazy to visit Eddie alone," says Suzy. "On the other hand, who would go with me to his place? Besides, he's perfectly harmless. In fact, it's the only thing he does perfectly. What I like about Eddie, though, is his individualism. He just does things differently. Most guys like their music loud, but Eddie likes his music

LOUD. That's why he bought the best system in the dormitory. The biggest receiver, the best turntable—even a computer for his speakers. Only problem is, Eddie won't play Donna Summer.

"Disco? Ugh! You're not going to get me to start thinking about my looks and asking girls to dance. No way! I only listen to Meat Loaf and Ted Nugent!"

THE STATS: A gutsy system perfect for breaking the lease. Start with Yamaha's most powerful receiver, the CR-2040, with 120 watts per channel (\$860). Below the centerfold is Technics' SL-1800 MkII turntable (\$300). The box on top of the receiver is the Analog Bass Computer that comes with the KLH-1 speaker system (\$1100 the pair). No wonder Eddie can't afford a vacuum cleaner.

The Cocksman



There's only one word to describe Terry: horny. He uses women like most men use Kleenex. He has more arms than Israel, and his little black book has more pages than last month's *Playboy*. It may have been a mistake for Suzy to come here unescorted.

So far, he's tried every trick in the book. "White wine?" "Want to see how my bed works?" "Isn't Donna Summer the one who had two hundred eighty-eight orgasms on her first record?"

Turns out Terry even has a remote-control device on his stereo, so he doesn't have to get up in mid-clinch to change the record. "After all," he said, "it's very groovy

to interrupt one's action."

"Baby, you send me conflicting signals," he said. "You dress up in sexy short shorts and come to my dorm room smelling like—hmmmm—what is that luscious aroma . . . ? It's your whole gestalt. Are we not one?"

"Oh, well," says Suzy. "I guess, just like Terry's remote-control system, I like to think for myself, thank you."

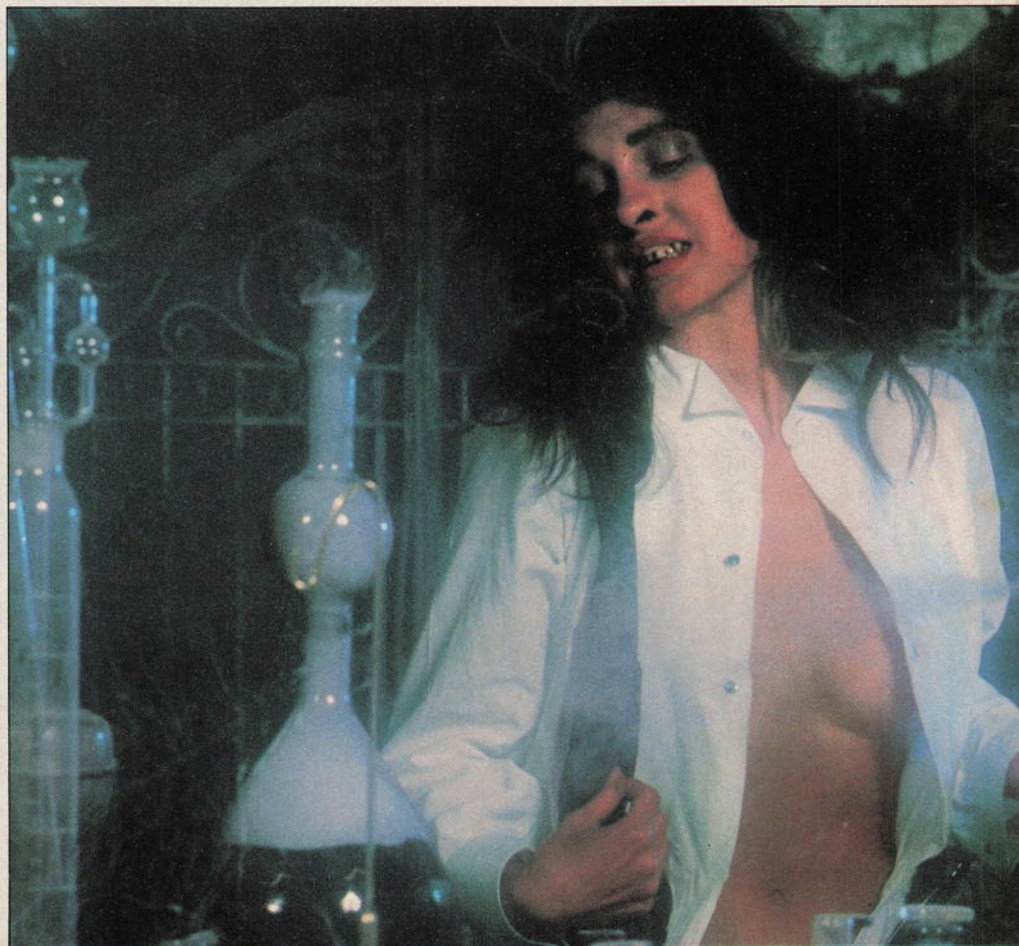
THE STATS: Notice (if you want to) SAE's R6 receiver with digital tuning (\$650), behind Suzy's beautiful rear. Suzy's about to slip a disc onto Fisher's MT6360 turntable—the one with infrared remote control (\$400). On top of the receiver is the Pioneer DT-400 digital timer (\$100). The speakers are the Model Three Series II from Altec Lansing (\$169 apiece). ■

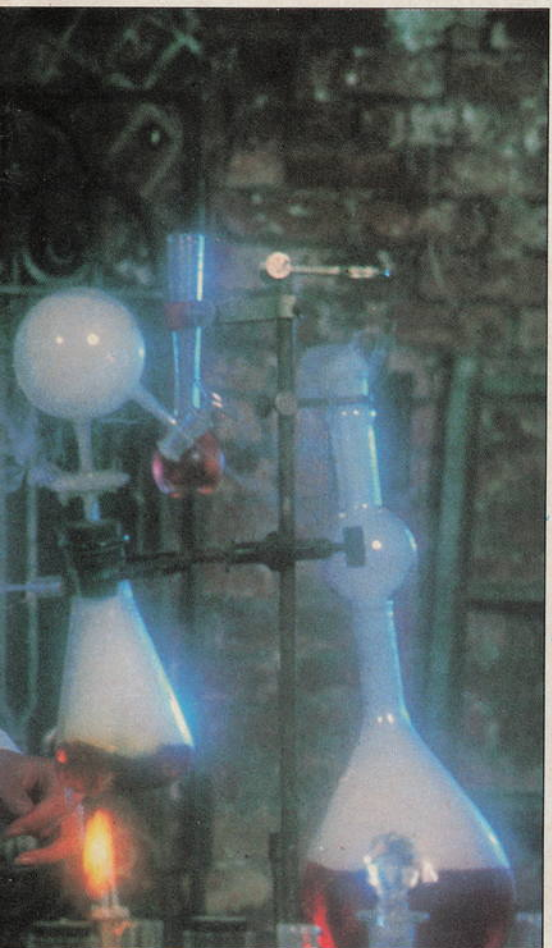
Photography
by Richard Fegley

DR JEKYLL *AND* MS HYDE

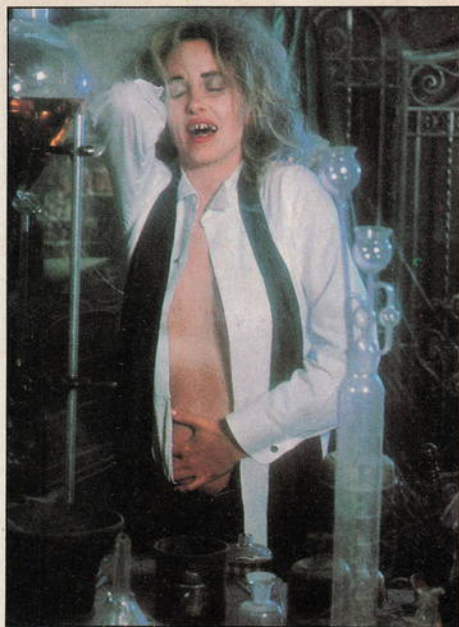
*'Tis said that in his secret cell
This gentleman became a beast.
We have a newer tale to tell
And for your eyes, a
wondrous feast...*







At last, after years of devotion to the ancient, mystic rites, I had succeeded. I'd mastered the Coptic legends and time-worn journals of Merlin—surpassed the wizardry of Nostradamus and Rasputin. The blackest spells of Alchemy now boiled and crackled in my glass. Power over all mankind gurgled in my hands! One sip of this seething brew, and I alone would know the Ultimate Secret of the Cosmos. But wait—the first taste of this potion doth set my very soul on fire! What awesome change cometh over me?







It was done in a matter of seconds, the spinning heat that reweave muscle and sinew into soft and fleshy firmness. Delicate fingers—mine!—moved slowly to my chest. My stunned mind began to comprehend—I had become a woman! What softness there was now, where none had been before! The world had become sensation, nerve ends tingling, warmth flooding every pore. My clothes, now ill-fitting, begged for removal. Ahhhh...there, free at last to explore this miracle. Giddy, frightened, curious, amazed—in a flash, I passed through aeons of enlightenment. The Answer beckoned, teasing the edge of consciousness. But what, I asked myself, was the question? Never mind. Urgent needs commanded my attention. To see my face, to touch my skin, to smell, to hear, to feel, to breathe—as a woman. What other wonders lay in store?

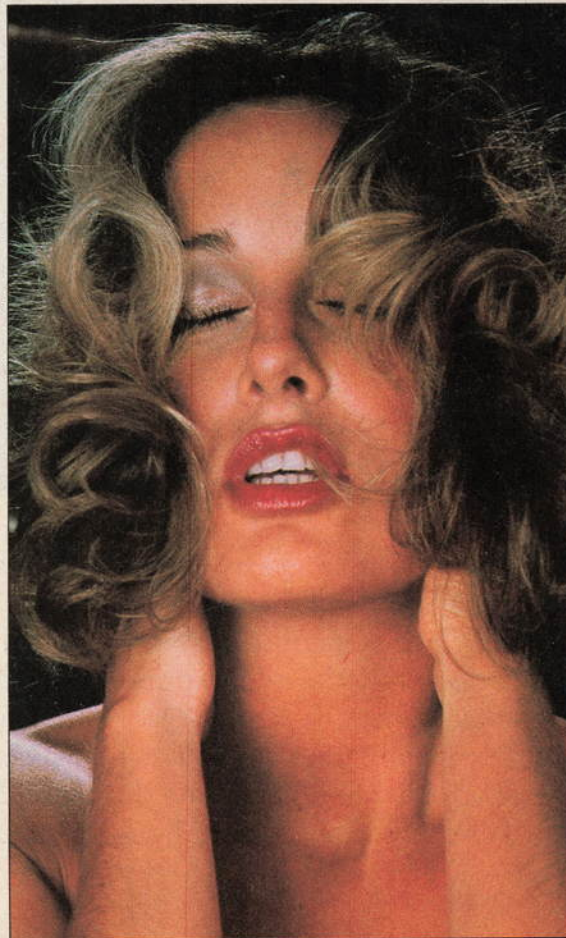






Pleading hands began to tease my most sensitive, secret places. My mind followed, blindly, a slave to sweet sensation. Rubbing, stroking, seeking, building... Colors exploded, fuchsia sparks faded into gray. I sank down to rest, wearied by the violence of pleasure. Smiling, I drifted into velvet sleep. I dreamt in color for the first time. Always searching, running through fields of poppies into forests hung darkly with cypress. Morning brought peace, acceptance. I was a woman. Had I ever been a man? Could it have been a dream? I looked about me. Nearby, amidst the now-silent tubes and burners, lay an ancient, dusty book. It was opened to this incantation:

*"Drink this magick potion
O ye whose fevered mind
Covets total power
Over all mankind."*



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easy.**



**Take it
easier.**



**Take it
easiest.**



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WHO

YEAH, BUT SHE SLEEPS WITH THE DIRECTOR

"After *Carrie*, I was offered every sexy-bitch role going," says **Nancy Allen**, who dumped pig's blood all over **Sissy Spacek** in that movie. "But what do you do after you've played the ultimate victimizer?"

You play the ultimate victim. In **Brian De Palma's** latest film, *Home Movies*, Nancy plays a suicide-prone sweetie who's a victim "right down to the little gold cross she wears." A comedy, *Home Movies* was scripted and lensed entirely by students whom De Palma was teaching at Sarah Lawrence College. "Brian has so many great ideas," swoons Nancy. And well



she should. The director and his blonde cupcake were wed earlier this year.

"Working with Brian is very exciting. Take the beginning of *Carrie*." We'd love to. "Here was every man's fantasy: to see inside a girl's locker room. During the filming, I remember that the camera seemed very close, and

*"This girl
will do
anything—
with anyone"*

I figured all it was getting was a little breast. The next day I saw the dailies. Top-to-toe nudity! Of course, for the TV version we used longer towels."

This Christmas, Nancy will be seen in the much-ballyhooed *1941*, playing a no-nonsense military secretary with one terrible weakness: airplanes. "This girl will do anything—with anyone—to get up in one."

All the 1941 vets we know would like to get it up once, too.

—JOHN CALEDO

BURNING THE MIDNIGHT EARL

"Action is a universal language. You hit somebody in the nose, you hit him in Italian, French and German. Pow is pow." So says **Earl Owensby**, who is the most successful American film producer outside New York and California—and the biggest star on the drive-in circuit since **Charles Bronson**. "I wouldn't make *Hamlet*, even if I could afford **Laurence Olivier**," says Owensby. "Besides, it wouldn't sell three tickets."

Operating out of a 150-acre studio lot in Shelby, North Carolina (pop. 25,000), Owensby has made 11 low-budget films so far, and every one has made at least a 200 percent profit. His stunt-



filled movies—with titles like *Challenge*, *Buckstone County Prison* and *Death Driver*—borrow liberally from the **Burt Reynolds** and *Billy Jack* genres. And while none of them has played north of the Mason-Dixon Line, Owensby plans to hit big in New York and Los Angeles with *Living Legend*, in which he stars as a rags-to-riches rock star.

"Who is Pauline Kael, anyway?"

In case you were wondering just whom he might be exploiting this time, a hint is that Earl's girlfriend in the film is played by **Ginger Alden**, who was **Elvis Presley's** fiancée at the time of his death. Owensby won't really sing in the film; he'll lip-sync to former Presley-pal **Roy Orbison's** vocal tracks. "I move the mouth real good and Roy sings real pretty," explains Earl, adding, "I'm not Pauline Keel or Kyle, or whatever her name is, but I think it will be one of the top ten pictures of 1979."

—PETER GAMBACCINI



MAMA'S SISTER

Does this lady remind you of anyone? Take a guess. Nope, wrong. This is **Leah Kunkel**, sister of the late **Mama Cass Elliot**. That fact is not Leah's only claim to fame, however. This lady is a very talented singer in her own right—better, perhaps, than her sister was. "Cass wasn't supposed to be a singer. She wanted to be an actress. I was the one with the singing talent," she says. But all during her sister's climb to stardom, Leah stayed in the background, working odd jobs—from social worker to hot-dog hawker to president of Mother Records, which produced the immortal *George of the Jungle* jingle for cartoon mogul **Jay Ward**.

So why the late start? "I

saw so many singers of my sister's generation go from anonymity to superstardom. They didn't know what to do with money and fame, so a lot of them lost their minds. I saw their dependence on drugs and weird sex, and I thought, Why be rich and famous and end up lonely?"

In the meantime, Leah perfected her craft by doing vocals for the likes of **Carly Simon**, **James Taylor**, **Jackson Browne**, **Art Garfunkel**, **Dan Hill** and **Stephen Bishop**. With one solo album out, simply entitled *Leah*, and another to be released shortly, it would seem that she's no longer afraid of success. After all, it's just as easy to end up poor and unknown and lonely.

—SAL MANNA

WINTER OF '79

When we first met **Jennifer O'Neill**, she was guzzling her habitual morning beer and complaining. "People are always bumping into me and saying, 'Excuse me, sir!'"

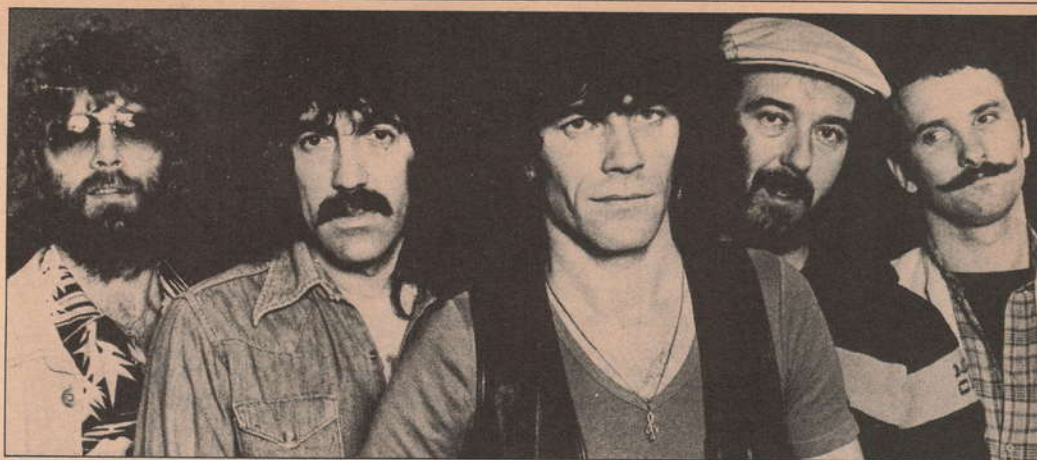
Makes no sense to us. Who could ever mistake the tempting—and, well, horny—older woman in *Summer of '42* for a man? So what if Jennifer stumbled into a bleak spell with such box-office plodders as *The Reincarnation of Peter Proud* and *Whiffs*? She claims, "I've really concentrated on my work in the past three years," and her lukewarm career is heating up. Her upcoming flicks include **Lee Majors'** *Steel* and *A Force of One*, in which she plays a karate-chopping cop on the trail of



dope dealers.

Despite her ups and downs, one thing remains constant in her life—no nude scenes. Jennifer sticks stubbornly to that rule because, as she says, "I don't think I have to take off my clothes to act." But, she sniffs, "Sometimes I feel like walking around with a Polaroid of myself nude so I can say, 'Look! There's nothing wrong with me.' People seem to think I must have a problem someplace."

—ROBERT MCGARVEY



INFLAMMABLE ROCK

If the rock world is a business of fleeting fires, **Nazareth** is a Duraflame. As lead singer **Dan McCafferty** enters his second decade in the business, he can testify that it's not all glamour, lights and action. "Sometimes it pisses me off but, hell, it still

beats *nothing*." An 11-album veteran (the eleventh being *No Mean City*), Dan has become a bit jaded by all those women grasping for just one touch. "Groupies are a dying breed," he says. "They are pitiful, boring people, and I fail to see what

they get from it. I can understand prostitutes, but groupies weren't around when they passed out the gray matter. I avoid them like the plague, because they usually carry it—the plague, I mean. I'd rather jack off—it's drier but cleaner." —S.M.

YOUR PLACE OR MIND?

Glenn Falkenstein claims that he does not "foster a belief in spiritualism or the occult." Now, this is a pretty heavy disclaimer from a total stranger who's just told you, correctly, that your friends call you "Binky," you love pepperoni pizzas with lots of anchovies and your mother's maiden name was Shagapopolus.

Falkenstein performs regularly at Hollywood's Magic Castle, and he astounds phone-in viewers on TV shows such as *Don Kirshner's Rock Concert* and *A.M. Los Angeles* by ticking off their names, birth dates, social security numbers, favorite foods and, occasionally, things of a more *personal* nature. And all this despite the fact that he has a silver dollar taped over each eye with eight

strips of surgical adhesive, plus a steel blindfold on top of that.

When *OUT* discovered that Falkenstein was a frequent performer on luxury cruise ships, we took the liberty of asking him to comment on the firebrand rumor about the plethora of mother/daughter seductions taking place aboard. "I'm not going to say anything about it," Falken-

stein replied. "I want to keep it all for myself. Incidentally, I know what you're thinking, and you'd better not print that." Sure, Glenn.

—LARRY WILSON



WELCOME TO GRACELAND



RAY CASSIDY

A few folks think Ned "Cuckoo Bird" Grace really is cuckoo. "My parents have disowned me and my wife has divorced me," says the 28-year-old self-made millionaire who wants to be the next senator from Vermont. When not campaigning in his own hot-air balloon, amphibious plane or twin-engined Piper Seneca, Edward Grace III is out promoting a series of horny hats: "Just Plain Horny," "Fork-in-Horny" and "Long Horny."

Cher wears one to Studio

54; Aerosmith's Steve Tyler rocks with his; and both Jimmy Connors and Frank Sinatra have been seen wearing theirs. When Ned brought his horny hats to Capitol Hill, most of the senators had a couple of laughs. But not Vermont's Senator Pat Leahy. "Leahy didn't laugh that much," notes Ned. "He seemed to have zero personality. I thought, 'Gee, Vermont could do better than that.' So here I am, *hat* in pursuit."

—P.G.



DOPE GOES TO THE MOVIES

"Sure, sex and pot have a natural connection," says film maker Fred Radloff, "but few people know about the special, sensual relationship that exists between a grower and his plants." Although no one actually goes down on a *Cannabis sativa* in the course of Radloff's short film, *Marijuana Man*, there is little doubt that the magnificent dope plants therein displayed are the lushest, most seductive greenery ever to hit the big screen.

Putting the film together wasn't easy. It took Radloff several years to win the confidence of the ornery marijuana growers in rural California, whose plants he was finally allowed to film.

After that, came money problems. "It was slow at first," Radloff says, "but then I began to attract money—local money. Plus, I did well at the tables in Tahoe."

The film relates the adventures of an eccentric weed farmer (played by Radloff's longtime friend, Ray Oakes) who sets out to become a sort of hip Johnny Appleseed, using the herb to cure the sick, foment romance and fight crime. Viewers are also treated to a first-ever cinematic look at the cannabis plant as it develops from tiny sprout to mature mindblaster. "It's a great film," Radloff says. "After all, I made it for my mom and dad."

—WILLIAM RICHMAN

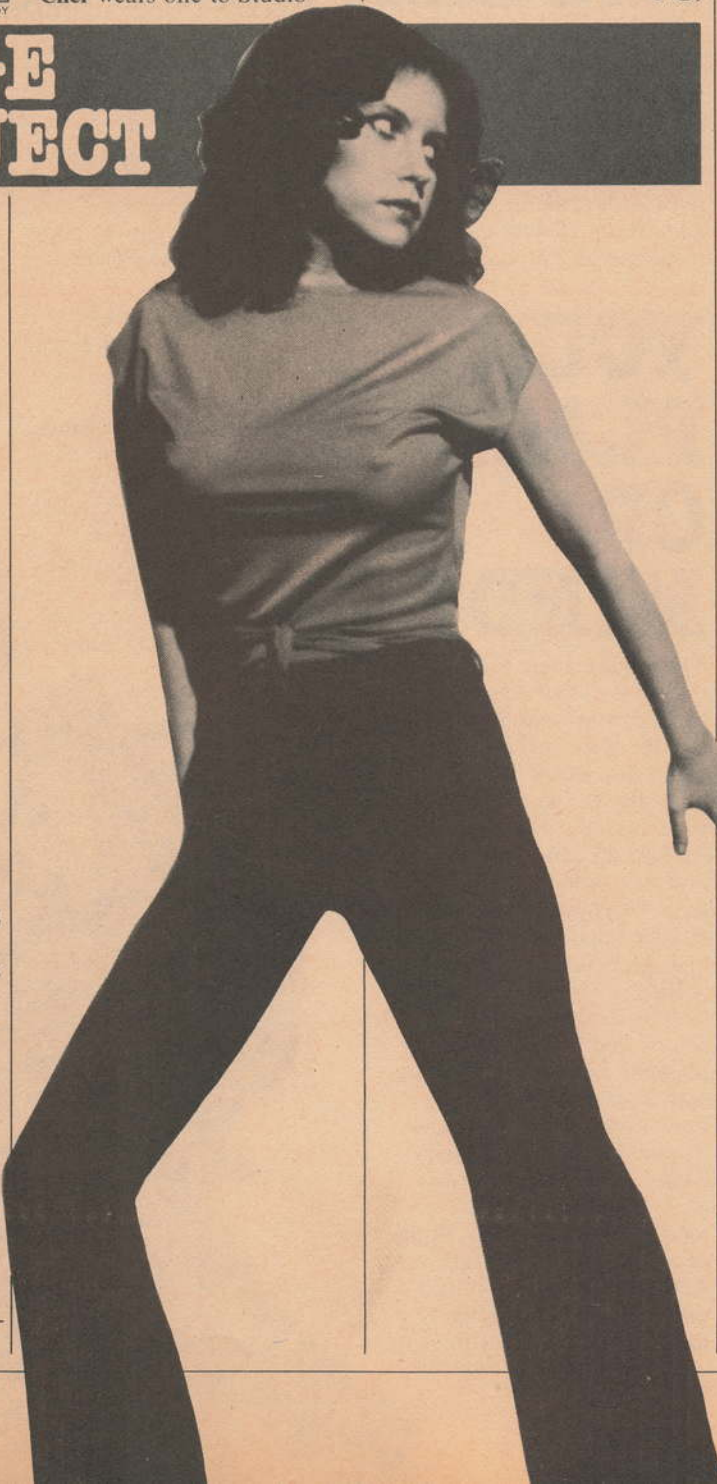
TEENAGE SEX OBJECT

"When I first started out, I wasn't very good," says rock-'n'-roller Dyan Diamond. "So my manager [Kim Fowley of *Runaways* fame] said, 'If we can't sell your music, we'll sell your body.' So I became a sex object. I posed in wet T-shirts, and I was only fifteen at the time."

Now, at the ripe old age of 17, Dyan has two albums to her credit, and her songs have been recorded by Leon Russell and Steppenwolf. This girl knows what she wants. "I want to be bigger than Elvis. Not a teeny pop idol like Leif Garrett. I'm not Tanya Tucker, either. I mean, I'm not sleazy, but I'm not exactly wholesome."

At first, Dyan termed her music "animal rock." She would jump onstage in a leopard costume and deliver primitive hip movements along with aggressively erotic vocals. "I don't call it animal rock anymore, because I started getting these fan letters asking me if I did certain things with animals." Dyan is being more careful in a lot of ways these days. "I was offered a movie called *Teen Angel*, about a teenage girl and her rock-'n'-roll band. When I read the script, I found out it was a low-budget porno job. No way. I mean, I'm sexual, but I'm not wah-wah-wah." Yeah-yeah-yeah.

—S.M.



MONEY School financial-aid officers say lawyers and doctors are often the biggest deadbeats. Says one: "Doctors are the most arrogant people."

(Continued from page 40)

stonewall, but don't expect to be pampered or forgotten. Chances are you will be sued and hauled into court; then, to teach you a rather unforgettable lesson, your credit rating will be blackened. Even if you don't have a credit rating, these student-loan collection agents will contact credit bureaus and credit reporting agencies to make sure you start your financial life with a big, ugly black mark.

After all, they have an incentive to collect. While most collection outfits pocket a third of everything they get back, these new credit commandos get 50 percent of your outstanding balance. Still, most schools threatened with a cutoff of government cash would rather fork over half of what is collected just to lower their default rates.

Larry Dreyer, director of financial aid at UCLA, doesn't blame students alone for not repaying their loans. "In the past, schools were delinquent in sending out bills," he concedes. "Years ago, we had an old rotary-type billing machine here at UCLA, and we just couldn't keep up with the students. They would move five times, claim they notified the registrar and then say they never got a bill. I know I don't pay any debts unless I get a statement."

UCLA got rid of its billing headaches when it signed a contract with American National Educational Corporation, a subsidiary of Chicago's American National Bank. The outfit bills 600,000 former students of 400 colleges (including the University of California system) and collects the cash as well.

Operations vice-president Debra Buesing says a student borrower is officially delinquent if he hasn't paid within 15 days after the loan payment comes due. The first reminder letter, she says, is a gentle nudge. Progressively tougher letters go out 45 days and 60 days after the due date. On the 75th day, a "final demand" letter is sent and the account goes into default.

Buesing says student borrowers who cannot make their regular payments should come forward and ask for an alternate repayment plan. Usually, one can be worked out. As she explains it: "A person may be delinquent when making a partial-payment arrangement, but he is not in default. And that's what counts."

If you do let that payment slide and you try to dodge your obligation, you are probably going to hear from someone like Ron Unger or one of his men. Unger is president of Diversified Collection Services in Oakland, Calif., and he has a team of 23 collectors who work on deadbeats from 400 schools. Notice, I said work on, not work over. Unger's men aren't goons—they're just tenacious. As UCLA's Dreyer

puts it, "They work just inside the law."

Unger, articulate and obviously gung ho, says the student-loan problem really begins at the college. "The school can either give the money away, or it can really emphasize to a student that this is only a loan and it must be repaid." Yet once the student graduates and walks out of the institution, he becomes what Unger terms a "portable commodity—moving every two to three months trying to find work." The school loses contact with the student and a good percentage of loans wind up in collection.

Some student borrowers tell collection agents to fuck off. That's when things get nasty—legal, but nasty.

Diversified Collection's lawyers sue 150 to 200 people a month who won't pay back their student loans. If the borrower splits before the lawsuit is filed, new Federal law allows the collection agent to have the school check a borrower's Social Security number against his Federal tax return to come up with the new address. "Before, that was prohibited by the Privacy Act, but no longer," he smiles.

Once the lawsuit is filed and the court reduces the borrower's promissory note to a judgment, things get even nastier. The borrower has to pay Unger's attorneys' fees and court costs—which sometimes adds up to 20 percent of the money originally borrowed. "By then we know he has assets, property we can levy against, wages we can lien against; we can take everything in their bank account—if we can find it. That's the beautiful thing about a [court] judgment—once you've got it, you can go after everything a defaulter has."

What's more, collection agents will use any information source—departments of motor vehicles, credit bureaus, credit reporting agencies, even the credit application the student originally filled out when he wanted the money.

Some states which often guarantee student loans for their own colleges and universities are now cooperating. In California, for instance, schools can confiscate a deadbeat's state income tax refund. Last year, the legislature of Pennsylvania put some teeth into its student-loan collection program by enacting a law allowing the state to withhold up to 10 percent of the wages of any state worker who doesn't repay his or her debts. State employees can even be fired for refusing to repay in Pennsylvania. New Jersey tries to humiliate former students into repaying. Last year, officials sent a list of 582 defaulters—complete with names, addresses and amounts owed—to every newspaper in the state. The *Trenton Times* published some names in a front-page story headlined: LIST EXPOSES STUDENT-LOAN SCOFFLAWS.

School financial-aid officers say lawyers and doctors are often the biggest deadbeats. Unger says he has a special strategy for the professional person. "We simply don't mess around with them. You're not going to intimidate an attorney—they won't pay until they're almost served [with notice of a lawsuit]; so we sue.

"Doctors are the most arrogant people," he stresses. "They get loan deferments for teaching, for working in poverty areas, for continuing their education. They even get part of their loans canceled as an incentive." But if the doctor gives Unger the runaround, Unger will sue. "If we get a judgment against a professional person with accounts receivable, we can force the patients or clients to remit directly to the collection agency. That's devastating to a doctor, and he won't allow it to happen."

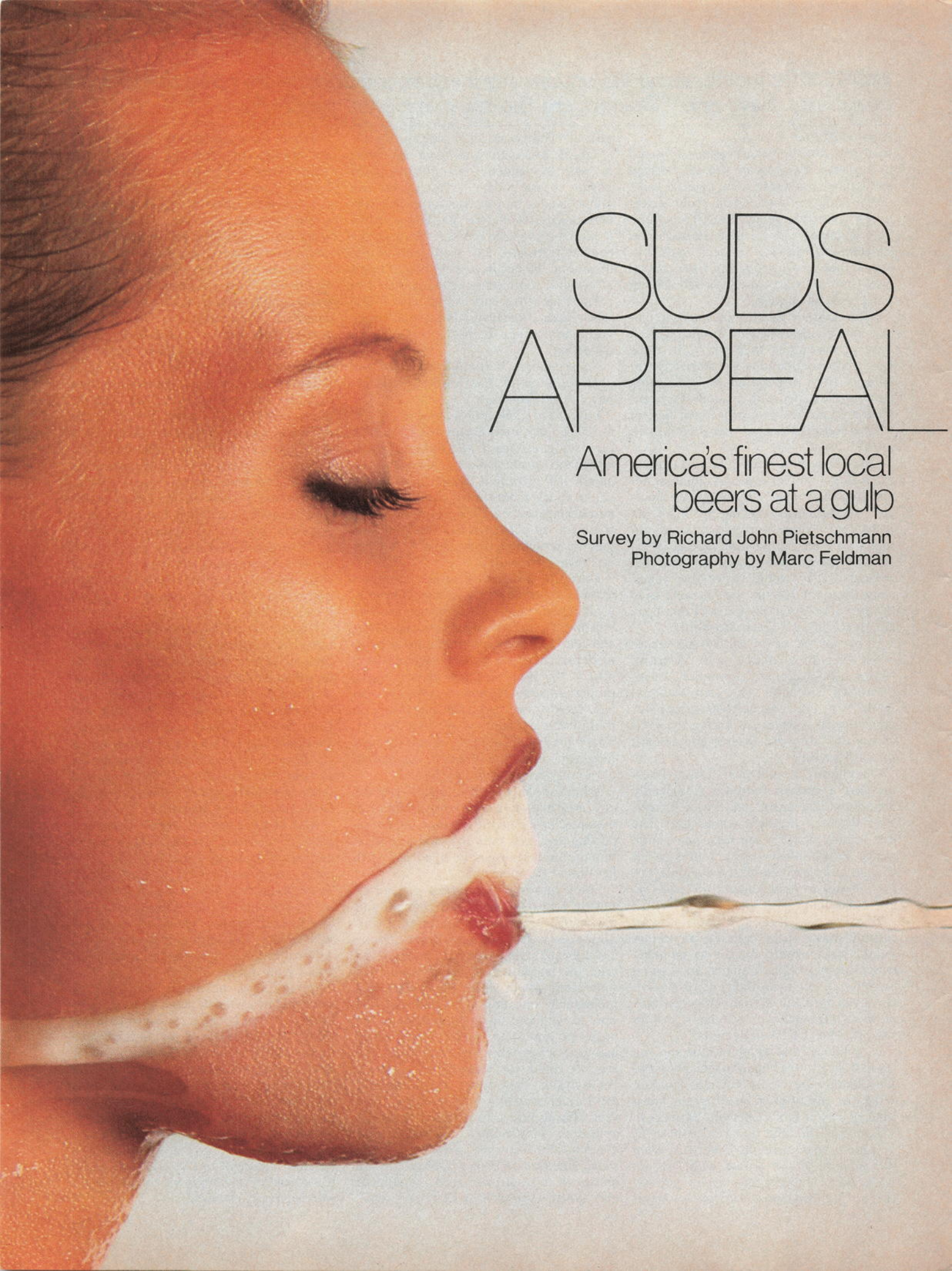
Now, just because you owe money on your student loan and you've got a legitimate financial problem, don't think you're a sitting duck for a collection agency. And not every collection company is as ethical as Diversified Collections purports to be. When an agency can grab off half of what they collect, some are bound to get overzealous. And you do have rights—plenty of them.

Under Federal law, debt collectors cannot use terror tactics to make you pay. They can't call you in the middle of the night to browbeat you; they can't call before 8 A.M. or after 9 P.M. If you have an attorney, they must deal with him or her and leave you alone. Bill collectors cannot telephone you at work or bad-mouth you to your boss or a close friend. Collectors can no longer pose as policemen, lawyers or FBI agents and threaten to arrest you if you don't pay up. Don't laugh; it has happened.

And if someone tries these collection ploys on you, file a complaint with the nearest office of the Federal Trade Commission and send a copy to your school. Those thugs may lose a client. Send another complaint to the American Collectors Association, Box 35106, Minneapolis, MN 55435. This group represents 4500 debt-collection companies and is trying to police their image.

Never forget, meantime, that a repaid student loan is a terrific asset on your credit history. James N. Hall, vice-president in charge of student loans for Tower Grove Bank and Trust in St. Louis, insists it almost opens the vault the next time the borrower comes in and needs some cash.

Claims Hall: "If a student comes in and his only credit history is a student loan, I look at that as a debt repaid—one you might want to give more weight to—because a student out of college usually has a tougher time repaying than a person who is already established."



SUDS APPEAL

America's finest local
beers at a gulp

Survey by Richard John Pietschmann
Photography by Marc Feldman

They may not pay Lou Rawls a ton to croon their praises, and they get about as much respect from bartenders as Rodney Dangerfield, but America's top local breweries still turn out some of the tastiest brew this side of Ed McMahon. So why is the local beer an endangered species in the Western Hemisphere? Because of the same reasons that are setting you up to pay a lot more than a dollar for a gallon of gas. Or \$150 an ounce for California *sinsemilla*, for that matter. Conglomerate power. When big money talks, America chugs.

Already we're well into the age of "megabreweries" that crank out millions of barrels of national brands a year, each one backed to the tune of millions spent on sophisticated advertising, relentless mass-media campaigns that can reduce a thirsty man to a "light beer" wimp.

At the last counting of the bottles on the wall, a mere 40 brewing companies represented the United States, a very pale one-third of the labels available just 15 years ago. And brewing-industry observers predict that by 1982 five monster brew-

ing companies will be manufacturing 85 percent of our beer. Just two—Anheuser-Busch and Miller—will account for an astonishing 60 percent of all the beer made in America. And with the passing of the little guys also go the different blends, the unique tastes and thirst-quenching qualities that suds marketed from Maine to California can't match.

In the bitterly contested beer wars of the last 20 years, once-popular local brands such as People, West Bend Lithia and Olde Frothingslosh ("the pale ale with the foam at the bottom") simply disappeared, and some weakened survivors have been absorbed by the giants: Hawaii's beloved Primo (acquired by Schlitz and now, incredibly enough, brewed in Los Angeles and shipped to Hawaii); Hamm's (Olympia); Rainier (Heileman's); Blitz-Weinhard (Pabst); Jax (Pearl); Lone Star (Olympia); and Wiedemann (Heileman's).

In our quest for the last of the fine domestic suds, we bellied up to bars all across America and ordered the very best local lager or pilsner beers (not to be confused with the lightweight lights) in the



North, East, South and West.

Our ground rules for "local" ruled out the mammoth Coors, though it is "regional," but left room for some former greats that have been conglomeratized but pretty much left alone. All the beers we quaffed were bright, cold, lager-style brews made to please the American tongue (which explains why some fine, stronger, darker brews such as Anchor Steam, New Albion and Royal Amber are conspicuously absent).

So here they are—our pick of America's top local beers. While only a few of them are available more than 50 miles from the brewery, most of them are definitely worth checking out when you're in the neighborhood. Three, in fact, are so damned good they rate a detour.



Henry Weinhard's Private Reserve. The unanimous number-one choice from the oldest continuously operated brewery west of the Mississippi. Brewed in Oregon and distributed there and in Washington and selected areas of California, Blitz-Weinhard (now owned by Pabst) set out four years ago to produce a small batch of superpremium beer, which would be light enough for contemporary American tastes, yet flavorful enough to please true beer lovers. And they did it. An American-made Beck's, at half the price. So Henry's is really a new beer brewed pretty much the old way. It boasts flavor with a slight bite and plenty of character, along with the perfect degree of carbonation. Maybe a bit too much pretense and marketing

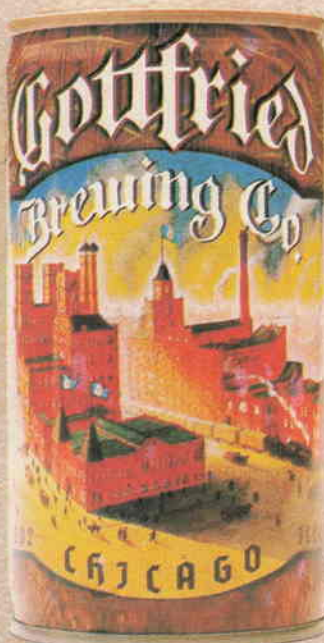
hype behind it, but this stuff really delivers. Loosen your *lederhosen*, all you import lovers, and enjoy.



D.G. Yuengling & Son Pilsner. This one copped "pleasant surprise" garlands at first. Then we realized how refreshing it really is. Brewed in Pottsville, Pennsylvania, at the oldest surviving brewery in America (150 years old), and distributed in that state and selectively around the nation, Yuengling is a robust, genuine, sparkling blend that remains light and totally refreshing right to the bottom of the glass. Perky, with a bite similar to the good light Europeans (e.g., Heineken), it has a nice, tangy, hoppy aftertaste. Despite its home-state disadvantage, smooth, brilliant and very refined. Illegible label, but a great beer—especially for breakfast.



Point Special. Our first genuine favorite, and still a super lip-smacker behind Weinhard's and Yuengling. Brewed in small quantities at a tiny brewery in Stevens Point, Wisconsin, and distributed for the most part in that state, Point Special is a superior lager-style beer with the light, pleasing bite to the tip of the tongue that's a sure sign of care and balance. Remarkably free of backbite or aftertaste. Take it to the big game and do a six-pack in an afternoon easy—then grab for another.



Huber Limited Edition.

This Wisconsin brew was created to honor vanished Chicago breweries, and to let us moderns taste American beer "as it used to be." Well, it used to be strong, muscular, chewy beer with real balls; so this sucker *assaults* you with a rich, robust amber brew. Not for Coors or Miller or even Rolling Rock lovers. Huber Limited Edition got lower marks only because it isn't the thirst-quenching, light-colored beer we're after. Drink a six-pack and check your pulse in the morning.



Wiedemann Bohemian Special.

Like this past season's Reds without Pete Rose, Weidemann lacks real hustle. Brewed in Newport, Kentucky, across the Ohio River from Cincinnati, it still scores high as a tart, fresh and hoppy thirst-quencher. Similar to Miller High Life, but better. After three, Wiedemann struck us as a little weak and watery, as if it were

trying to be too careful. Sure, sure, it's "registered," but a bit more gutsy and it *could* be great.



Stroh's Bohemian Style.

The Detroit beer with the fire down below. Brewed by a solid, family-owned brewery and distributed in Michigan and Ohio, Stroh's is great ball-park beer, perfect for endless afternoon guzzling and for throwing firecrackers at Ted Nugent. Why's that? Because, unlike Detroit itself, Stroh's is inoffensive and pleasing: Plain, good, refreshing beer that's similar to but better than Budweiser.



Iron City. As native to Steel Town as the Bessemer furnace and packing as much blast, this classic shot-n'-beer brew is bottled in Pittsburgh, and distributed there and in faraway Ohio. A hairy beer that's guaranteed to wash a hard day's work at the steel mill out of anybody's throat. Nobody drinks only one six-pack of this stuff, and you don't read a book while you're drinking it.



Stegmaier Gold Medal. A chunky, heavy, hetero's beer, for sure. Brewed in central

Pennsylvania and rarely seen elsewhere. Could be because it's an amber, almost winy mix that's excessively idiosyncratic—lots of strange tastes competing for your taste buds' attentions. No doubt about it, after three of these, you're actually ready to head back to the coal mines. Or Three Mile Island.



Koch's Golden Anniversary. This virtual unknown from Dunkirk, New York, is turned out in small quantities in a family brewery and distributed locally. Maybe it should stay that way. Koch's is dark, complex at first bite, musty afterward. But that's not *all* bad. Bittersweet and dusky, definitely a rich brew with something to say. Koch's comes on something like a chick who promises head and then admits she's never given it before.



Pearl Premium. Here's one taste too big even for Texas. Brewed at a big independent brewery in San Antonio and mightily chugged throughout the state, Pearl is planning a national breakout soon. Shucks, it's already a smash in Boston. Very bright and bubbly, with next to no unwanted bite or un-American character. Hearty, satisfying flavor with a tweak of hops bitterness. A genuine hot-weather beer. Like another classic Texas brew—the Dallas Cowboys—Pearl has its act together.



Cold Spring Export. A Minnesota suds distributed selectively around the country, Cold Spring features lots of flavor and taste, and crisp, sparkly mouth action. There's an odd metallic aroma that's not overpowering and actually interesting; maybe it's the mineral water kicking in. The way we swilled it, Cold Spring rates kudos as an eccentric that works. With this one you know you are not drinking soda pop.



Rolling Rock. A legendary beer—the Coors of the East—and perhaps just a tad overrated, R & R is brewed in a modern, medium-volume brewery in Latrobe, Pennsylvania. Justly famous for the distinctive silk-screened "pony bottle," Rolling Rock is distributed in Pennsylvania and surrounding Eastern states. Nothing complex, but a very light, bubbly American beer, and a pleasure for the money. Refreshing, with a nice, modest character, it's perfect with either Japanese food or dope. Or both.



Pickett's Premium. A Great Plains beer brewed in Dubuque, Iowa, this must be the one that keeps them on the farm. Talk about your curi-

ous brews: This one first tastes metallic and nasal, and then tart and sour. Maybe they use corncocks. Pickett's doesn't give a spit what you snooty Heineken types think, but it sure ain't boring.



Shiner Premium. It's easy to forget even the Alamo after a night with this beer. Brewed in a flyspot brewery in Shiner, Texas, and rolled out to the surrounding parched prairie, Shiner has a great rep in the Lone Star state. But then, so does armadillo meat. A metallic taste and bitter aftertaste that's perfect for putting out the fire of Tex-Mex chow, this is the shit-kickin' brew for when you're feeling mean. It grabs you by the sinuses and doesn't let go until a day later. Just right for when you have to wake up fast, put a cold one down, pull your boots on and skip out of town alive.



Dixie Lager. The toast of New Orleans, where it is turned out in moderate quantity. Once out of the tin-type can, it's an amber brew with

light lager characteristics. Smooth and a snap hoppy without any overwhelming or distinctive flavors. Not sweet, not bitter, so no real personality. A quickie brew just right for washing down whiskey, which is what's done with Dixie by New Orleans' hard-drinking French Quarter patrons.



Matt's Premium Lager. This upstate New York concoction strikes us as a sipping rather than gulping beer—a brew to go with educational TV or fine Colombian. Bottled by a medium-size brewery in Utica, New York, and distributed in the area. Destined to be conglomerated, Matt's is a drinkable, thirst-quenching brew that's complicated by a few intriguing qualities.



Stoney's. This small-time brew was made to be drunk within ten football-field lengths of its Smithton, Pennsylvania, brewery. Any farther and it might explode from the shaking. A rather forbidding aroma when sniffed and a tinny, metallic taste on the front of the tongue at first gulp. Fruity and full of strange stuff when chewed. You probably have to grow up on it to love it. But, hey, it's got *character*—and that's what's lacking in the "national" brands being poured down our throats.

PETER TOSH You've heard of a thing called ghosts? Spirits? Well, I can see them. They are around me everywhere I am. Seven of them. *Serious business!*

(Continued from page 73)

many times. Once, at the airport in Kingston, the superintendent of customs drew his gun and said he had wanted to kill me for years.

OUI: Why are militant artists such a threat to Jamaica?

TOSH: Because their words are corruption, and where there's corruption, there must be an eruption. Ya no see? Politricks! Politician been promising the most good but doing the most dangerous evil. And all the people get is promises. A generation come, and a generation go, and nothing is accomplished.

The world may never be ready for the harsh realities that form reggae's philosophic underpinnings. Reggae's influence has been insidious and abstract rather than direct. Unlike other popular music that has been easily assimilated into American culture, reggae is so primitive and complex that only seasoned Jamaican drummers can master its syncopated, relentlessly swinging flow.

Tosh's shows are tight and clever, differing from each other only in their intensity. He and his band merge the vulcanizing chunk of four-beats-to-the-bar reggae with the kinetic dynamism of a rock-'n'-roll show. Jagger's influence makes itself apparent as Tosh, once reticent and content to hide behind his guitar, roams the

stage and punctuates his tough, relentless music with arcane Rastafarian gestures, dance steps and kung fu moves.

OUI: What about your relationship with the Stones?

TOSH: Well, even their name alone is a great input. I see it as a blessing, seen? One of my Father's blessings, because of I determination to spread the word. Finding Mick and Keith to spread the word and deal with the music—knowing they not only are interested in the music, but love and respect the music—is a great, great blessing.

OUI: How did this come about?

TOSH: After my contract with Columbia expired, the Stones were told of my potential and qualities. Mick came to Jamaica for the Peace blood-clot Concert, and we get together afterwards. We talk some business that look to be progressive. I say to him that my business only will work if he would promote the music and love the music and respect the music. We play a little music together, and things fell into place. Yes mon. A blessing. Ssssswwwwwwfffttt.

OUI: Is there an affinity between reggae's outlaw roots and the Stones' outlaw image?

TOSH: Well, I see it and know it, so because I see and I know, who feels it knows it. Yeah mon!

OUI: Why did you and Mick choose to

showcase an old Motown song, *Don't Look Back*, in your *Bush Doctor* album, instead of one of your more militant songs?

TOSH: Well, that is a psychological procedure, because I am a scientist, seen? 'Cause I'm a mon who has studied human psychology and knows what two-thirds of the world loves, seen? If you're trying to get across to two-thirds of the world, you proceed psychologically by giving them what they want. After they dance to what they want, they must listen to what you've got next, seen? And also I like the title, *Don't Look Back*, because I don't intend to.

OUI: What about the criticism that you went soft on *Bush Doctor*?

TOSH: Fuckery. Blood claat!

OUI: Any other response?

TOSH: Dem people, they're idiots, mon. You have music fanatics that are very fanatic in their thinking and talking. Don't know nothing about music, dem only *accuse* music. Remember this in life: The more critics you get, the more progress you make. So let ten times more critic come to criticize; I just get more inspiration progressively.

OUI: Do you like disco music?

TOSH: *Death* to disco, mon! I am here to make reggae the international music, because the disco music that is now international don't have the spiritual potential of reggae. Ya no see? Disco don't have the upliftment, it don't have the awakening of reggae, seen? It's just music that demoralize and kill you. Molar shocker! Makes your heart malfunction, mon. *Serious* thing. All that duke duke duke duke duke . . . physical destruction, that's what disco was created for. Yes I. Ssssswwwwwwfffttt.

OUI: Who created disco?

TOSH: The devil, mon. Aha ha haha! The devil and his blood-clot disco. Disco telling black people to "get down, get down" all the time. But I mon say to black people, "Get up, stand up for your rights!"

OUI: Both you and Bob Marley seem to lead two separate artistic lives, recording one kind of reggae for Jamaicans and another, more digestible reggae for the international market. Why is this?

TOSH: This exists because of the shitstem. There are certain words, certain dialects which we use in Jamaica that people in the United States will not understand unless they have an interpreter. So we have those songs for Jamaicans only. If other people hear it and like it, they can get it somehow.

OUI: Do Jamaicans have difficulty understanding someone speaking the King's English?

TOSH: No. I and I understand every English language, because I and I have the Third Ear and the Third Eye.

Jamaicans identify Peter Tosh with un-

RASTAPEDIA

You may never have a chance to get high with Peter Tosh, but you owe it to yourself to learn his language. After all, Jamaica's chief exports are reggae music and bales of the best reefer this side of Thailand. So when a Rastaman shows up at your door, you will definitely want to talk to him. Just remember the three Dread Rules of Syntax:

(1) Get high first. This is absolutely essential. Every Rastaman in the world is high all the time, no matter where he is. Put this page down and go roll a big fat spliff. We'll wait.

(2) Master the rhythm. If you're high, you're halfway there. Listen to *Legalize It* and repeat after Peter.

(3) Don't worry about verb tenses. The Rastas aren't too hung up on time, anyway. Just put everything in the present tense. Don't pronounce "th" or "ng." These become *dese*. Everything becomes *every'in*. Seen?

Iree! We told you it was easy. Now all you have to do is learn these essential Rasta terms and you're ready for Trench Town. Just don't say we sent you, mon.

BALDHEADS: straights; undesirables, as in "Chase those crazy baldheads out of town."

BABYLON: the world outside Rasta's world; the power structure; the police.

BLOOD CLOT: bad (see also BUMBAL CLOT, RAS CLOT, PUSSY CLOT).

BUMBAL CLOT: motherfucker.

DREAD: righteous; living by Rasta's commandments.

DREADLOCKS: those congealed braids that every Rastaman wears.

GANJA: marijuana (see also HERB). Warning: Don't call it "pot" or "reefer" or "dope"; to the Rastaman, ganja is a *sacrament*.

HERB: marijuana.

I AND I: I, we, you and me; when a Rastaman speaks, he speaks for all Rastamen and even for Ras Tafari himself.

IREE: the highest, the most righteous.

IREE-ITES: higher than the highest; even more righteous.

JAH: God.

MON: man; often added to other words: HERB-MAN, I-MAN, RASTAMAN.

PUSSY CLOT: unpleasant.

RAS CLOT: worse than BLOOD CLOT.

RAS TAFARI: Haile Selassie, the Lion of Judah and head of the Rastafarian faith. To the Rastaman, reports of Selassie's death have been greatly exaggerated.

ROOTS: "pure" reggae; the most spiritual music.

RUDEBOYS: young Rastamen.

SEEN? do you see? Do you understand?

SHITSTEM: society, the system (see also BABYLON).

SPLIFF: pronounced *spleef*; joint (one ounce of herb makes about four spliffs; Rastamen roll 'em big). —ED BOTT

Alive with pleasure! **Newport**



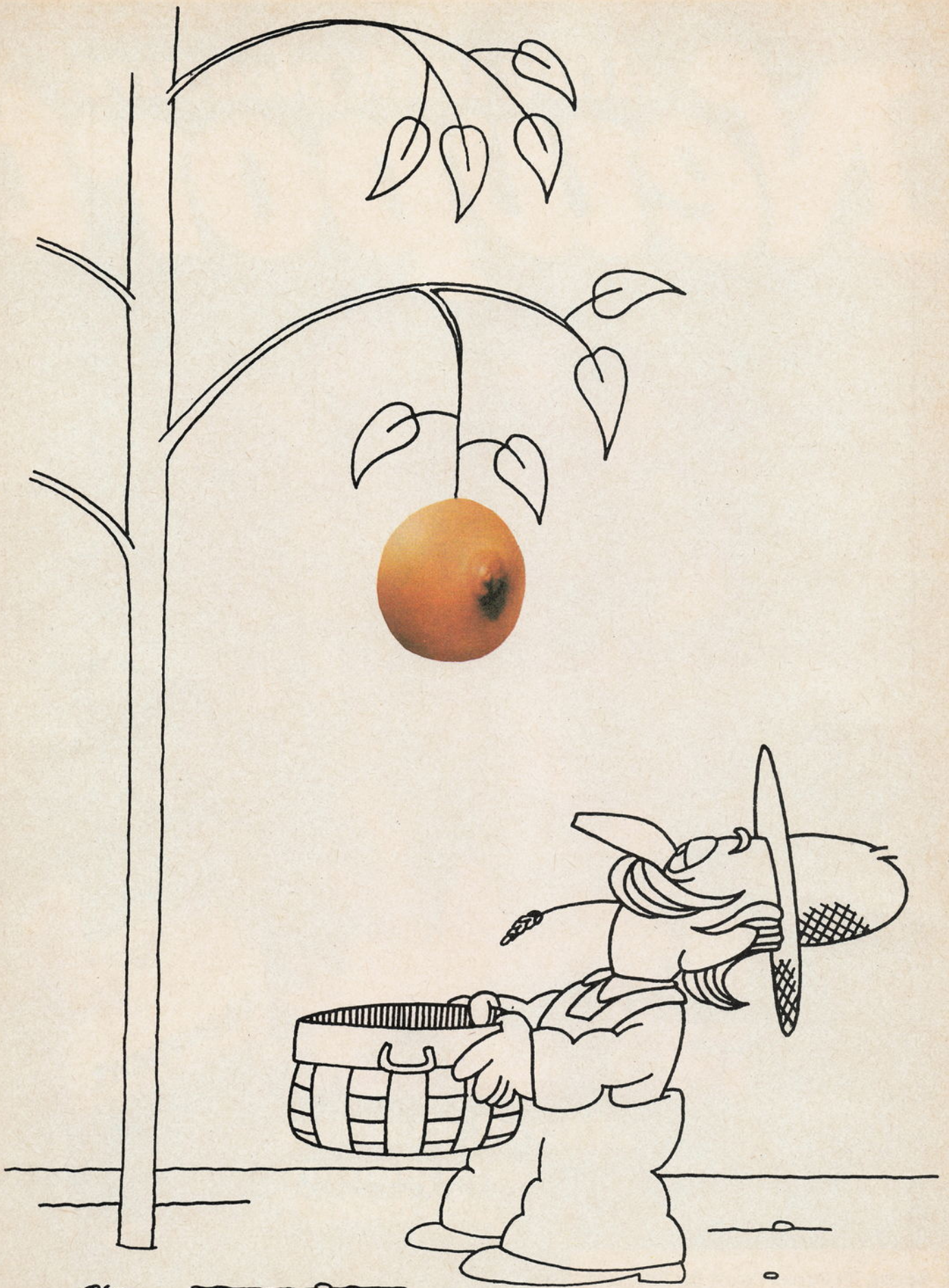
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isn't a pleasure,
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C. Borsotti

PETER TOSH

compromising Rastafarian preaching, and as a moral authority undented by the lead-tipped clubs of the police. Wherever he goes, Tosh brings that righteous aura right along with him. At his Los Angeles concerts, steel manacles hung from Tosh's left wrist, symbolic of the social chains that bind a suffering people back home.

But while Bob Marley travels with three bodyguards, in constant fear for his safety since the assassination attempt two years ago, Tosh tours freely and almost anonymously. In the corner of his hotel room stands his omnipresent unicycle, which he calls his "inicycle." Tosh rides the thing everywhere—backstage, while visiting radio stations, in hotel corridors at four in the morning. The inicycle has been all over the world with Tosh and seems emblematic of its owner's stance in a dangerous world—precarious yet balanced, eccentric, uniquely upright.

Tosh is a somber and serious man, something of a recluse since his wife was killed in a car accident three years ago. Part of his ferocious anti-alcohol, pro-ganja stance is the result of that crash, in which a drunk driver shattered Peter's Volkswagen on a Jamaican highway, sending his wife into a coma from which she never recovered. Peter, his friends say, hasn't been the same since.

OUI: Why does preaching play such a strong role in reggae, especially in *your* music?

TOSH: Well, mon, that is coming from my Father's message chamber, seen? I preach, yes mon, but I do not judge. No man is here to look upon what another man is doing. Judge not, lest ye be judged. I say, make sure your doings are right, so that when the payday comes around, what you get in your envelope will be satisfactory. Ya no seen?

OUI: What was your particular revelation?

TOSH: I matured when I was three years old. And I matured because the concept of creativity was magically placed into me by Jah; I grew with it and it grew with me. And I get more perfect, and I began to see many things. You've heard of a thing called ghosts? Spirits? Well, I can *see* them, seen?

OUI: What are they like?

TOSH: They call out to me anytime. They are *around* me anytime, everywhere that I am. Seven of them. Yeah mon. *Serious business!* All of dem ghosts are very protective of I. None of them evil spirits can come around.

OUI: Now that Haile Selassie is dead, many people are saying he was a greedy tyrant, and there's been talk of an anti-Selassie movement among young Rastafarians in Kingston.

TOSH: Those are press propaganda,

spreading lies around. Well, there's only one way in, seen? And it's Rastafari. Don't care what men want to say. I and I is the manifestation of the observation of prophets and prophecy. Jah live continually, and you cannot enter my Father's kingdom unless you come through Jah, Rastafari! No one else! You have to save yourself.

OUI: What's the Rasta attitude toward women?

TOSH: A woman is a woman, and woe be unto the woman that putteth on a man's apparel, seen? That means a woman must play her feminine part and not let her masculinity overrule her femininity. A woman at her period of time cannot pray, because her prayers will not be heard when she's periodically ill. At this time, I and I am here to represent her. In Jamaica most women doesn't understand the Western shitstem anyway. They're tribal, seen? I mean, how many bags of sugar can a woman take off a truck? Seen?

OUI: Why have so many cultural explosions—reggae, Rastas, dope—come from Jamaica?

TOSH: Because we are the prophets of this earth. We are they who were executed by Alexander the blood-clot Great and those great pirates who used to go round and chop off the saints' heads. All these things are revealed between the lines through the Third Eye. I and I see ourselves as the reincarnated souls of those carried off into slavery.

OUI: Sometimes I feel in danger when I'm in Jamaica. Do you ever feel that way?

TOSH: Well, every mon is in danger. So if a mon thinks that because he's goin' to church every Sunday and everything seem to be all right, him in danger too. I am safer than all them who think I'm in danger.

OUI: So you feel protected by your faith?

TOSH: I *know* I'm protected. I have no fear of men. My Father flash lightning, roll thunder, cause the blood clot to quake! Yeah mon! My Father wipe out evil before it's planned.

OUI: Are you surprised by the dramatic acceptance of reggae over the last few years?

TOSH: It was prophesied, my brother. Only fools are surprised at the manifestations of prophecy. Seen? Only those who cannot see between the lines will be surprised.

OUI: What about the future of reggae?

TOSH: Yes mon. Fifteen years from now, there will be a different dispensation of time. The shitstem will no longer be. All the places that are built upon corruption shall be torn down and shall be no more upon the face of creation. Yes mon! Five years from now will be a different age. Five years from blood-clot now will be totally different. No wicked left on the earth. By 1984, Africa will be free. ■

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UP THE IRISH!

(Continued from page 90)

Rockne's death in a plane crash, it starred Lew Ayres and promised audiences "All the Power and Glory of American Youth!" In the final reel, as in the Gipper game of '28, the good guys (Notre Dame) beat the bad guys (Army), thanks to cameo skull-smashing appearances by "the Immortal Four Horsemen." (Translated for those unfamiliar with the Rockne style, the Four Horsemen merely signified the starting Irish backfield of a few years earlier.)

Then, in 1940, O'Brien and Reagan consecrated the legend, including the claim that Rockne and his Notre Dame teammate Gus Dorais had invented the forward pass at Notre Dame in 1913. (The first legal pass was actually thrown by Eddie Cochems at mystiqueless St. Louis U. in 1906, when Rockne was just a high school freshman.) The Warner Bros. flick, *Knute Rockne—All American*—another little white hype, since Knute had never been an all-American—was described by *New York Times* critic Bosley Crowther as "one of the best pictures for boys in years." It proved to be the lachrymose hit of the new decade. When Reagan/Gipp died and O'Brien/Rockne gave his locker room spiel quoting the Gipper, grown men were seen dabbing at their eyes and rushing from darkened theaters to the nearest Notre Dame recruiting station. *Beat Army! Kill the slant-eyed West Point bastards!*

Gipp actually did die, of course, suffering complications from a strep throat. But on any given game day, the resourceful Rock could put even his closest relatives on a deathbed with a final request. His Gipper inspirational having worked so well, Notre Dame's coach told one of his later teams that his son Billy was dying of pneumonia. As the scene was reported, Rockne, voice choked, read a telegram supposedly dictated by his son from a hospital bed: "Please win this game for my daddy. It's very important to him." The team, naturally, believed every word their coach uttered—testimony either to the pristine innocence of the era or the I.Q. required of Notre Dame football players at the time. In either case, Rockne's charges fired out of the dressing room that day and beat Georgia Tech, 13-3.

Waiting at the South Bend train depot the next afternoon to greet the team was—guess who?—Billy Rockne himself. Miraculous recovery.

Now, as in Rockne's day, the key to Irish on-the-field success is the ability of its coaches to recruit prime meat-on-the-hoof. Though its appeal may be national, Notre Dame is first of all a Catholic institution. Since football was de-emphasized at Fordham, Georgetown, Holy Cross, Villanova and Duquesne following

World War Two, the campus at South Bend has first dibs on the annual crop of premiere athletes graduating from parochial high schools around the country. Not that a blue-chipper has to be Catholic to put on shoulder pads at Notre Dame, any more than he has to be Irish. The school is open to all denominations. Rockne, as noted, was Lutheran when he began there as a student. Ara Parseghian, whose coaching span was 11 seasons (1964-74), is an Armenian Presbyterian. Playing stars through the years have been Methodist, Baptist and Jewish. For that matter, there is no reported case of an atheist with a 4.4 time in the 40 ever having been turned away from the practice field.

Nevertheless, because recruiting competition among major football schools has always been fierce, Rockne developed a number of techniques to ensure winning seasons, keeping the mystique alive and the alumni happy. And, over the years, Irish athletic directors and coaches haven't varied the formula.

Padding the team's schedule with marshmallows between hard games is one time-tested Rockne ploy. Though the Armageddons with Army got the Hollywood treatment, Notre Dame clubs of the Twenties fattened their overall winning percentage by playing such toughies as Kalamazoo, Lombard, Beloit, Western State Normal and an institution, never heard of before or since, called Haskell. These gridiron titans were the precursors of such latter-season Irish breathers as Northwestern, Rice, Navy, Air Force and Army.

A second technique, all-important in impressing the voters in wire-service polls that decide national championships, is winning *big*. Running up scores on bowser opponents is by now a sanctified Notre Dame custom, as when Rockne's 1923 team opened its season by pounding hapless Kalamazoo, 74-0. (The all-time Irish record for dog-beating, however, is 142-0, over a visiting team of Chicago chiropractors in 1905.)

More recently, Parseghian would awe the wire services and Irish alums by rolling up a minimum of 60 points against at least one opponent each season, preferably a service academy. His successor, Dan Devine, proved to be a quick learner. In 1977 he edged toward the national title, picking up poll votes with one-sided wins over anemic Navy (43-10), Georgia Tech (69-14) and Miami (48-10). Finally, as Roger Valdiserri's mimeograph worked overtime to erase media memories of an early season loss to weak Ole Miss, the '77 Irish squad vaulted from number five to number one in the polls with a Cotton Bowl win over Texas. Up by a scant 38-10 margin in the waning moments of the game, Devine was taking no chances. He kept his first-

string quarterback in, throwing end-zone bombs right up to the final whistle.

But given the mystique, there have been those seasons when Notre Dame coaches haven't needed to run up scores, or even win, to nail down media encomiums or national titles. Sometimes all they had to do was tie one for the Gipper.

Notre Dame has played three fabulous ties over the years, two under Frank Leahy and one under Parseghian.

A word about Leahy: Of the nine men who have held the Irish coaching job since Rockne, he was the closest thing to a clone of the old master. Running up an 87-11-9 record in the Forties and Fifties, including four national championships and six undefeated seasons, he matched wits with West Point coach Earl Blaik in the last memorable Notre Dame-Army game in New York City. The year was 1946 and the contest ended in a scoreless standoff. But the tie game that proved Leahy's true coaching genius—at least according to the *New York Times*—was the two-reel drama played out against Iowa in 1953.

Reel 1: Notre Dame is down 7-0, closing moments of the first half, no Irish time-outs left. But look! Not one, but two of Leahy's players are writhing in agony on the ground. Referee calls time-out, stopping the clock. Given one extra play, the Irish score, kick the extra point. At half-time, the score is 7-7.

Reel 2: Notre Dame is down 14-7, closing moments of the game, no Irish time-outs left. Can it be? You guessed it. Another Leahy player is down. Official time-out. "Injured" player jumps up, jogs off the field. The Irish score, kick the extra point, luck out with a 14-14 tie.

Fake injuries? Who knows. Yet Iowa fans seethed. And the good, gray *Times* viewed the drama the following morning, noting Leahy's strategy showed "resourcefulness and preparedness for any and all eventualities and emergencies."

The third fabulous tie took place at East Lansing, Michigan, in 1966, and was Roger Valdiserri's first season on the job as head Irish publicist. Going into the game with Michigan State, he had already earned his salary, hustling Notre Dame quarterback Terry Hanratty and receiver Jim Seymour onto the cover of *Time*. The team itself, one of Parseghian's better models, took the field with an undefeated season record, as did State. This one would be for the national championship.

Reel 1: The score is 10-10, closing minutes of the game. Notre Dame has possession, plenty of time-outs left. But what's Parseghian up to? His team is calling line plunges, running out the clock. State calls time-out, hoping to get the ball and go for a win. But the clock runs out, with Notre Dame settling for a tie! "We couldn't believe it," said Michigan State's captain afterward. What the kid doesn't have is Ara's astute perception of where

the real game for the national title is played—not on the field, but at sports desks around the country.

Reel 2: Brilliant strategy. Notre Dame, with nine wins, no losses and one tie, is voted college football's number-one team for 1966. Michigan State, nine wins, no losses, one tie—but the team that played to win—comes in second. Proving? The Rock's old Irish network is alive and thriving.

For Roger Valdiserri, it was not a bad beginning as keeper of the flame. He helped bring home a national title and successfully promoted eleven—count 'em, eleven—all-American selections. Now all he needed to make the Gipper happy was a Heisman winner.

Two years later, Roger thought he'd finally found his sure shot for the Heisman. So it was that in the autumn of 1968, sophomore quarterback Joe Theismann was summoned to the Notre Dame sports-information office.

Theismann didn't know why Valdiserri wanted to see him, but he had high hopes. Joe knew that once they got the call, only good things happened to former Irish quarterbacks. In 1964, two years before Valdiserri came to Notre Dame, there had been the wondrous transmutation of John Huarte—a journeyman signal-caller who had spent the first three years of his college career gathering bench splinters—into a Heisman winner and consensus all-American. And whom did Huarte beat out? Only Joe Namath, who took Alabama to the national championship that same season.

Small wonder that when their publicity mentor calls, young Irish QBs come scrambling. Roger Valdiserri, thought Theismann, could change water into wine.

"Tell me, Joe," Roger asked the strapping lad, "how do you pronounce your last name?"

"Theismann," replied the quarterback, sounding the first syllable like *cheese*—the way it had always been sounded, by his father and his father's father.

"Wrong, Joe," said Valdiserri, shaking his cue-bald head. "Dead wrong."

Now, follow closely, laddie, for this is what mystique is all about.

"It's not *Thees*-mann," continued Valdiserri, "it's *Theis*-mann. You understand, Joe? *Theis*-mann . . . as in *Heis*-man."

Boffo? Not quite; though to this day, that's the way Joe Theismann, now with the Washington Redskins, pronounces his name. As Irish luck would have it, however, Valdiserri's 1968-70 campaign of subliminal suggestion fell short. *Theismann-as-in-Heisman* press flyers flooded newspaper, TV and radio sports departments. But in all his calculations, Valdiserri hadn't reckoned with the fact that Joe's senior year would fall in the same season that Jim Plunkett, a quarterback of authentic American Indian stock, was wowing them

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at Stanford.

In the Forties or Fifties, it wouldn't have made any difference. But in the consciousness-raised Seventies, the axiom of the sports-publicity trade is that in nine out of ten popularity contests, an oppressed minority jock will fare better than a run-of-the-ethnos jock.

So in 1970, Jim Plunkett of Stanford won the Heisman. Yet all wasn't lost for Roger Valdiserri's efforts. Though the player who cops the Heisman usually has a lock on first-string all-American honors, too, the white man spoke with forked tongue in Jim Plunkett's case. The choice for all-American, first-string quarterback of both the Associated Press and *Football News* was—the emerald envelope, please—Joe Theismann of Notre Dame.

But that, laddie, was ten seasons ago or, as they measure time around Notre Dame's sports-information office, two national championships, 30 All-Americans, one Outland and two Vince Lombardi trophies in the past. No Heisman, though. Not since Johnny Huarte has an Irish player won the big one. Faith, the subway alumni are a-waitin'. Begorra, Roger Valdiserri is overdue.

Vagas Ferguson. Remember where you read it first. That's *Vagas* as in *Vegas*. Forget Billy Sims and Charley White. When push comes to shove at award-giving time, put your green on the old mystique. ■

(Continued from page 52)

versation with Hensley, L'Hommedieu quit his job in real estate and became one of the ULC's directors. And he takes his faith seriously—very seriously. So much so that he and some of his friends have made the supreme sacrifice for their beliefs—they've taken vows of poverty and become monks.

"We're a religious order," insists the boyish-looking, 33-year-old L'Hommedieu, whose name translates to "man of God." "Members of the Sacerdotal Order of the Universal Life have donated everything—their cars, their homes, their bank accounts, stocks, bonds, everything—to the Universal Life Church. Then they just work at whatever jobs they're doing. If they're doctors, for instance, they work for the church from then on."

There's one more thing the monks do—or rather, don't do. "We don't file any tax returns. Ever."

But the traditional image of fat, bald men dressed in robes and meditating on the tranquil grounds of a Gothic cloister is not exactly what L'Hommedieu had in mind when he started his monastery. "We look at that as an awful waste of human resources. I mean, if a man is trained as a doctor, are we going to make him sit in a corner and meditate?"

Certainly not. Today's monk deserves better. So L'Hommedieu and his monks bought a \$150,000 home with a swimming

pool in a residential neighborhood of Aptos, California, put up a sign that reads MONASTERY and applied for a full tax deduction. The tax board is not amused.

"They turned it down a couple of times," says the monk. "They said, 'You guys can't do this; you can't just say you're a monastery.' But we're monks, you know! The Jesuits can do it but we can't."

Like a lot of ULC ministers, L'Hommedieu will soon be in court to demand his tax exemption. Monasteries—real ones, anyway—get a 100 percent property-tax exemption under present IRS rules, and if L'Hommedieu wins his case, he predicts that monasteries will be popping up all over the place. A true spiritual awakening. "They're going to get back in fashion real quick. If I win this case, it's going to make Proposition 13 look like peanuts." Hallelujah.

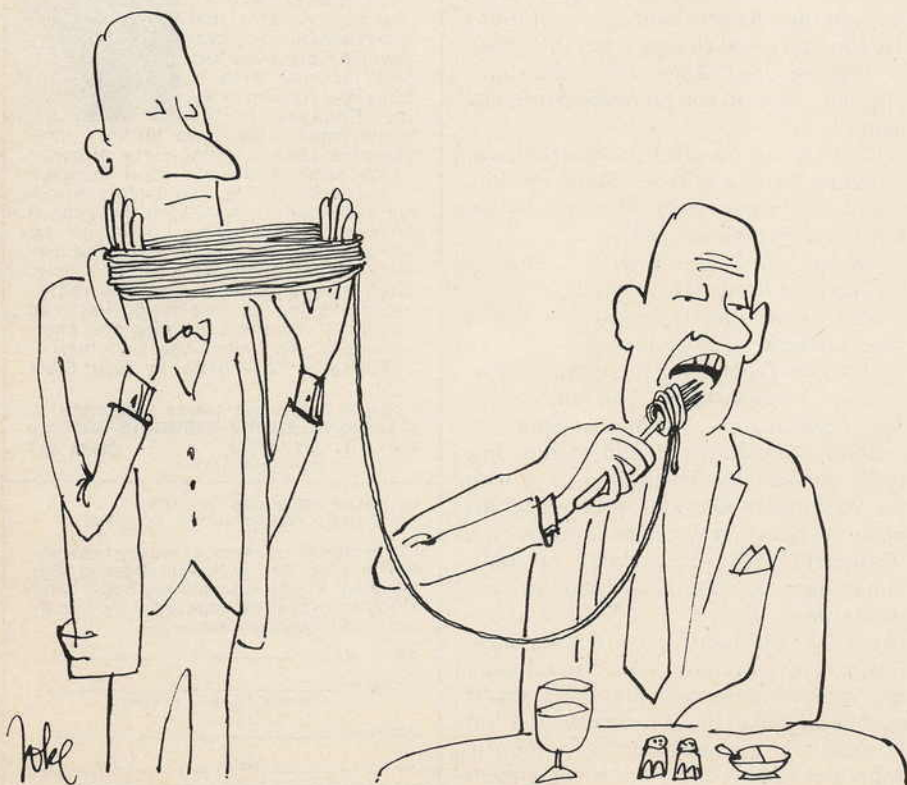
A minister's card in the ULC is truly a utilitarian device. Its uses are limited only by the holder's imagination or, in many cases, by his ability to pay some stiff legal fees. Every once in a while, the IRS has to be reminded of its own rules. Like the ones that grant churches total tax immunity when they receive contributions and donations. Churches own real estate, oil wells, hospitals, schools, stocks, bonds and mortgages; yet they pay little or no income tax. As Norman Vincent Peale once suggested, you "maximize your potential in our divinely ordered capitalist system when you put God to work for you."

John Williams did just that, and he's the last person you'd expect to join a far-out religion like the ULC. Williams, who is a lawyer in Albuquerque, New Mexico, had some clients who wanted to open a bar. But because of the state's screwy quota system for granting liquor licenses, it would have cost Williams' clients nearly \$250,000 to do so. Unless, of course, the club were affiliated with a national non-profit organization that had been around for at least 15 years.

"The Universal Life Church fit the bill fine," says Williams. "I went out and talked to L'Hommedieu, and he made me a bishop and gave me a few other titles. Then I went back and applied for the liquor license and got it."

"Except for the club, I really don't have that much to do with the church," says Williams. "It's interesting, though. Just going over some of their literature, I can see there are some tax loopholes they haven't even thought of yet."

Don't bet on it. There's a minister in Maine who may be uncovering a lot of them. He's also linked bottled spirits with the ULC. Carlisle Estes, 55, calls his church the Temple of Bacchus, after the Roman god of wine and revelry. It's not



quite like a church; in fact, it's more like a restaurant, and a pretty good one. But, like any church minister, Estes doesn't have to mess with the old 1040.

Estes was ordained in the ULC after having seen Hensley on *60 Minutes* in 1976. He joined as a lark, put his card away and didn't think much about it until two years later. By then he and his partner, Vincent J. Morino, had sold their posh supper club in fashionable Greenwich, Connecticut, and had moved to the tiny seacoast town of Wells, Maine. Their idea was to open a similar club in the rear of their home. The town said no, the house is in a residential zone where businesses aren't allowed. Only homes and churches. Ah, yes. Churches.

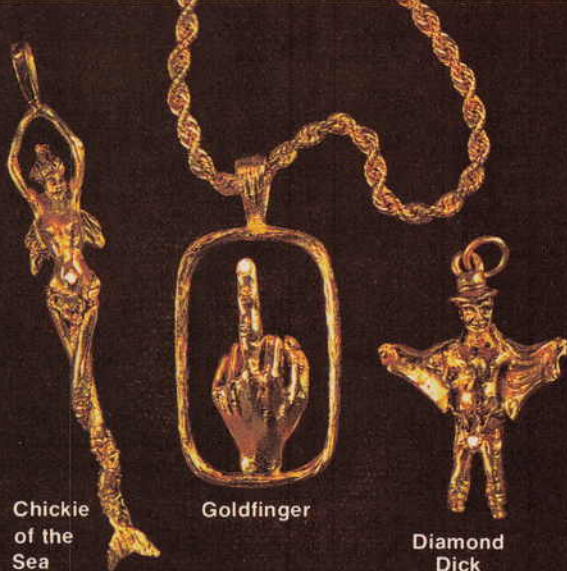
Through his squabbles with the town, Estes had become well known—almost a celebrity. But local newspapers were nevertheless perplexed when they received an 8-by-10 glossy of Estes sporting a clerical collar and a heavy, jeweled cross. More confusing was the accompanying press release: "Bishop Carlisle Estes of the Universal Life Church is visiting in California this week to meet Kirby J. Hensley to make plans for the new church in Wells. Bishop Estes was fortunate in finding a new home for the church, to be known as the Temple of Bacchus."

The release said that the temple would feature "divine food, sacramental wines and celestial music." All for a \$15 contribution, as written in the *The Book of Bacchus*, a pseudoreligious pamphlet penned by Estes. "I wrote it in 1975. It was just for fun, really, to show how Bacchus would be worshiped if he were alive today. I had it sitting around for quite a while. Then this came up."

Wells officials were dumbfounded. They had never heard of the Universal Life Church, and this temple thing gave them plenty of food for thought. They've gone to court in an attempt to prevent Estes and Morino from practicing their gastronomic theology, but so far it hasn't worked. Every weekend the doors to the temple open, and diners enter a room bedecked with 17th- and 18th-Century paintings, each table situated under a huge Waterford crystal chandelier. The wine flows freely; Bishop Estes, in priestly garb, taps out a few tunes on the church organ; and Cardinal Morino makes sure everything is tasteful. Especially the food. This ain't no bean supper. The temple specializes in such fares as roast duckling flambé, delicate pâtés, prime rib and rich desserts. And in the kitchen is the temple's housekeeper and cook, Reverend Mother.

"She's a firm believer in cleanliness being next to godliness," explains the affable Estes, wearing an impish grin and winking. "At times I fear she puts godliness second."

Will the town put an end to these modern-day bacchanalia? Not a chance.



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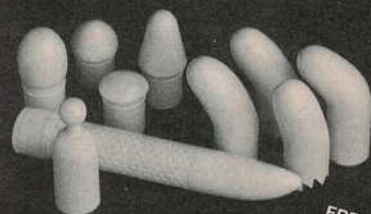
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says the bishop. "We'll take it all the way to the Supreme Court if we have to. We're being discriminated against, and we're just like any other church. Perhaps a bit more elaborate."

There are a lot of ways to make money in the religion business, but for the Rev. Hakeem Abdul Rasheed, it isn't bingo. His ULC-sponsored religion is based on simple greed. He merely asks his congregation to give him money, to hand it over. And he gets it, too. The charismatic 30-year-old black minister holds huge celebrations in theaters and meeting houses around San Francisco. He takes the stage in a floor-length mink coat, sporting a diamond-studded ring as big as a sunburst and tells his audience he'll make them rich.

"Stand up and say, 'Crisp, clean and green,'" Hakeem tells his followers—and they do, donating hundreds of dollars in the belief that he'll increase their donation by 400 percent and give it back. Sometimes it works. A few have walked away with as much as \$15,000. But sometimes it doesn't work.

"It appears to be a Ponzi scheme or a pyramid operation," says Captain James Stewart, a division commander with the Oakland police. It works, he says, because the first level of contributors are paid off with money from the second level. Then they go out and get a new wave of contributors, and so on, until "it eventually collapses. By the time you reached the fourteenth new wave of individuals, you'd have to include the entire population of the United States in order to pay off."

The cops think that eventually they'll be able to close Hakeem's operation. Even Hensley would be happy to see it go, because it's such a blatant example of the principle of religious freedom masking a moneymaking operation. But it won't be that easy to stop Hakeem or any of the ULC ministers; one man's sin is, after all, another man's religion. Lawyers who have studied the ULC's history think the IRS really blew it by not having appealed the initial decision that gave the church its tax exemption.

The IRS won't say why it didn't press the case, but members of the church have their own ideas. They claim that the ULC has infiltrated the government to such an extent that many of its key employees and several higher-ups are socking away their salaries into their own private churches. Someone, these people argue, pressured the IRS to lay off Hensley. After all, the IRS writes the rules on tax exemptions, and it could just as easily rewrite them. But so far it hasn't.

Conspiracy theories don't usually appeal to me, and I wouldn't have given this one much thought if I hadn't located a lawyer who works for the Department of

Housing and Urban Development in Washington. He heard about the church from an unlikely source, and he's thinking about joining. We'll call this lawyer John because he's not about to have his real name used in print.

John and his wife—also a government lawyer—have reached the point at which half their combined annual income of \$44,000 will be going straight into Uncle Sam's pocket. "That's an impossible situation," he says. "We want to buy a house, and we're going to need a lump-sum down payment of thirty or forty thousand dollars. There's no way we can save that."

One day, John was relating this sob story to a friend of his, a division director at the Department of Health, Education and Welfare, when his friend made a confession. He pulled out a briefcase full of material on the ULC and told John that he was a bishop in the church as well as a recruiter. And he hasn't anted into the national tax kitty for years.

"I was shocked as shit," says John. "I've known this guy for three years. He's an intelligent, twenty-year career employee of the government. I just didn't expect him to be involved in something like this."

How many other people in government are involved in the ULC? "I have no idea. I personally know five or six, and they're principals in the church. After talking to my friend at HEW, I would suspect that a hell of a lot more are involved than I had thought."

Particularly lawyers. John believes, because they're the ones who probably read and understand the ULC court cases. Even he, after doing some research, finds the church mighty attractive. "I'll be the first to admit it's sleazy. But the fact is, other people are taking advantage of it, perfectly legally. So the question is: Why should I be a sap and not join?"

"I expect what I'll do is join it, and after two years, when I've saved enough money, I'll get the hell out. But who knows? If it's still going on, maybe I should save twenty thousand dollars every year. I've never determined how greedy I am, but I may find out."

And why not? Hensley's right when he says Billy Graham and others are freeloading off the taxpayers. So do a lot of religious and semireligious groups. To hear Hensley tell it, they're the ones with the horns and he has the halo—and maybe it's true. Only it's not exactly a halo. It's the Universal Life Church's version of the crucifix, the object of its passionate worship, shining bright above the heads of all its members. Look! A flash of light! It's the great golden loophole!

Maine writer Dennis Bailey will rot in hell for writing this.



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CANNONBALL

(Continued from page 79)

hit with truckers, other Cannonballers found the Teamsters more dangerous than the troopers. The highwaymen in the 18-wheelers didn't like the blinding quartz-halogen headlights most Cannonballers used, and they tended to get very pissed when you blew by them at 120.

Truckers called ahead to tip off the cops that the 1979 Trans-Am of Mike Snyder and Jeff Pierce was headed west. As the black Pontiac flew into Arizona, the law was waiting. And even after Snyder and Pierce paid up, the truckers teamed up against them, trying to wedge the Trans-Am between two trucks on a twisty mountain road. "We just missed becoming a Mack sandwich," Mike said. "Next time we run the Cannonball, we ought to come equipped with M16s."

As for Brennan and me, cops and convoys were the least of our problems. The Fire-Am was pumping a quart of oil onto the road every ten minutes. The faster we tried to drive, the faster the oil pressure dropped. We limped across western Pennsylvania, stopping every 50 miles. Our average speed was sinking fast. At this rate it would take us two days to reach Redondo Beach.

We pulled off I-80 into Du Bois, Pennsylvania. It was early Sunday morning, and this little town was closed up tight. The noise from the Fire-Am alone would probably get us busted for disturbing the peace. We finally found an open gas station and paid the guy on duty 20 bucks to let us use the lift. Every kid in town showed up to take a look at the furious Fire-Am. And we had them running all over the county chasing down parts and tools. The leak was caused by one goddamned little screw on the oil pan that had come loose and broken the gasket. On most cars it would have been a snap to fix, but on the Fire-Am it meant taking off the whole racing exhaust system just to get at the problem.

With the help of a little banana-pineapple-apricot nectar, I worked six or seven hours trying to fix the thing. When we brought the car down and cranked up the engine, oil sprayed out all over. It was hitting the hot exhaust pipes and turning into ugly blue smoke. We were carrying 32 gallons of gas, and the fuel lines ran right next to the hot pipes. "If this thing goes up," Brennan offered, "they won't even find our dental work."

We decided to pack it in.

We found a motel and drove across town with fire extinguishers in our laps. Trailing a hundred yards of blue smoke, we pulled into the motel parking lot and bailed out. It was all over.

That night Brennan and I consoled ourselves with a half-dozen pitchers of Genesee Ale and came up with a new

plan. We wouldn't give up.

The next morning we ripped the trunk lid off the Fire-Am, swallowed the remainder of our drugs and caught a plane to Pittsburgh. From there we flew to Houston and grabbed another flight to Los Angeles. A chauffeur-driven limo picked us up at LAX, and we sped off to the Portofino Inn. Brennan ran in carrying the time card—42 hours had elapsed since we left Darien—and I carried the trunk lid. "Where's your car?" yelled the timekeeper. "The fucking thing went up in a ball of flame," we said, holding up the oil-smeared sheet of metal with the Fire-Am logo. "This is all that's left."

The winning car sat right in front of the Portofino Inn—a shiny black Jaguar XJS with a victory wreath on the windshield. Dave Heinz and Dave Yarborough, a pair of seasoned racers and Jag dealers from the South, had shattered the old record by making it cross-country in 32 hours, 51 minutes. That's an average of 87 mph.

Only eight minutes behind the Jag was a \$50,000 Mercedes 6.9 sedan. Its crew was led by Tom Hickey, a teaching fellow and Ph.D. candidate at Harvard's School of Education. Being a properly dignified Ivy Leaguer, Hickey saw the race as an intellectual exercise. Perhaps if he had looked at it a bit more practically, he might have won. Instead of paying cash for gasoline, the Mercedes crew used credit cards and were forced to wait endlessly for receipts while illiterate gas-station attendants struggled with the principles of arithmetic.

Dennis Menesini's truck came in fifth behind a pair of Pontiac Trans-Ams, and a Mazda RX-7 finished sixth. Of the 46 starters, 42 cars made it. They collected 50-some speeding tickets, but there was only one minor accident: John Harrison's '78 Lotus Esprit tapped a guard rail coming down an off-ramp and broke the suspension.

Despite our trunk-lid ploy, Brennan and I were listed among the DNOF—Did Not Officially Finish. So were Brock Yates and Hal Needham.

Their Transcon Medi-Vac ambulance had been making great time until the transmission blew a seal in Illinois. They tried to nurse it across the Plains, pouring six gallons of transmission fluid and a couple quarts of 40-weight motor oil into the machine. But it finally died just outside Palm Springs. They had to winch the ambulance to the back of a flatbed truck and tow it to the Portofino.

At the Portofino Bar, Cannonballers were exchanging war stories. Sam Moses, from *Sports Illustrated*, and George Willig, the guy who climbed the World Trade Center, lost the brakes on their Mustang outside St. Louis. But they made it all the way to Redondo Beach in less than 40 hours. Keith Patchett and Loyal Truesdale, two Hollywood stunt men, were well on their way to setting a transcontinental mo-

torcycle record on their BMW R90/6 when a snowstorm in the Rockies forced them to take refuge in a motel.

The next night, Cannonball awards were handed out at an appropriately bizarre and boozy banquet. Dennis Menesini got the Friends of OPEC award for averaging 5.4 mpg in his Chevy truck. The Kendall-Lanes walked away with the Diamond Jim Brady award for their moderation. Brennan and I got the Diehard trophy, a rusty pogo stick on a dead battery, for having suffered the most trials and tribulations. And Joan Mullen was given a special Night Owl award for having gone 28 hours without taking a piss while she and her husband Jim barreled across country in their Ferrari Berlinetta. Said Jim, "Joan

has gone a little bonkers about this Cannonball stuff and is ready to abandon her career for driving around like a maniac and then drinking like one. How long does this fever last?"

Brennan and I were discovering that it lasts a long time. We were already plotting for the next Cannonball. The Fire-Am was too delicate a machine. But if we just took a '71 Camaro with a 454 engine, threw in a 50-gallon gas tank and a good set of tools . . . maybe we could beat the record . . . next time.

Fred Gregory, who writes for Motor Trend, New West and the New York Times, claims the world speed record for driving nonstop from L.A. to Honolulu.



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SEX TAPES LETTERS

(Continued from page 28)

aroused thinking about the kisses and touches in the office when no one was looking. At night, when the doors were locked, I'd kneel between his legs as he sat in a chair and give him a blow job, all the while wondering if we'd be caught.

M.H.

Berkeley Springs,
West Virginia

I'm an 18-year-old girl, and a few months ago I had an incredibly exciting experience with seduction. It involved two friends of mine; I call them Leo and the Kid. When I first started spending time with them, I only felt a desire to drop with Leo; I never thought I'd end up dropping with them both at the same time.

Anyway, on this particular evening, the Kid called me up and suggested I come over. This was not unusual. Leo was there as well, and after a few minutes of general talk, they told me they'd been looking at some porno-movies and asked if I'd like to watch a couple. I agreed, and while I watched, I kept my eye on the guys to see their reactions. To tell the truth, the films did not really appeal to me that much, and the guys acted so bored I figured the feeling was mutual. I was wrong.

After the films, I went to the kitchen to get something to drink. When I came back, the boys were wrestling on the floor. As I walked by, the Kid grabbed me and pulled me down on the floor with them. Even though I tried to wrestle away from them, they are both much larger and stronger than I am, and I saw I didn't have a chance. I struggled something fierce, though—it took the Kid over 15 minutes to get my pants off. Then Leo undid my bra and removed my top, also after quite a struggle. All the while I fought, I loved what they were doing to me.

I guess it was the fulfillment of all my erotic fantasies, where I am held down and undressed "against my will" by two desirable young men. Needless to say, I ended up totally nude and vulnerable to anything they might want to do. In my mind I knew I was doomed to be fucked, so I figured I might as well relax and enjoy it. Of course, it wasn't as if these guys were actually strangers.

The next thing I knew, I had Leo on my right and the Kid on my left. They were both kissing my neck and breasts, and running their hands all over my body. They were slightly sweaty from wrestling, but I loved the feel of their damp bodies next to mine. What they did to me next felt so good that I just wanted to melt.

Leo was very excited and didn't want to wait much longer, so he went down on me briefly. All I could do was moan in pleasure. He then began to thrust into me and,

somehow, the Kid managed to slip his prick into my mouth. It was awkward and confusing, but I let them switch back and forth a couple of times before getting on top of Leo and letting him rock me into a sweet, sticky come. The Kid then pushed me into a regular missionary, and he really beat me out.

He told me later that it had been his first time and I got a little embarrassed. We've talked it over since, and now all I can think about is getting together again and making a "sandwich." I can hardly wait to feel one of them in my tight ass, while the other is in my wet pussy. When all is said and done, I'm glad they seduced me in the manner they did, because I could never have gotten up the nerve to seduce them.

C.G.

Chicago, Illinois

I was wonderfully seduced in the most unlikely place—on Highway 69 headed for Fort Wayne, Indiana. A nice-looking fellow in a big Lincoln started to play cat and mouse, alternately passing me and dropping back. I was enjoying the attention but was getting near my exit. Then he pulled alongside and motioned me off the highway. He led the way to a Ramada Inn.

As we got out of our cars, we checked each other out, said a few words and retreated to the quiet darkness of a bar. Over drinks this new man told me how much I reminded him of his daughter. I didn't ask, but I'm sure he was old enough to be my father—he must have been about 45. By the third drink I had decided that this father-type could have this young thing any way he wanted.

I decided against a room, preferring instead a ride in his Lincoln. It was dusk now, and we drove to an abandoned parking lot. I played with him while we drove, and by the time we got to the parking lot, I was nearly undressed. When I gently pulled his cock out of his pants, I was pleased to find it uncircumcised—I had never had one before. We sucked, fucked, came and went. It was the perfect introduction to highway seduction. I'm waiting for the next.

CHRISTINE L.

Lansing, Michigan

The people in *Sex Tapes* make seduction sound like a science or something. No one thing is surefire all of the time. Variety is the only thing I find seductive. And I like to feel that I'm not being seduced with some technique out of a handbook, but by someone who finds me really interesting.

ELAINE B.

Joliet, Illinois

It might not make sense to you, but I have learned more about seduction tech-

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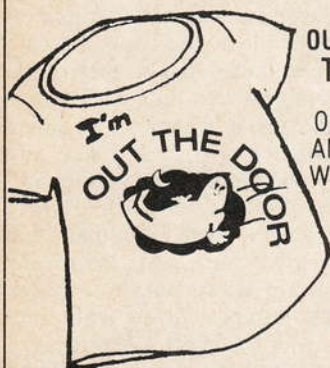


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SEX TAPES LETTERS

nique since I got married. In any new encounter you always have the rush of exploring a new body for the first time. It's only after you've been with someone awhile that your seduction skills really get tested.

The best seduction technique I've found is massage. Either giving or getting a massage is a wonderful way to create the right atmosphere for sex. There is all of that physical contact and you can take as long as you like to get sensuous. When you live with someone, it's not always easy to take your mind off other things and relate to each other.

Jack, my husband, has a favorite treatment. We both take turns giving each other a hot-oil massage, and we end up just holding on and slithering all over the bed. The slippery, sweet-smelling massage oil gets hot with all the friction, and so do we.

Just last week Jack bought a massage vibrator that fits on the back of the hand. He hasn't used it yet; he just lets it sit by the bed to build up my expectations. I have lots of ideas about how to use it, but I'm going to let him make the first move. You see what I mean about massage as a seduction technique? We've been playing with it for years, and there are still a lot of unexplored methods left.

WANDA N.

Boston, Massachusetts

I'm real happy with what I got. I'm not ugly, and I have a few steady girlfriends; so I'm not alone at night if I don't want to be. I've never had trouble seducing women, and one thing I have learned is that classy women tend to be the easiest to seduce.

I always wear T-shirts to singles bars, and I don't say much. I generally pick a lady to sit next to after I've seen her turn down other guys. You know, the kind who come to the bar so they can tell everyone what a stupid place it is.

I never make the approach; I just look bored and stare off into space. When I catch the girl looking at me, I don't smile or anything; I just sort of look right through her. Most of the time the lady will buy me a drink, or she'll smile at me. I give back nothing. The damndest thing is that the more you ignore a broad like that, the more interested she gets. I think the best seduction technique is knowing how to ignore women until they come after you—and the harder you make it, the more they like it. The whole macho thing is really appealing to women. I don't give a shit what anyone says.

REX B.

Detroit, Michigan

Ever since discos became popular, I've found that the best way to seduce women is dancing. I spent a fortune on dance lessons

last year, and it turned out to be the best investment in my own happiness I ever made. Now when I go dancing, I can size up a woman, decide what approach is best—hard and fast, sexy and slow, exhibitionist or subtle—and then never take my eyes off her when we're dancing. Ninety percent of the time I connect. And dancing stirs the blood like nothing else, especially at discos. It's like a rehearsal for fucking.

PERRY K.

New York, New York

BY HOOK OR BY CROOK

Maybe I have a weird definition of prostitution, but to me, it's having sex for the purpose of getting something other than sexual pleasure—not necessarily money. In my case, it was affection.

You see, when I was in grade school and junior high, I was one of those lonely kids who always felt completely out of it. I was chubby, bookish and, of course, unpopular. During the summer between the ninth grade and my sophomore year in high school, I resolved to change. I went on a diet, started wearing makeup and found a hair stylist who gave my hair a blunt cut and a body wave. For the first time in my life, I looked cute. But, as you probably know, a loser's reputation is a hard thing to shake. Boys began asking me out, all right, but they weren't the ones I wanted. I wanted a boyfriend who was handsome and popular; I wanted John Simpson, a senior who had blond hair and nice muscles and played lead guitar for a local rock band.

Though being an avid reader had never made me any friends, the books I'd read taught me one thing—that women could use sex to control men. I didn't want to be just an ordinary high school whore, going out with a different guy every Friday and Saturday, getting used, then dropped. So I read a bunch of sex manuals, with the idea that I'd be such a good lover that John Simpson would become addicted to me. When I felt I'd read enough, I began trailing John around, flirting with him shamelessly, and he finally asked me out. We went to a Chinese restaurant and then for a drive in the country. We ended up at Down's Lake, which is really a pond, but it's isolated, so John suggested that we go skinny-dipping.

The water was freezing, but I didn't mind. He dunked me, and I came up shouting at him. Then I lunged, grabbing him around the shoulders, trying to pull him under. I remember the sensation of his hard chest muscles against my breasts and how nice it was—and strange. Then his mouth was pressed firmly on mine. His erect cock jabbed into my belly. He kissed my neck. We got out of the water and lay on the soft bank of grass, kissing and

touching.

The one thing the sex manuals stressed, above all else, was that men adore having their cocks sucked. I sort of kissed my way toward his crotch and began licking and sucking the head of his cock with the expertise of a pro. But what John did then shocked the shit out of me. He began licking my pussy. The situation for me was getting completely out of control. The one thing I hadn't expected was that I might feel excited by all this, but I sure as hell was. Lord, my clit felt as if it were going to explode, but I just kept moving my hips as he licked me, until I came.

What I had hoped for in the first place happened. John got addicted to the sex, and I finally had my cute, popular boyfriend. Of course, the surprise was that I got hooked on it, too. I'm still hooked on it.

JANE E.

Tallahassee, Florida

I went with Linda for about three months. She was one of these women you can't please—no way. The last time we balled, I asked her if she came, and she looked at me, with this chilly smile on her face, and said, "Should I have, Ron?" Well, after that, I never wanted to see her, or anyone like her, again. I decided to find a woman who wasn't like that in bed—someone who did it to you and was happy with what you did to her. Hell, I was tired of feeling that fucking was work.

After Linda, Rachel seemed perfect. She always came in about five minutes, and if I wanted to keep it up, she was happy. If I wanted to go to sleep, she was happy, too. And she'd ask me what I wanted. Did I want a blow job? Did I want to screw her from behind? Did I want her to get on top? It seemed logical to marry her. She was like a combination hooker and housewife—perfect.

Well, it didn't take long for me to find out the fatal flaw in all this perfection. It turned out that the sexy geisha bit Rachel was into was the kind of thing she could turn off whenever she wanted something. She always had to have a new dress or a new car. And whenever she had to have something, whether or not we could afford it, there was a sex boycott if I didn't go along with her. Then she decided she had to go to college, which meant quitting her job. It was the last straw. We needed her to work. So she started sleeping on the couch. I was infuriated. After about a week of it, I finally went downstairs and told her she was going to get fucked whether she liked it or not. I tore the blanket off her and threw it on the floor. She was wearing a black negligee and she looked incredibly sexy. For some reason, that made me even angrier, and I ripped the gown off her. I guess I'm more ashamed of what I did next than of anything else I've ever done. I raped her, pure and simple. She was dry and I was pounding her; it must have hurt, but she

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Cliff Kline



"Hey, hold on there. Let's go back to that bit where you say
you were warming her hands by the fire. . . ."

SEX TAPES LETTERS

didn't say anything, or try to push me off. After I came, I was horrified. She looked like a zombie. She wouldn't talk to me.

We're still married. She plays her little sex games, just like always, but now I don't resist for long. I can't; I just can't. The guilt thing is really hard to take, and in a lot of ways I'm still trying to make up for what I did to her. I don't think too much of the hooker-housewife combination anymore.

RON D.
Atlanta, Georgia

Going to prostitutes isn't demeaning, but the standard should hold for both sexes. There should be prostitutes for women, too, as long as prostitution's an equal-opportunity field. The only aspect I object to is when people who are too young, too weak or too vulnerable to know what they're doing have prostitution thrust upon them. People in that category are often victimized horribly. But if a prostitute is doing it because he or she wants to, that's fine.

BRIAN N.
Boise, Idaho

I've been to prostitutes, but not since I was in the navy. There isn't much to say about it. All you do is go into a massage parlor and get fucked. Oh, they try to make you feel like a man; they moan and groan and compliment you on your body. But the real reason you go is just to get a head job. Some of them actually do massage you first. The really good ones know how to relax you totally. There was one black chick in San Diego who could give a massage so fine that you didn't even want to get up. The massage was a hell of a lot better than the sex—it made me tingle all over. Climax isn't the whole damn thing. It's the build-up of feelings that's important. Why'd I go? It's no great pleasure for me to beat my meat. But hell, prostitution isn't limited to hookers. Most wives are nothing but legal prostitutes. They take care of the house and the kids, and they fuck. And most of them don't fuck, or else their husbands wouldn't go to prostitutes.

MAX D.
Santa Clara, California

When I was 16, I decided to ask a guy to take me to my first prom. It was my only option, because I went to an all-girl Catholic school.

Well, I didn't have money for a prom dress or the tickets (which I had promised to buy), and I only had six weeks before the prom. I knew a married guy who was crazy about me. Leonard had tried, on several occasions, to make me. I had enjoyed being a cock teaser with this guy, but then I changed my mind. I told him we could ball, but he had to pay me \$50 every

time.

In six weeks I had accumulated \$650! I bought a wonderful gown and I even hired a chauffeur-driven limo for the evening. After the prom I felt guilty about taking Leonard's money—he was awfully sweet, and I really enjoyed our sex. So, I told him we could ball anytime he wanted, free.

I have been seeing Leonard now, without his wife's knowledge, for three years. He is a real doll and has helped me a lot. He even got me a job where he works, and we sometimes sneak in a little "afternoon delight" in his office.

RITA N.
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

BATTLING GIRLS

I learned just recently that it is really hard to put something over on a girl or do anything behind her back. I'm 18, and I was at a party at a friend's house when this gorgeous 17-year-old chick, Lorrey, came up to me. She's a high school senior and is really built. She had on tight jeans and a halter.

My steady girl, Debbie, was away at college—or so I thought—but she showed up unexpectedly. Her school was in Florida and she had a great-looking tan. She wore a full skirt with a tube top. Lorrey and I were holding hands on the porch when Debbie came up demanding an explanation. Lorrey told her to shove off. Debbie has quite a temper and she said, "Make me." So Lorrey got up, and before I could stop them, they were at it, exchanging slaps and punches. Lorrey was much better at it.

After a brief flurry, Lorrey had Debbie pinned against the couch, trying to ward off slaps, her dress up around her thighs. Lorrey uppercut a nice punch to Debbie's tummy and then pulled her tube top up over her gorgeous breasts. Before Debbie could do anything, Lorrey grabbed her around the ankles and pulled her off the couch, landing Debbie on her ass. Debbie rolled over and tried to get away, but Lorrey jumped on her back and wrestled Debbie onto her stomach, twisting Debbie's left arm behind her back.

Debbie looked a wreck, her tube top up over her tits and her dress up over her ass. Lorrey was in command: "Give up, girl, or I'll break your arm!" Debbie had no choice and gave up, whimpering. She took off as soon as Lorrey let her go.

I've never seen anything so hot in my entire life.

S.L.
Elizabeth, New Jersey

Readers with similar experiences, or who simply want to sound off on related subjects, are encouraged to write OUI Sex Tapes, 8560 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles, CA 90069.

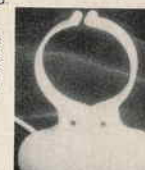


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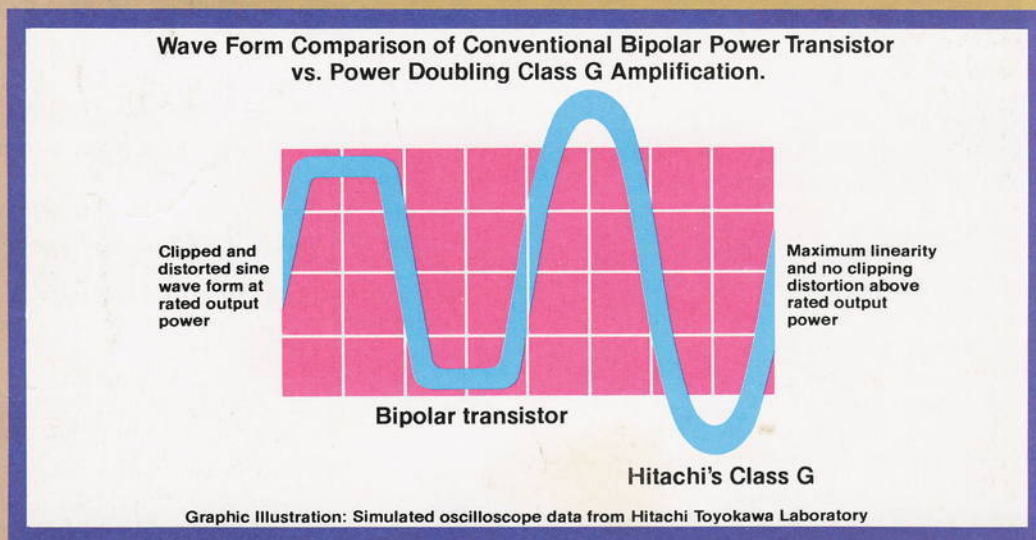
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AT YOUR NEWSSTAND NOVEMBER 6

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